fornia
nal
ty

Ex Libris
C. K. OGDEN

261 30D

~~DDC~~

MEMOIR OF

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

James Ewer

MEMOIR OF

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

MINISTER OF BARONY PARISH, GLASGOW;
ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS;
DEAN OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL;
DEAN OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE

BY HIS BROTHER THE

REV. DONALD MACLEOD, B.A.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS, EDITOR OF "GOOD WORDS," ETC.

TWO VOLUMES.—I.

LONDON
DALDY, ISBISTER & CO.
56, LUDGATE HILL
1876

[*Eighth Thousand*]

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED,
CITY ROAD.

Dedicated

TO HIS MOTHER,

NOW IN HER NINETY-FIRST YEAR,
IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF ALL THAT HER CHILDREN
AND HER CHILDREN'S CHILDREN OWE
TO HER INFLUENCE.

PREFACE.

WHEN asked, two years ago, to compile a Memoir of my brother, I did not accept the task without considerable hesitation. Besides the charge of a city parish, heavy responsibilities of another nature had devolved upon me, so that it seemed impossible to undertake additional labour. I felt also that, in some respects, a near relative was not well qualified to fill satisfactorily the office of biographer. These objections were, however, overruled by friends on whose judgment I relied.

If affection should have rendered it difficult to be always impartial, I may be allowed, on the other hand, to derive some comfort from the reflection that a lifelong intercourse, as frank and confidential as could exist between two brothers, gave me opportunities for knowing his thoughts and opinions, which few others, and certainly no stranger, could have possessed.

Dr. Macleod was a man whom it is almost impossible to portray. His power was in many ways

inseparable from his presence. The sympathy, the humour, the tenderness depended so much for their full expression on look, voice, and manner, that all who knew him will recognise the necessary inadequacy of verbal description. 'Quantum mutatus ab illo' must more especially be the verdict upon any attempt to record instances of his wit or pathos.

I must, however, claim for this biography the merit of truthfulness. In whatever respects it may fail, it cannot, I think, be charged with conscious concealment or exaggeration of fact or sentiment. Faults of another kind will, I trust, be forgiven for the sake of the great reverence and love I bore him.

I beg gratefully to acknowledge the aid rendered by many friends. The pages of the Memoir indicate that my obligations to Principal Shairp, Dr. Watson, and my brother-in-law, Dr. Clerk, have been great; but there were many others to whom I am indebted for much assistance, and to whom I tender my best thanks. Among these I may mention the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Service, J. A. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., Alex. H. Japp, Esq., A. B. McGrigor, Esq., and Dr. W. C. Smith. I need scarcely add that Mrs. Norman Macleod, by her constant advice and her careful arrangement of her husband's papers, gave me invaluable help.

It may be well to state here that all the illustrations are from etchings by Dr. Macleod, with the exception of the view of Aros by Mr. Reid, the sketch

of the Back Study by Mr. Ralston, and of the Monument at Campsie by Mr. Catterns.

In conclusion, I must express regret that the appearance of this book has been delayed so long. It can be said in apology, that no available time has been lost during the two years I have been engaged in writing it.

Now that it is completed, no one can be more sensible than I am of its imperfections. It will, however, be to me a source of inexpressible gratitude, if, in spite of its many deficiencies, it should convey to those who did not know Norman Macleod, some sense, however inadequate, of the depth of his goodness, of his rich humanity, his childlike faith, catholicity, and devotion.

1, Woodlands Terrace, Glasgow,
January, 1876.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	PARENTAGE	1
II.	BOYHOOD	13
III.	EARLY COLLEGE DAYS	27
IV.	WEIMAR	45
V.	APRIL, 1835—NOVEMBER, 1836	63
VI.	1836—7	86
VII.	EARLY MINISTRY IN LOUDOUN	114
VIII.	THE DISRUPTION CONTROVERSY	170
IX.	DALKEITH, DECEMBER, 1843—JUNE, 1845	211
X.	1845.—NORTH AMERICA	234
XI.	EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AND TOUR IN PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA	253
XII.	LAST YEARS AT DALKEITH.—1848—1851	274
APPENDIX A.	REMINISCENCES WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER IN OLD AGE	331
,, B.	A CRACK ABOOT THE KIRK FOR KINTRA FOLK.	340

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE.

AT the end of last century there were two families residing on opposite shores of the Sound of Mull, in Argyllshire, their houses fronting one another across the blue strait which winds in from the Atlantic. From the windows of the Manse of Mr. Macleod, the minister of Morven, on the mainland, could be seen the dark ruins of the old castle of Aros, in the island of Mull, frowning from its rocky eminence over the Bay of Salen, and behind the castle appeared the house of Mr. Maxwell, the chamberlain of the Duke of Argyll, and 'tacksman'* of Aros. These were the homes where the father and mother of Norman Macleod were then enjoying their happy youth.

This memoir must begin with a sketch of these families, and of the early life of that youthful pair; for on few men had early influences a more permanent hold than on Norman Macleod. What he was to the last, in some of the most conspicuous features of his character, could be easily traced to the early asso-

* There are few now remaining of the class called 'Gentlemen Tacksmen,' who ranked between laird and farmer, and once formed the bone and sinew of the Highlands.

ciations which clustered round Morven and Mull. The Highlands of those days no longer exist, but he inhaled in his childhood the aroma of an olden time, and learned from both father and mother so much of its healthy and kindly spirit, as left about his life, to the last moment, a fragrance of the romance of which it was full.

Except to those immediately concerned, genealogies are uninteresting, and those of Highland families, with their endless ramifications, eminently unprofitable. It will be sufficient to state that I have before me a family 'tree,'—such as used to be so common in the Highlands—in which are the names of the Camerons of Glendessary, scions of Lochiel; of the Campbells of Ensay and of Saddell; of the MacNeils of Crear; of the MacNeils of Drumdrissaig; and of the Campbells of Duntroon—names once well known in their own country, although now, alas! in some instances only found there on moss-grown tombstones.

Not far from Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, a roofless house,—its garden weed-grown and abandoned to utter solitude,—marks the place where lived Donald Macleod, the tacksman of Swordale, who married Anne Campbell, a sister of Campbell of Glensaddell. He was the great-grandfather of Norman, who used to repeat with grateful memory the tradition of 'Swordale, having been a good man, and the first in his neighbourhood to introduce regular family worship.' The eldest son of this good man, and the grandfather of the subject of this memoir, was called Norman. He was educated for the Church, and in the year 1774 was ordained minister of the parish of Morven, in

Argyllshire, that 'Highland parish' so affectionately described in the 'Reminiscences.'* The house of Fiunary, as the Manse was called, has given place to a better and more ornamental dwelling. Pleasant woods now cover the green bank beside the bright burn where stood the square house of orthodox Manse architecture—a porch in the centre and a wing at each end—and where grew up the happiest of families in the most loving of homes. Norman thus describes Morven:—

"A long ridge of hill, rising some two thousand feet above the sea, its brown sides, up to a certain height, chequered with green strips and patches of cultivation, brown heather, thatched cottages, with white walls; here and there a mansion, whose chimneys are seen above the trees which shelter it;—these are the chief features along its sea-board of many miles. But how different is the whole scene when one lands! New beauties reveal themselves, and every object seems to change its size, appearance, and relative position. A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wild-wood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel-copse, clothes the lower hills, and shelters the herds of wandering cattle; lonely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land; and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up entrances into deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks, hanging with rowan-trees, ivy, honeysuckle, and ferns; while on the hill-sides scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds' huts, the signs of culture and industry, give life to the whole scene."

* "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, D.D. Strahan and Co. 1868.

This minister of Morven was in many ways a remarkable man. Noble-looking and eloquent, a good scholar, and true pastor, he lived as a patriarch among his people. He had a small stipend, and, as its usual concomitant, a large family. Sixteen children were born in the manse, and a number of families—a shepherd, a boatman, a ploughman,—were settled on the glebe with others who had come there in their need, and were not turned away. Never was a simpler or more loving household. The minister delighted to make all around him happy. His piety was earnest, healthy and genial. If the boys had their classics and the girls their needlework, there was no grudging of their enjoyments. The open seas and hills, boats and dogs, shepherds and fishermen, the green height of Fingal's Hill, the waterfall roaring in the dark gorge, had lessons as full of meaning for their after-life as any that books could impart. The boys were trained from childhood to be manly, and many an hour taken from study was devoted to education of another kind—hunting otters or badgers in their dens, with terriers whose qualities were discussed in every cottage on the glebe; shooting grouse, and stalking the wary black-cock (for no game laws were then enforced in Morven); fishing through the summer nights; or sailing out in the 'Sound' with old Rory, the boatman, when the wind was high, and the *Roe* had to struggle, close-hauled, against the cross-sea and angry tide. In the winter evenings old and young gathered round the fireside, where songs and laughter mingled with graver occupations, and not unfrequently the minister would tune

his violin, and, striking up some swinging reel or blythe strathspey, would call on the lads to lay aside their books, and the girls their sewing, and set them to dance with a will to his own hearty music. Family worship, generally conducted in Gaelic, for the sake of such servants as knew little English, ended the day.

Norman's grandmother was one of the tenderest and wisest of ministers' wives. The unconscious centre of the every-day life of the household, her husband and children leaned on her at all times, but especially in times of sickness or sorrow; for if there were days of joy, there were also many days, not the less blessed, of great sadness too, and of mournful partings, when one young form after another had to be laid in the old churchyard.

The period when his father* was a boy in Morven was remarkable in many ways. The country was closely inhabited by an intensely Highland people. The hills and retired glens, where now are spectral gables of roofless houses, or green mounds concealing old homesteads, watched by some ancient tree standing like a solitary mourner by the dead—were then tenanted by a happy and romantic peasantry. It is impossible now, even in imagination, to re-people the Highlands with those who then gave the country the savour of a kindly and enthusiastic clan-life—

> "The flocks of the stranger the long glens are roamin',
> Where a thousand bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloamin';
> The wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
> And the gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather."

* The late Norman Macleod, D.D., Minister of St. Columba, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

There were many men then alive in Morven who had been out with 'bonny Prince Charlie,' and the chivalry of the younger generation was kept aglow by the great French war and the embodiment of the 'Argyll Fencibles.' Among such influences as these Norman's father grew up and became thoroughly imbued with their spirit. Full of geniality, of wit, and poetry—fired with a passionate love of his country—wielding her ancient language with rare freshness and eloquence—he carried into the work of that sacred ministry to which his life was devoted a broad and healthy human sympathy, and to his latest day seemed to breathe the air imbibed in his youth on the hills of Morven.*

As the incidents of his life were closely intertwined with those of his son, nothing need here be said of his public career. He was a remarkably handsome man, with a broad forehead, an open countenance full of benevolence, and hair which, from an early age, was snowy white. His voice was rich and of winning sweetness, and when addressing a public audience, whether speaking to his own flock in the name of Christ, or pleading with strangers on behalf of his beloved Highlands, few could resist the persuasive tenderness of his appeals. He was in many ways the prototype of Norman. His tact and common sense were as remarkable as his pathos and humour. He left the discipline of the children almost entirely to their mother. She was their wise and loving instructor at home, and their constant correspondent in later life; while he rejoiced in sharing their companionship, entering into their fun, and obtaining the

* See Appendix A.

frankest confidence of affection. He seldom if ever lectured them formally on religious subjects, but spread around him a cheerful, kindly, and truly religious atmosphere, which they unconsciously imbibed. 'Were I asked what there was in my father's teaching and training which did us all so much good,' Norman wrote at the time of his father's death, 'I would say, both in regard to him and my beloved mother,—that it was love and truth. They were both so real and human; no *cranks*, *twists*, *crotchets*, *isms* or systems of any kind, but loving, sympathising —giving a genuine *blowing-up* when it was needed, but passing by trifles, failures, infirmities, without making a fuss. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraints they imposed. Their home was happy —intensely happy. Christianity was a thing taken for granted, not forced with scowl and frown. I never heard my father speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home. I thank God for his free, loving, sympathising and honest heart. He might have made me a slave to any 'ism.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians.'

The ancestor of Mr. Maxwell, Norman's maternal grandfather, was a refugee, who, in the time of the 'Troubles,' under Claverhouse, had fled to Kintyre. He was, according to tradition, a younger son of the Maxwells of Newark, and once lay concealed for several weeks in the woods of Saddell, until, being pursued, he escaped to the south end of the peninsula; again discovered, and hotly chased, he rushed

into a house where the farmer was carding wool. Immediately apprehending the cause of this sudden intrusion, the man quickly gave the fugitive his own apron and the 'cards,' so that when the soldiers looked into the kitchen, they passed on without suspecting the industrious youth, who sat 'combing the fleece' by the peat hearth. This young Maxwell settled afterwards in the neighbourhood, and his descendants removing to the half-lowland town of Campbeltown, made good marriages and prospered in the world. Mr. Maxwell, of Aros, had been educated as a lawyer, and became Sheriff Substitute of his native district; but receiving the appointment of Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll, he settled in Mull, to take charge of the large ducal estates in that island. He was an excellent scholar, and full of kindly humour. If the grandfather at Morven valued Gaelic poetry, no less did the other take delight in the ancient Border ballads of the Low Country and in the songs of Burns, and read with keen interest the contemporary literature of an age which culminated in Walter Scott. He drew a marked distinction between 'office hours' and the time for amusement. Strict and punctual in his own habits, he attended carefully to the work of the tutor, and the studies of his family; but, when lessons were over, he entered with a young heart into their enjoyments. In summer the house was continually filled with guests—travellers on their way to Staffa, with letters of introduction from the South, and remaining sometimes for days beneath the hospitable roof. Many of these were persons whose

names are famous, such as Sheridan, Peel, and Sir Walter Scott. Such society added greatly to the brightness of the household, and shed a beneficial influence over the after-life of the children.

Agnes Maxwell, Norman's mother, was brought up with her uncle and aunt MacNeil at Drumdrissaig, on the western coast of Knapdale, until she was twelve years of age. She there passed her early youth, surrounded by old but wise and sympathetic people; and, being left much to the companionship of nature, wandering by herself along the glorious shore which looks across to islands washed by the Atlantic surf, her mind, naturally receptive of poetic impressions, awoke to the sense of the beautiful in outward things. She not only grew up a deeply affectionate girl, but she also learned to feel and think for herself. Her own words give a vivid picture of the healthy training of her childhood:—

"My aunt Mary was a woman of strong sense and judgment, very accomplished and cheerful, and while most exacting as to obedience and good conduct, was exceedingly loving to me while I was with her. She gave me all my instruction, religious and secular; and used in the evenings to take her guitar and hum over to me old Scotch songs and ballads, till I not only picked up a great number, but acquired a taste for them which I have never lost. From the windows there was a charming view of the hills of Jura and of the sea, and I still recall the delight with which I used to watch the splendid sunsets over the distant point of Islay. I never knew what it was to miss a companion; for it is extraordinary what a variety of amusements and manifold resources children find out for themselves. I fear that some of the fine young ladies of the present day, attended by their nursery-maids, would have thought me a demi-savage had they seen me helping

the dairymaid to bring in the cows, or standing in a burn fishing for eels under the stones, climbing rocks, or running a madcap race against the wind. Our next neighbour was a Captain Maclachan, who had a flock of goats, and of all delightful things the best was to be allowed to go with Jeanie, the goat-lassie, to call them from the hills, and see them milked."

Her picture of the habits of the people at that time is curious and interesting:—

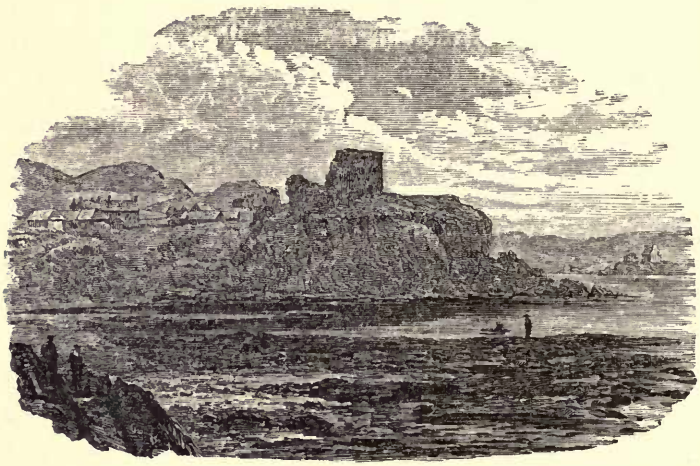
"There was none of the ceremony and formality among neighbours that exist now; visitors came without any previous notice, nor did their arrival make much alteration in the arrangements of the house. Neither Christmas nor New-Year's Day was allowed to pass without due observance. Invitations were issued to all the neighbouring families; old John Shaw the 'Fiddler' was summoned from Castle Sweyn to assist at the festivities; and I remember the amusement I had at seeing my old uncle, who did not in the least care for dancing, toiling with all his might at reels and country dances, until the ball was ended by the 'Country Bumpkin.' On Twelfth-Day a great 'shinty' match was held on one of the fields, when perhaps two hundred hearty young and middle-aged men assembled to the music of the bagpipes, and played the match of the year with a fury which only the presence of the 'laird' prevented sometimes from passing into more serious combat. The 'shinty' was always followed by a servants' ball, when it was not uncommon for the country lasses to dress in coloured petticoats, green being the favourite hue, and in a nice white calico 'bed-gown,' confined at the waist. Their hair, falling over their shoulders, was held back by a long comb, which was usually the gift of a young man to his sweetheart. I never understood that there was intoxication at these festivities, for, indeed, the people of the district were very regular in their habits, so that I cannot recollect more than two persons noted for being addicted to excess. There was only one woman in the neighbourhood who took tea, and

the fact being considered a piece of disgraceful extravagance, was whispered about with much more sense of shame than would now be caused by the drinking of whisky. The parish clergyman was a frail old man, who preached very seldom, and, when doing so, wore a white cotton night-cap. I remember his once putting his hand on my head and blessing me, as he came down from the pulpit. There was not a seat in the whole church except the family pews of the heritors and minister. Some of the people supported themselves on the communion table, which ran from end to end of the building, while others brought in a stone or a turf, on which they ensconced themselves. And yet, in spite of this extraordinary absence of religious instruction and of pastoral superintendence, the people were moral and sober.

"I well recollect my aunt weeping bitterly as she read aloud to us the account of the execution of Louis XVI., while I sat on a stool at her feet and had it explained to me. Then came the raising of the volunteers, the playing of pipes in the remotest glen, and the drilling of recruits in the perpetual 'goose-step.' My uncle was made a captain, and, to my intense amusement, I managed regularly to hide myself in the barn to watch the old gentleman being put through his exercises by the sergeant. A fit of uncontrollable laughter at last betrayed my lurking-place."

When she returned to Aros, after the usual 'finishing' of an Edinburgh school, her home became doubly sweet to her by the merriment of a household of brothers and sisters, the tenderness of a mother who loved every living thing, and, above all, by the companionship of her father, who delighted in her sweet rendering of his favourite Scotch music, and shared with her all his own stores of old romance. All this tended to form that character which, ripening into purest Christian life, has been as a living gospel to her children and her children's children.

I have dwelt thus at length on the early days of these parents, not merely from the natural desire to speak of those we love, but because almost every page of this memoir, down to its latest, will bear witness to how much Norman owed to that father and mother.



VIEW OF ARDS.

CHAPTER II.

BOYHOOD.

NORMAN was born at Campbeltown on June 3, 1812. His father had been ordained four years previously to the pastoral charge of that large parish, and had been married to Agnes Maxwell in 1811.

Campbeltown lies at the head of a loch which runs for two miles into the long promontory of Kintyre, and not far from its southern termination. The loch forms a splendid harbour. The high island of Davar, thrown out like a sentinel from the hills, and connected with the shore on one side by a natural mole of gravel, protects it from every wind; while, from its position near the stormy Mull, whose precipices breast the full swing of the Atlantic, it affords a secure haven to ships that have rounded that dreaded headland. The external aspect of the town is very much like that of any other Scotch seaport—a central cluster of streets, with one or two plain churches lifting their square shoulders above the other houses; a quay; a lean steeple; the chimneys of some distilleries; thinner rows of white-washed houses stretching round the 'Lochend,' and breaking up into detached villas buried in woods

and shrubberies. The bay of Campbeltown is, however, both picturesque and lively. Cultured fields clothe the slopes of hills, whose tops are purple with heather, and beyond which ranges of higher mountains lift their rough heads. There are fine glimpses, too, of coast scenery, especially to the south, where the headlands of Kilkerran fall steeply into the sea. But the bay forms the true scene of interest, as it is the rendezvous of hundreds of fishing-smacks and wherries. There is continual movement on its waters—the flapping and filling of the brown sails, the shouts of the men, and the 'whirr' of the chain-cable as an anchor is dropped, keep the port constantly astir. Larger vessels are also perpetually coming and going—storm-stayed merchant ships, smaller craft engaged in coast traffic, graceful yachts, and Revenue cruisers. Four or five miles off, on the western side of the low isthmus which crosses Kintyre from the head of Campbeltown loch, lies another bay, in marked contrast to this sheltered harbour. There the long crescent of Machrihanish, girdled by sands wind-tossed into fantastic hillocks, receives the full weight of the Atlantic. Woe to the luckless vessel caught within those relentless jaws! Even in calm there is a weird suggestiveness in the ceaseless moaning of that surf, like the breathing of a wild beast, and in that line of tawny yellow rimmed by creaming foam, and broken with the black ribs of some old wreck sticking up here and there from the shallows. But during storm, earth, sea, and sky are mingled in a driving cloud of salt spin-drift and sand, and the prolonged roar of the surge is carried

far inland. When the noise of 'the bay' is heard by the comfortable burgesses, booming over their town like a distant cannonade, they are reminded how wild the night is far out on the ocean. To be 'roaring like the bay' is their strongest description of a bawling child or a shouting scold.

As the Highlands gave Norman his strong Celtic passion, so Campbeltown inspired him with sympathy for the sea and sailors, besides creating a world of associations which never left him. It was a curious little town, and had a wonderful variety of character in its society and customs. No fewer than seven large Revenue cruisers had their headquarters at Campbeltown, and were commanded by naval officers who, in the good old days, received a pay which would startle modern economists. These cutters were powerful vessels, generally manned by a double crew, and each having a smaller craft acting as tender. Nor were they without occupation, for smuggling was then a trade made not a little profitable by the high duties imposed on salt, spirits, and tea.*

The officers and men of the cutters made Campbeltown their home, and villas, generally built opposite the buoy which marked the anchorage of their respective cruisers, were occupied by the families of the different commanders. The element thus introduced into

* Many stories are told of these smuggling days. Once an old woman, whose 'habit and repute' were notorious, was being tried by the Sheriff. When the charge had been fairly proved, and it fell to the good lawyer to pronounce sentence, an unusual admixture of mercy with fidgetiness seemed to possess him, for, evading the manifest conclusion, he thus addressed the prisoner—'I daresay, my poor woman, it's not very often you have fallen into this fault.'—'Deed no, shirra,' she readily replied, 'I haena made a drap since yon wee keg I sent yoursel.'

the society of the town had many important effects. It not only gave cheerfulness to its tone, but added a certain savour of the sea to its interests. The merits of each cutter and officer were matters with which every man and woman—but more especially every schoolboy—was familiar, and how old Jack Fullarton had 'carried on' till all seemed going by the board, on a coast bristling with sunken rocks; or how Captain Beatson had been caught off the Mull in the great January gale, and with what skill he had weathered the wild headland—were questions which every inhabitant, old and young, had repeatedly discussed.

Campbeltown was the headquarters of other sorts and conditions both of men and women. There were retired half-pay officers of both the services; officers of his Majesty's Excise appointed to watch the distilleries, among whom were such magnates as the collector and supervisor; there was the old sheriff with his queue and top-boots; the duke's chamberlain, and the usual proportion of doctors, writers, and bankers. There were, moreover, those without whom all the teas, and suppers, and society of the town would have been flavourless—the elderly maiden ladies, who found that their 'annuities' could not be spent in a cheerier or more congenial spot than this kindly seaport. These ladies were aunts or cousins to half the lairds in Argyllshire, and were often great characters. A society like this, thrown together in a town utterly unconnected with the rest of the world except by a mail-gig, which had to travel some sixty miles before reaching any settlement larger than a 'clachan,' and

by a sailing packet, whose weekly departure was announced by the bellman in the following manner, 'All ye who may desire a passage, know that the *Caledonia* cutter will sail ——;' was sure to be self-supporting in all the necessaries of life, among which the 'half-pays' and maiden ladies included amusements. So-called tea-parties, followed by comfortable suppers, were the common forms of entertainment; and these reunions being enlivened by backgammon and whist for the older folks, and a dance for the younger, were not without their innocent excitements. Sometimes there was also such a supreme event as a county or a militia ball; or still better, when some sloop-of-war ran in to refit, the resources of the hospitable town were cheerfully expended in giving a grand picnic to the officers, followed by the unfailing dance and supper in the evening.

The ecclesiastical relationships of the place were not less primitive and genial than the social. When Norman's father went there, he soon attracted a very large and devoted congregation. He was decidedly 'evangelical,' but free from all narrowness, and had a word of cheerful kindliness for all. All sects and parties loved him, and his fellow townsmen were the more disposed to listen to his earnest appeals in public and private, when they knew how manly and simple he was in daily life. Not only did he in this way secure the attachment of his own flock, but, when on one occasion he was asked to accept another and a better living, the dissenting congregation of the place heartily joined with his own in

making up his very small stipend to a sum equal to what had been offered to him. The Roman Catholic priest was among his friends. Few weeks ever passed without old Mr. Cattanach coming to take tea at the Manse, and in all his little difficulties he looked to the young parish minister for advice. These Highland priests were very different men from those now furnished by Maynooth. They were usually educated in France, and imbibing Gallican rather than Ultramontane ideas, felt themselves to be Britons, not aliens, and identified themselves with the interests of the people around them. Nor was the friendly relationship which existed in Campbeltown an exceptional instance of good-feeling; for whenever the priest of the district went to that part of the parish in Morven which was near the Manse, he made it his home, and I am not aware that any evil ever accrued to religion in consequence.

The house where Norman Macleod was born was in the Kirk Street, but the family afterwards lived in the old Manse, and finally in Southpark. He seems from childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him through life—being affectionate, bright, humourous, and talkative. His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child 'whose tongue never lay.' When a boy he was

sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled; and where, if he did not receive that thorough classical grounding—the want of which he used always to lament, justly blaming the harsh and inefficient master who had failed to impart it—he gained an insight into character which served not only to give him sympathy with all ranks of life, but afforded a fund of amusing memories which never lost their freshness. Several of his boyish companions remained his familiar friends in after-life, and not a few of them are portrayed in his 'Old Lieutenant.' Among the numerous souvenirs he used to keep, and which were found after his death in his 'Sanctum' in Glasgow, were little books and other trifles he had got when a boy from these early associates. Ships and sailors were the great objects of his interest, and, contrary to the wishes of his anxious mother, many a happy hour was spent on board the vessels which lay at the pier—climbing the shrouds, reaching the cross-trees without passing through the *lubber's hole*, or in making himself acquainted with every stay, halyard, and spar from truck to keelson. His boy companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances that there was not a character in the place—fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor—whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned. Norman, even as a boy, seems thoroughly to have appreciated this many-sided life. The maiden ladies and the 'half-pays,' the picnics and supper parties, the rough sports of the schoolyard, or the glorious Saturday

expeditions by the shore and headlands, were keenly enjoyed by him. He quickly caught up the spirit of all outward things in nature or character, and his power of mimicry and sense of the ludicrous were even then as marked as his affectionateness. Once, when he was unwell and about six years old, it became necessary to apply leeches. These he named after various characters in the town—the sheriff, the provost, &c.; and while they were on his chest he kept up an unceasing dialogue with them, scolding one or praising the other, as each did its curative work well or ill, and all in the exact voice and manner of the various persons they were meant to represent. When Mackay the actor, afterwards so famous for his personification of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, returned to Campbeltown—where he had once been a drummer-boy—to astonish its inhabitants by the performances of a clever little company in an improvised theatre, it was like the opening up of a new world to Norman. An attic was fitted up, and an audience of aunts and cousins invited to witness how well he and his companions could 'do Mackay's company.' He had from the first a strong tendency to throw a romantic colouring into common life, and such a desire to have sway over others that he was never so much himself as when he had some one to influence, and with whom he might share the ceaseless flow of his own ideas and imaginations. Schoolboy expeditions became under him fanciful and heroic enterprises, in which some ideal part was assigned by him to each of his companions. A sail to some creek a mile away became a voyage of discovery or a chase

after pirates. A ramble over the hills took the shape of an expedition against the French.

The great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven. He had been frequently there as a young child, but his father, anxious that his son should know Gaelic, and, if possible, be a Highland minister, determined to board him with old Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster in Morven, and so, when about twelve years of age, he was sent first to the Manse, and then to the schoolmaster's house. His grandfather had died a few months before, but he had many memories of the old man derived from previous visits, and the impressions of the venerable minister, then in extreme age, were never lost. He was, for example, in church on that Communion Sunday when his grandfather, blind with age, was led by the hand up to the communion-table by his servant 'Rory,' to address his people for the last time. This grandfather had been minister there for fifty years, and the faithful servant who now took his hand had been with him since he had entered the Manse. It was then that touching episode occurred described in the 'Highland Parish,' when the old man having in his blindness turned himself the wrong way, 'Rory,' perceiving the mistake, went back and gently placed him with his face to the congregation. This picture of the aged pastor, with snowy hair falling on his shoulders, bidding solemn farewell to a flock that, with the loyalty of the Highland race, regarded him as a father, was a scene which deeply touched the imagination of the child in the Manse seat. One, who was herself present,

remembers another occasion when his grandfather, taking him on his knee, presented him with a half-crown—an enormous sum in the eyes of the child—and then gave him his blessing. Norman, dragging himself off, rushed away to the window-curtain, in which he tightly rolled himself; when disentangled, his cheeks were suffused with tears. The goodness of the old man had proved too much for his generous nature.

With these and many other loving recollections he now returned, as a boy of twelve, to be made a 'true Highlander' of, as his father called it. It was indeed as the opening of a new life when, leaving the little county town, and the grammar-school, and the lowland playmates in Campbeltown, he landed on the rocky shore below the Manse of Morven. The very air was different. The puffs of peat-reek from the cottages were to him redolent of Highland warmth and romantic childish associations. There was not a boatman from old 'Rory' down to the betarred fisher-boy, not a shepherd, or herd, or cottar, not a dairymaid or henwife, but gave him a welcome, and tried to make his life happier. The Manse, full of kind aunts and uncles, seemed to him a paradise which the demon of selfishness had never entered. And then there was the wakening sense of the grand in scenery, nourished almost unconsciously by the presence of those silent mountains, with their endless ridges of brown heather; or by the dark glen roaring with cataracts that fell into fairy pools, fringed with plumage of ferns, and screened by netted roof of hazel and oak; or by many an hour spent upon the shore-

land, with its infinite variety of breaking surge and rocky bays, rich in seaweeds and darting fish. But, above all, there was the elastic joy of an open-air life, with the excitement of fishing and boating, and such stirring events as sheep-shearing or a 'harvest-home,' with the fun of a hearty house, whose laughter was kept ever alive by such wits as Callum, the fool, or bare-footed Lachlan.

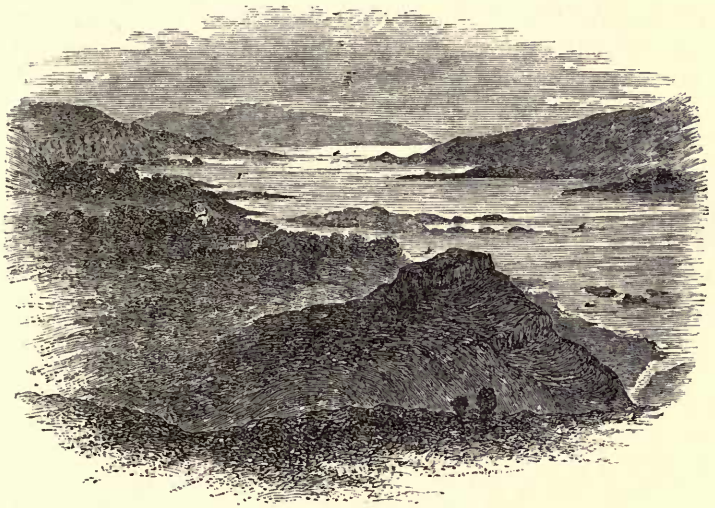
His life in the dwelling of Samuel Cameron, the worthy schoolmaster and catechist of the parish, was not less full of romance. The house was not a large one—a thatched cottage with a *but and a ben*, and a little room between, formed the accommodation; but every evening, except when the boys were fishing codling from the rocks, or playing 'shinty' in the autumn twilight, there gathered round the hearth, heaped high with glowing peat, a happy group, who, with Gaelic songs and stories, and tunes played on the sweet 'trump' or Jew's harp, made the little kitchen bright as a drawing-room; for there was a culture in the very peasantry of the Highlands, not to say in the house of such a schoolmaster as good Mr. Cameron, such as few countries could boast of. There was an innate high breeding, and a store of tradition and poetry, of song and anecdote, which gave a peculiar flavour to their common life; so that the long evenings in this snug cottage, when the spinning-wheel was humming, the women teazing and carding wool, the boys dressing flies or shaping boats, were also enlivened by wondrous stories of old times, or by 'lilts' full of a weird and plaintive beauty, like the wild note of a sea-bird, or by a 'Port-a-Beal,' or 'a Walking

Song,' to the tune of which all joined hands as they sent the merry chorus round. Norman had here an insight into the best side of the Highland character, and into many Highland customs now long passed away. Every week he used to go to the Manse from Friday till Monday, and then came such grand expeditions as a walk to the summit of Ben Shian, with its unrivalled view of mountain and loch; or, still better, when whole nights were spent fishing at the rocky islands in the Sound.

"Oh, the excitement of getting among a great play of fish, which made the water foam for half-a-mile round, and attracted flocks of screaming birds, which seemed mad with gluttony, and while six or seven rods had all their lines tight, and their ends bent to cracking with the sport. And then the fun and frolic when we landed for the night on the lee of the island, and the 'sky-larking,' as sailors call it, began among the rocks, pelting one another with clods or wreck, till, wearied out, we all lay down to sleep in some sheltered nook, and all was silent but the beating waves, the eerie cry of sea-birds, and the splash of some sea-monster in pursuit of its prey. What glorious reminiscences have I, too, of those scenes, and especially of early morn as watched from these green islands! It seems to me as if I had never beheld a true sunrise since; yet how many have I witnessed! I left the sleeping crews, and ascended the top of the rock immediately before daybreak, and what a sight it was to behold the golden crowns which the sun placed on the brows of the mountain monarchs who first did him homage, what heavenly dawnings of light on peak and 'scaur' contrasted with the darkness of the lower valleys! What gems of glory in the eastern sky, changing the cold grey clouds of early morning into bars of gold and radiant gems of beauty! and what a flood of light suddenly burst upon the dancing waves as the sun rose above the horizon, and revealed the silent sails of passing ships! and what a delight to hear

and see the first break of the fish upon the waters! With what pleasure I descended and gave the cheer which made all the sleepers awake and scramble to the boats, and, in a few minutes, resume the work of hauling in our dozens. Then home with a will for breakfast, each striving to be first on the sandy shore." *

This was good education for the affections, sympathies, and imagination. Other influences of a very different nature might afterwards be experienced, but



VIEW FROM THE HILL BEHIND FIUNARY.

the foundation of his character was laid in the boyhood spent in Campbeltown, Mull, and Morven. Its associations never left him, and the memory of those hours, whose sunshine of love had brightened his early life, made him in no small measure the loving, genial man he always was. What he had found so full of good for himself, he afterwards tried to bestow on

* "Highland Parish.

others; and not only in his dealing with his own children, but in the tone of his teaching and in the ministry of his public life, can easily be traced the power of his first sympathies:—

"Oh, sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy; for other days of labour and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caressings, will, next to the love of God from whom they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the memory when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life." *

* "Highland Parish."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY COLLEGE DAYS.

IN the year 1825 his father was translated from Campbeltown to the parish of Campsie, in Stirlingshire, where he remained till 1835. The change was, in many respects, great from Campbeltown and the Highlands to a half-agricultural, half-manufacturing Lowland district, in which the extremes of political feeling between stiffest Toryism and hottest Radicalism were running high. The parish was large and thickly peopled, and its natural features were in a manner symbolical of its social characteristics. The long line of the Fell, its green sides dotted with old thorns, rises into mountain solitude, from a valley whose wooded haughs are blurred with the smoke of manufacturing villages. The contrast is sharply presented. Sheep-walks, lonely as the Cheviots, look down on unsightly mounds of chemical refuse, and on clusters of smoking chimneys; and streams which a mile away are clear as morning, are dyed black as ink before they have escaped from print-work and bleaching-green. The Manse was on the borderland of mountain and plain, for it was placed at the opening of Campsie Glen, famous for its picturesque series of thundering waterfalls and

rocky pools. Behind the Manse lay the *clachan* and the old parish church, now in ruin.

This was a busy period in his father's life, for, besides taking the pastoral charge of the large parish, he wrote, during the ten years of his ministry in Campsie, the greater part of the Gaelic Dictionary, which bears his name along with that of Dr. Dewar. He was editor and chief contributor to a monthly Gaelic magazine, which acquired unrivalled popularity in the Highlands;* and he also translated, at the request of the Synod of Ulster, a metrical version of the Psalms into Irish Gaelic, for the use of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Besides these literary labours, he took the chief part in establishing the education scheme of the Church of Scotland, the special sphere of which lay in the Highlands. While these public labours taxed his energy, his increasing family, and the concomitant *res angusta domi*, gave no little anxiety to himself and his partner in life. The Manse maintained the traditions of Highland hospitality, and the ingenuity with which guests were accommodated was equalled only by the skill with which a very limited income was made to cover the expenses of housekeeping, and the many requirements of a family of eleven children. Norman was sent for a year to the parish school, taught, as many such schools then were, by a licentiate of the Church—an excellent scholar, and a man of great simplicity and culture.

There is little to record of his schooldays, or of his first years at college. His career at the University of Glasgow, where he took his curriculum of

* The 'Teachdaire Gaelltachd.'

Arts, was not distinguished by the number of prizes he carried off, for he gave himself rather to the study of general literature and of science than the subjects proper to the classes he attended. Logic, admirably taught by Professor Buchanan, was indeed the only class in Arts which kindled his enthusiasm, and it was also the only one in which he obtained academical honours. He was frequently dressed sailor-fashion, and loved to affect the sailor in his speech as well as dress. His chosen companions seem to have been lads of precocious literary power—some of them considerably older than himself—whose attainments first inspired him with a passion for books, and especially for poetry. His favourite authors were Shakespear and Wordsworth, the first acquaintance with whose works was as the discovery of a new world. He was, besides, passionately fond of natural science, and spent most of his spare hours in the Museum studying ornithology. There is little in his journals or letters to indicate the impression which these college years made on him; but one of the favourite subjects of conversation in his later days was the curious life he then led; the strange characters it gave him for acquaintance; the conceits, absurdities, enthusiasms in which it abounded; the social gatherings and suppers, which were its worst dissipations; the long, speculative talks, lasting far into the night, in which its glory and blessedness culminated—and the hard, although unsystematic, studies to which it was the introduction.

The loss of accurate scholarship which the desultoriness of this kind of training entailed might not

have been sufficiently compensated by other advantages; nevertheless, contact with men, insight into character, the culture of poetic tastes, of original thought, and of an eye for nature, were perhaps no mean substitutes for skill in Latin verse and acquaintance with the Greek particles. He was, besides, very far from being idle. He read much and thought freshly, and even at a very early period in his University career he seems to have contemplated joining a fellow-student in the publication of a volume of tales and poetry. His moral life was at the same time pure, and his religious convictions, though not so strong as they afterwards became, were yet such as prevented him from yielding to the many temptations to which one of his temperament and abounding, as he did, in animal spirits was greatly exposed. Next to the grace of God, his affection for home and its associations kept him steady. A short journey from Glasgow brought him out on many a Saturday during the session to spend Sunday at Campsie, and the loving welcomes he there received and the thousand influences of the Manse life served to keep his heart fresh and pure. These visits sometimes gave no little concern to his father and mother, for coming as he did in a full burst of buoyant excitement after the restraint of study, the noisy fun and the ceaseless mimicry in which he indulged, disturbing the very quiet of the Sabbath, made them afraid that he would never be sedate enough for being a minister. Both father and mother, who could scarcely repress their own laughter at his jokes, wrote to him very gravely on the dangerous tendencies which were manifesting

themselves in him. But they might as well have asked him to cease to be, and, had they told the secret truth, they would scarcely have wished him different from what he was.* And so he passed the four years of his study of 'the Arts,' with happy summers interspersed, sometimes in the Highlands, sometimes in Campsie, until, in 1831, he went to Edinburgh to study theology.

Dr. Chalmers was then professor, and Norman listened with delight and wonder to lectures, which were delivered with thrilling, almost terrible, earnestness. The Professor's noble enthusiasm kindled a

* There were some most original characters then in Campsie, who afforded much amusement to Norman; but his great friend was old Bell, the author of 'Bell's Geography,' and editor of 'Rollin's Ancient History.' This man had been a weaver, but, impelled by a powerful intellect and literary taste, he devoted himself to study. He lived with his wife in a mere hut, and sat surrounded by books, a Kilmarnock night-cap on his head, and conversing with an emphasis and an originality, not unworthy of Johnson, on every subject—literary, political, theological. Some of his sayings are worth recording. There was a hawker in the parish, a keen controversialist, ever talking of his own perfect assurance of salvation, but withal very greedy and worldly. "Humph!" grunted old Bell, when asked his opinion of him; "I never saw a man so sure o' goin' to heaven, and sae sweart (unwilling) to gang till't." He used to utter aloud in church his dissent to any doctrine he disliked, or sometimes his impatience expressed itself by his long black stick being twirled gradually up through his fingers till it reached well over his head. On one occasion, a young preacher having chosen as his text, "There shall be no more sea," proceeded to show the advantages of such a condition of things. Higher and higher rose Bell's stick as his favourite principles of geography were being assailed under every 'head,' till at last it came down with a dash on the pavement, accompanied by a loud 'Bah! the fule!' When he was dying, an excellent young man, whose religious zeal was greater than his ability, volunteered to pray with him. Bell grunted assent; but as the prayer assumed throughout that the old man was a reprobate, he could scarcely restrain himself to the Amen, before he burst out, "I'm saying, my man, nae doubt ye mean well; but ye'd better gang hame and learn to pray for yoursel' afore ye pray for other folk." When Norman remonstrated with him afterwards for his rudeness, Bell said, "Maybe ye're richt; but, sure as death, Norman, I canna thole [bear] a fule!"

responsive glow in the young hearts which gathered to listen to him, and the kindly interest he took in their personal welfare inspired them with affection as well as admiration. Dr. Welsh, a man of kindred spirit and powerful intellect, then taught Church History. Such influences did not fail to waken in Norman loftier conceptions of the career to which he looked forward. As might have been expected, Chalmers had a peculiar power over him, for professor and student had many similar natural characteristics. The large-heartedness of the teacher, his missionary zeal, and the continual play of human tenderness pervaded by the holy light of divine love, roused the sympathies of the scholar. He heartily loved him. And Chalmers also valued the character of the student, for when asked by a wealthy English proprietor to recommend for his only son a tutor in whose character and sense he might have thorough reliance, Chalmers at once named Norman. This connection became of great importance to him. The gentleman alluded to was the late Henry Preston, Esq., of Moreby Hall, then High Sheriff of Yorkshire. For the next three years Norman acted as tutor to his son; and whether residing at Moreby or travelling on the Continent, the simple-hearted old squire treated him with the utmost confidence and affection. In the autumn of 1833 he went for a few weeks to Moreby, but returned shortly afterwards with his pupil to Edinburgh, and was thus able to attend his theological classes, while he also superintended the studies of young Mr. Preston.

During his second session at Edinburgh, besides the usual classes, he attended Professor Jamieson's lec-

tures on geology, and studied drawing and music. His brother-in-law, the Rev. A. Clerk, LL.D., who was then his fellow-student, contributes the following reminiscence :—

"It was in the social circle Norman displayed the wondrous versatility, originality, and brilliancy of his mind. With a few of his chosen companions round him he made the evening instructive and delightful. He frequently, by an intuitive glance, revealed more of the heart of a subject than others with more extensive and accurate scholarship could attain through their acquirements in philosophy or history. He was often disposed to start the wildest paradoxes, which he would defend by the most plausible analogies, and, if forced to retreat from his position, he would do so under a shower of ludicrous retorts and fanciful images. He was ever ready with the most apt quotations from Shakespear, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats, or with some telling story ; or, brimming over with fun, he would improvise crambo rhymes, sometimes most pointed, always ludicrous ; or, bursting into song, throw more nature into its expression than I almost ever heard from any singer. The sparkling effervescence of his mind often astonished, and always charmed and stirred, the thoughts, feelings, and enthusiasm of his companions."

It was at this time he experienced the first great sorrow of his life. His brother James, his junior by three years, was a lad of fine promise. Like Norman in many things, he was his opposite in others, and the unlikeness as well as similarity of their tastes served only to draw them nearer to each other. Clever, pure-minded, and affectionate, he was also—what Norman never was—orderly, fond of practical work, and mechanics. Norman was rollicking in his fun, James quietly humourous. He was the delegated manager of glebe and garden, and of so sweet and winning a

nature, that when he died the tokens of sorrow displayed by many in the parish were a surprise, as well as a consolation, to his parents. Hitherto Norman had given little expression to the religious convictions which had been increasing with his growth since childhood. Now, however, he broke silence. In the sick-room, with none but their mother present, the two brothers opened their hearts to one another; and, on the last evening they were ever to spend together, the elder asked if he might pray with the younger. This was the first time he had ever prayed aloud in the presence of others, and with a full heart he poured out his supplications for himself and his dying brother. When he left the room, James, calling his mother, put his arms round her neck, and said, 'I am so thankful, mother. Norman will be a good man.' This was a turning-point in Norman's life; not, indeed, such a crisis as is usually called conversion; not that the scene in the sick-room marked his first religious decision; but the solemnity of the circumstances, the frank avowal of his faith, and the tremendous deepening which his feelings received by the death which occurred a few days afterwards, formed an epoch from which he ever afterwards dated the commencement of earnest Christian life. The anniversary of his brother's death was always kept sacred by him. Other critical times arrived, other turning-points no less important were passed; but, as in many other instances, this first death in the family, with the impressions it conveyed of the reality of eternity and of the grandeur of the life in Christ, was to him 'the beginning of days.'

At the close of the winter session he returned, with Mr. Preston, to Moreby, and in the following May he and his pupil started for the Continent.

To his MOTHER, written by him when a mere boy:—

CAMPSIE MANSE, *Friday.*

"I know how very difficult it is to ease the yearnings of a mother's heart when far from her beloved offspring; yet I am sure, when she hears that 'all are well,' the wan and wrinkled face of anxiety will give way to the bloom of youth that makes you look at all times so beautiful. The garret windows being nailed, none of the children have fallen over, and the garden door being locked, none have died of gooseberry or cherry fevers.

"But the children are the least of my thoughts; no, no, let them all die if the housekeeping succeeds; this is the *point.* The Principal* and Mr. Gordon came here to-night, and don't go off till Monday! I and Betty are dying of lamb fevers with the very thoughts of preparing dinners out of nothing; these two nights I have been smothered alive by salmon and legs of roasted lamb crammed down my throat by Jessy and Betty. Oh, my dear mamma, it is only now that a fond mother is missed, when dangers and misfortunes assail us. If you but saw me without clothes to cover, or shoes to put on my feet, all worn away with cooking. I am quite *crusty.*

"But I will not mar your enjoyments or hurt your feelings by relating more of this melancholy tale.

"Betty, my worthy housekeeper, has told me to-day that she has forty-five young birds and ducks. I think a sixth is to be added in the laundry—if it be so, I intend to get a share of Donald Achalene's† bed in the asylum."

* Principal Baird, of Edinburgh.

† A Highland character.

From his MOTHER, when he was a student in Glasgow:—

"While younger, and under the immediate eye of your father and myself, I could watch every little tendency of your disposition, and endeavour as much as I could to give it the right bias; but now, my beloved child, you are seldom with me, you are exposed to many temptations, and oh, if you knew the many anxious thoughts this gives rise to! Not, my dear, that I fear anything wrong in principle, in the common acceptation of the word; but how many shades are there between what is glaringly and broadly wrong to the generality of observers, and the thousand acts and thoughts and words that must be watched and corrected and repented of and abandoned, in order to become a Christian! Avoid whatever you have found hurtful, be it ever so delightful to your taste, and persevere in whatever you have found useful towards promoting piety and heavenly-mindedness. You must not look on this as a mother's dry lecture to her son; no, it is the warm affection of a heart that truly loves you as scarce another can do, and which prays and watches for your eternal interest."

From his FATHER:—

CAMPSIE, *February* 23, 1829.

"I rejoice to see your companions, if you would conduct yourself with calmness and seriousness on the Sabbath day, and cease your buffoonery of manner in tone of voice and distortions of countenance, which are not only offensive, but grievous. You carry this nonsense by much too far, and I beg of you, my dear Norman, to check it. Imitation and acting a fool is a poor field to shine in; it may procure the laugh of some, but cannot fail to secure the contempt of others. I was much pleased with the manner of the Stewart boys—their steady, grave, sedate manner formed a very striking contrast to the continual mimicking and nonsense at which you aim. I implore of you, by the tenderness of a father, and by the authority of one, to desist from it in time, and to despise it, and to assume a more manly, sedate manner.

"I hope you will take in good part, as becomes you, all I have stated, and evince to me that you do so when I have the happiness, my dear boy, to see you. I rejoice to see everybody happy; but there is a manner that gains on a person if indulged in, which must be guarded against, and none more dangerous than that buffoonery which, by making others laugh, causes us to think ourselves very clever. You, even already, seldom use your own voice or gestures or look—all is put on and mimicked; this *must* cease, and the sooner the better. After this I shall say no more on the subject. I leave it to your own good sense to correct this.

"Ever your dutiful Father."

To his AUNT JANE:—

February, 1831.

"I read your letter over and over, and chuckled over its coruscations of wit and brilliancy; swallowed, and finally digested all the advices. In fact, it brought me back to Fiunary once more—to Fiunary with all its pleasures and its many enjoyments. I could, with a little effort of fancy, picture myself sitting with J. in the garret, giving way to my mimicking propensities to please her, in whatever character she chose, or one of the social circle round a happy tea-table, or taking an *intellectual* walk along the beach; and no sooner is this imaginary train set a-going than many a happy day spent among the rocks, and in the woods, hills, or glens, rises ghost-like before me, till my too pleasing dream is broken by a dire reality—the college bell summoning poor wretches from their warm beds to trudge through snow and sleet to hear a crude lecture on philosophy, and reminding me that I have so much to do that I cannot expect to see my dream realised for another year. There is no use in fighting against fate, though I long for the day that I shall escape from prison, and 'visit those blessed solitudes from toils and towns remote.'"

From his MOTHER:—

CAMPSIE, *November* 27.

"It gives me pleasure to observe the warm and genuine feelings and confessions of an affectionate disposition—freely spoken. Yes, my dear Norman, long may I find you frankly owning your thoughts and feelings; this is the true way to a parent's heart, and the true and only comfortable footing for parent and child—the only way in which a parent can really be of use; and never will you repent trusting yourself to me. Wonderful would be the fault that, when candidly acknowledged, I could not excuse, or at least try to help you to remedy. In all I said I wished to cure you of an ugly habit of arguing that has crept in on you, before it becomes a confirmed habit, and leads you (just for argument's sake) to maintain wrong views; from first beginning to argue you will by-and-by think these views right."

To his AUNT JANE:—

June, 1832.

"Where, in the name of wonder, did you light on that lovely poem, Jane? Talk no more to me of the powers of music to lull the angry feelings or to excite the more gentle ones. Poetry, poetry, for ever!

"We have had four cases of cholera here, and two deaths. My father was down at the Torrance every day, and had no small trouble between keeping down *rows*, coffining the bodies, and quelling all those disgraceful and riotous feelings that have been too much the attendants of this sad complaint.

"All the children are half ill with chicken-pox; Polly's face is like a rock with limpets. Limpets! How that word does conjure up a thousand associations!—the fishing rock, the rising tide waving the tangle to and fro at my feet! Out comes a fine cod, see how he smells the bait! I am already sure of him; I know the bait is good, and the hook of the best Limerick. He sniffs it, and away he slowly sails, gently moving his tail from side to side as he goes off. But he repents, and turns back

casts a longing look at the large bait; slowly his jaws open, and in the most dignified manner close on the meal, and now the line strains, the rod bends, I see something white turning in the water, my eyes fill till I hear '*Whack*' on the rock, and there he lies as red as—as what's the man's name, at Savarie—John Scallag's father? as red as he. Pardon me, Jane; this night is oppressively hot, it is perfect summer. They are turning the almost dry hay on the glebe—a calm sleeps on the woods and hills, and this, too, vividly recalls the Sound of Mull, as I fancy it to be on such an evening. I am at this moment in fancy walking up the road to Fiunary with a *gadd* of fish, knowing that thanks and a good tea await me.

"I confess that when I indulge in such fancies I involuntarily wish myself away from my books to feast and revel in the loveliness of the Salachan shore, or 'Clach na Crìche;' but, as I told you before, I wish to have some summer to look back to as one usefully employed."

Letter *to* his BROTHER JAMES. (Inside of this letter was found placed a lock of JAMES's hair):—

MOREBY HALL, *October*, 1833.

"I went on Sabbath to church. There was no organ; but what think you? a flute, violin, and bass fiddle, with some bad singing. However, I liked the service much. Monday was a great day at York, all the town and country were there, it being the time at which, once every three or four years, Lord Vernon, the Archbishop of York, confirms the children of this part of the diocese. The scene was beyond all description. Fancy upwards of three thousand children under fifteen, the females dressed in white, with ladies and gentlemen, all assembled in that glorious minster—the thousand stained glass windows throwing a dazzling light of various hues on the white mass—the great organ booming like thunder through the never-ending arches! The ceremony is intensely simple; they come in forties and fifties, and surround the bishop, who repeats the vows and lays his hand successively on each head. I could not help com-

paring this with a sacramental occasion in the Highlands,* where there is no minster but the wide heaven, and no organ but the roar of the eternal sea, the church with its lonely churchyard and primitive congregation, and—think of my Scotch pride!—I thought the latter scene more grand and more impressive. I ascended to-day to the top of the great tower in the minster, two hundred and seventy steps! But such a view! I gazed from instinct towards the North for a while—not that I expected to see anything; but there was nothing but masses of wood."

Extracts from his JOURNAL:—

"*Edinburgh, Tuesday, 1st Nov.*, 1833.—"Began to read on crystallography and geology (Lyell). I wish, above all things, to know mineralogy and geology thoroughly. I must attend chemistry, anatomy, and botany. To acquire accurate knowledge is no joke.

"*Tuesday, 3rd Dec.*—There are certain days and times in a man's existence which are eras in his little history, and which greatly influence his future life. This day has been to me one of much pain; and oh! when the grief has passed away (and shall it ever be so?) may its influence still remain! I heard my own dear brother James was so ill that he cannot, in all human probability, recover. How strange that I who, when in health and strength, and with everything to cheer, and little to depress the heart, thought not of God, the great Giver of all good, should now, when my beloved brother is sinking into the grave, my best and dearest of mothers sore at heart for her child, raise my voice, and I hope my heart, to Him who has been despised and rejected by me. My mother has been my best earthly friend, and God knows the heart-felt, profound veneration I have for her character. And now, O God of my Fathers, this 3rd day of December, solely and entirely under Thy guidance, I commence again to fight the good fight. I acknowledge Thy hand in making my dear brother's illness the means; through, and only

* It is a common custom in the Highlands to celebrate the Communion in the open air during summer.

for the sake of the great Redeemer Jesus Christ do I look for an answer to my most earnest prayer. Amen.

"*Thursday.*—It is past twelve. The wind blows loud, and the rain falls. I am alone in body, but my mind is in my brother's room, where, I am sure, my dear mother is now watching her boy with a heavy heart. May God be with them both!

"*Saturday.*—I heard the waits last night play 'The Last Rose of Summer' beautifully. It went to my heart; I thought of my poor James. The week is past, the most memorable, it may be, in my existence.

"*Monday, 16th Dec.*—I saw James, Wednesday morning. Such a shadow! Still the same firm mind, with the same dependence upon his Saviour. I shall never, I hope, come to that state in which I can forget all the kindness which God has shown me for the last six days! I had many earnest conversations with dear James.

"Alas, this day I parted from one I loved as devotedly as a brother can be loved! Thank God and Christ, we shall meet. I went to his bedside: 'I am going away, James, my boy; but I trust to see you for a day during the holidays.' 'Norman, dear, if I'm spared I'll see you. But what is this to end in?' I hardly knew what to say. 'I know your firmness of mind. But, James, it is but the husk, the mere shell.' 'I am very weak.' 'Yes, Jamie; but I shall be weak, and all weak. I part without sorrow, for I know you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' 'I have, Norman, got clearer views since we met. I know on whom I can lean.'

"*Friday evening, 20th Dec.*—It is all past. My dear brother is now with his own Saviour. I do heartily thank God for His kindness to him; for his patience, his manliness, his love to his Redeemer. May I follow his footsteps! May I join with James in the universal song! I know not, my own brother, whether you now see me or not. If you know my heart, you will know my love for you, and that in passing through this pilgrimage, I shall never forget you who accompanied me so far. 'Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.'

From his MOTHER :—

February 7, 1834.

"Now, write me everything as you would to your *own heart*, and do not hide even passing uneasy feelings, for fear of making me uneasy. Believe me, I will just give everything its own value, and from 'the heart to the heart' is all, you know, I care for."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*Friday.*—Went in the evening with Uncle Neil to a meeting of the Shakespear Club—Vandenhoff, Ball, MacKay, &c. A very pleasant evening; fine singing; two scenes I won't forget: the noble feeling of Vandenhoff when his daughter's health was drunk, and Ball's acclamations (!!) interrupting a very humbugging, stupid speech, proposing the memory of Lord Byron. There is blarney all the world over. I plainly see the stage, as it now is, and the Church are at complete antipodes.

"*Sunday.*—Not two months dead—my dearest brother—and yet how changed am I! I thank God with my whole heart and soul that He has not forsaken me. I seem a merry, thoughtless being. But I spend many a thinking and pleasant hour in that sick-room. That pale face, all intelligence and love—the black hair—the warm and gallant heart of him I loved as well as a brother can be loved—shall never be forgotten."

To his MOTHER :—

YORK, *March* 9, 1834.

"In an old, snug garret, in the city of York, upon Good Friday, with the minster clock chiming twelve of the night, do I sit down to have a long chat with you, my dearest mother.

"I intend upon Sabbath to take the sacrament at Moreby. I have reflected on the step, and while I see no objection, I can see every reason in showing forth the Lord's death with Christian brethren of the same calling; as to me, individually, it signifies little whether I take it kneeling at an altar, or sitting at a table."

To his AUNT:—

SION HILL, *April* 12, 1834.

"One peep of Loch Aline or of Glen Dhu is worth all in Yorkshire. Their living is certainly splendid; but, believe me, I shall never eat any of their *ragoûts*, or drink their champagne, with the same relish as I ate the cake and drank the milk beside my wee bed when I returned from fishing. If only the white can had not been broken!"

To his MOTHER:—

Near MOREBY, *April* 15, 1834.

"The house is full, and I am now sleeping at the farm, a quarter of a mile from the house. We have very pleasant people—Lady Vavasour and her son and daughter. They have been abroad for six or seven years in different parts of the Continent. She and I are great friends. We get letters from her for the Court of Weimar, and she has been drilling me how to speak to her 'Imperial Highness' the Grand Duchess, sister to the late Emperor of Russia."

From his JOURNAL:—

"22*nd April, Monday.*—Upon Easter Sunday I partook of the sacrament in York minster, and although the formulas are of course different from ours, yet, 'as there is no virtue in them, or in them that administer them,' I found God was present with me to bestow much comfort.

"During the next week all was gaiety. A party or ball every night. The next week we spent at Sion Hill and, between fishing, riding, seeing the railroad, and, above all, Fountain Abbey, I must say I was very happy.

"I start to-morrow morning for London. But what hangs heavy on my mind is the deep sense of responsibility I am under: I have not only the superintendence of my pupil, but I am about to be placed in hard trial in a thousand circumstances which are eminently calculated to draw my mind off from God. But my only confidence is in

Him. O Thou who hast brought me to this—Thou who didst make me what I am when I had no strength of my own—to Thy loving and merciful hands I commend myself, wholly trusting that I may, through the aid of Thy Holy Spirit, be every day more sanctified in my affections, and ever constant in the performance of my duty."

CHAPTER IV.

WEIMAR.

WEIMAR, the capital of the little Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, was chosen by Norman Macleod and young Preston as headquarters during their residence on the Continent. It was at that time a desirable place for those who wished to see German life as well as to study German language and literature. Not that the external features of the town are possessed of interest, for the Palace, with its surrounding park, and the Round Tower, containing its excellent free library, do not redeem Weimar from an aspect of quiet dulness. Yet it was anything but dull in those days. The people prided themselves on the memory of their great citizens—Goethe, then recently departed, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland—and kept up the tradition of literary culture derived from that golden age of their history; while the Grand Duke, with his court, sustained its reputation for hospitality and for gaiety of the old-fashioned order. The town could also boast of a good theatre, an excellent opera, and music *ad libitum* in public gardens and cafés. The Grand Duke was of a most amiable disposition, and the Duchess, sister of the

Russian Emperor, was a woman of brilliancy and culture, and of great kindness of heart. There was an early dinner at the Palace every Sunday, followed by an evening reception for all foreigners who had been introduced; and various balls and state ceremonies, scattered at short intervals throughout the year, averted the normal stagnation of the place, and made it a cheerful and pleasant residence. 'With a five-and-twenty years' experience since those happy days of which I write,' says Thackeray, who had lived in Weimar a year or two previous to the time we are speaking of, 'and an acquaintance with an unusual variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried.' *

The change was certainly great from Dr. Chalmers and the Divinity Hall, from the simple habits of the Manse, and from the traditionary beliefs, bigotries, and customs—some true, some false—which hedged the religious life of Scotland, to this Weimar, with its rampant worldliness and rationalism. It was, nevertheless, an excellent school for the young Scotchman, who at every turn found some insular prejudice trampled on, or the strength tried of some abiding principle.

The most remarkable man at Weimar, and the great friend of all English travellers, was Dr. Weissenborn. He was a cultivated scholar, and combined the strangest eccentricities of character and

* Letter to G. H. Lewes in the "Story of the Life of Goethe."

belief with the gentlest and most unselfish of natures. He was a confirmed valetudinarian. 'My side' had become a distinct personality to him, whose demands were discussed as if it were an exacting member of his household rather than a part of his body; yet Weimar would have lost half its charm but for old Weissenborn, with his weak side, his dog Waltina, his chameleon (fruitful source of many a theory on the 'Kosmos'), his collection of eggs, and innumerable oddities of mind and body. All the English who went to Weimar loved 'the Doctor:' and no father or brother could have taken a greater interest than he did in promoting their happiness and in directing their studies. 'Thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn,' writes Thackeray lovingly. 'And these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town.' *

Norman entered on this new life with great zest. It doubtless had its dangers. But although he often swung freely with the current, yet his grasp of central truth, and his own hearty Christian convictions, so held him at anchor that, through the grace of God, he rode safely through many temptations, and was able to exercise an influence for good over the group of young men from England or Scotland who were residing that year at Weimar. The very fact that he entered with them into all their innocent enjoyments and gaieties gave him greater power to restrain them in other things. He may, indeed, have often given too great a rein to that 'liberty' which was so congenial to his natural temperament, but it is marvellous that the

* "Roundabout Papers, De Finibus."

reaction was not greater in one who, brought up in a strict school, was suddenly thrown into the vortex of fashionable life. He was passionately fond of music, sang well to the guitar, sketched cleverly, was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* in Weimar, and threw himself with a vivid sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. His father and mother frequently warned him against going too far in all this; and he often reproached himself for what he deemed his want of self-restraint when in society. Nevertheless, the experience he gained in Weimar became of immense practical importance to him. His own healthy nature repelled the evil, while he gained an insight into the ways of the world. In what was new to him he saw much that was good; much that in his own country was called unlawful, whose right use he felt ought to be vindicated; and he also perceived the essential wickedness of much more—in the 'utter rottenness' (as he used to call it) 'of what the world terms life.'

Weimar also brought him another influence which told with indirect, rather than direct, power on his character. It was his fate, in common with many others, to come under the fascination of the great court beauty, the Baroness Melanie von S——. Thackeray used often to describe her extraordinary charms—'the kind old Hof-Marschall Von S—— (who had two of the loveliest daughters eyes ever looked upon).'* And she could have been no ordinary woman who had the genius thus to evoke, as by a spell, a poetic and ideal life in the young minds she

* Letter to G. H. Lewes in the "Story of the Life of Goethe."

attracted to her. With Norman she became a kind of romance. She touched his imagination rather than his affections, and awakened a world of æsthetic feelings which long afterwards breathed, like a subtle essence, through the common atmosphere of his life. When working against vice and poverty in his parish in Ayrshire, during the heats of the Disruption controversy, amid prosaic cares as well as in the enjoyment of poetry and art and song, Melanie haunted him as the sweet embodiment of happy memories, the spirit of gracefulness and charm and culture; and thus, for many a day, the halo of the old associations, in which the real Melanie was etherealised, served to cast a delicate light of fancy over the rough details of practical daily work.

When he and Preston returned to Moreby, Norman had become in many ways a new man. His views were widened, his opinions matured, his human sympathies vastly enriched, and while all that was of the essence of his early faith had become doubly precious, he had gained increased catholicity of sentiment, along with knowledge of the world.

To A. CLERK:—

WEIMAR, *May* 30, 1834.

". . . . Let us pass Frankfort; half-way to this we visited Eisenach. The approach to the town is through the loveliest scenery of wooded and broken knolls. On the top of the highest stands Wartzburg, where Luther was held in friendly captivity to brood over the fate of his country amidst the solitude of a German forest. Would to God there was a second Luther! Germany is in a

most extraordinary state. The clergyman here (Rühr) is the head of the rationalist school; of religion there is none, and most of the clergy merely follow it as a power in the hands of the State. I am credibly informed by competent judges that ninety-nine out of a hundred are infidels. If you but heard a rationalist talk on religion! I had a talk with one yesterday. He believed in Hume on miracles, and, moreover, said that he thought it of no consequence for our faith in Scripture whether miracles were true or not; in short, he believed in the Scriptures, and yet said they were 'pious frauds.' Devils and all are to be saved at last (tell —— this for his comfort). If you wish to *adore* your own Church, country, and profession, come abroad. Here once lived and died Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. The souls of the men still cast a halo on the town, brighter than most in Germany. There are many clever fellows here; a splendid library, open free to all; a glorious park, likewise open, in which the nightingale never ceases to sing. I am in a very nice family. The lady is a countess by right, and yet they have boarders. Such is German society! They often dine at the Grand Duke's. The music glorious. Every third night an opera, with best boxes for two shillings. The Grand Duke supports it, and so it is good. The great amusement of the people on Sunday is going to gardens to take coffee, wine, &c., or to play at nine-pins; a band of music, of course; smoking everywhere. The postilion who drives the Eilwagen smokes a pipe the whole way. A man would commit suicide were you to deprive him of his pipe.

"The country is a mighty field without a hedge. A steeple here and there surrounded by houses; no farmsteadings, no gentlemen's houses; corn, rye, and grass; ugly bullocks, ugly cows drawing ugly ploughs, followed by ugly women or men; low, undulating pine hills.

"It is odd the inclination I have here to speak Gaelic. Often have I come out with words. A German asked me something, when I answered plump outright, 'Diabhaull fhios agam!' As another instance of German reason, I may mention that my friend, Dr. Weissenborn, told me gravely to-day that he believed matter in motion to be the

same as spirit; and that as animals arose from our bodies, so we may be mere productions of the planets."

To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, *June* 4, 1834.

"Yesterday happened to be my birthday—twenty-two is not to be laughed at; it is a good, whacking age—'*a stoot lad at that age, faith!* and proud may you be for having such a lad this day.' This evening last year I was at home from Edinburgh. The winter months are past; their effects are felt—have a substantial existence, and must be felt for ever. A knowledge of the world either spoils a man, or makes him more perfect. I feel it has done me good in a thousand ways. I have been made to look upon man as *man*. I see mankind like so many different birds in the same atmosphere, alike governed and elevated by the same feathers. This a clergyman should know; to feel it is invaluable.

". . . How are they all at Mull and Morven? Many a time I shut my eyes, and, while whistling a Highland tune, carry myself back to fishing at the rock or walking about the old castle at Aros; at other times I am in the glen or on the hill. Although it is really nonsense (as I believe there are few periods in our lives really happier than others), I often think those days must have been paradise—I was so perfectly unshackled; while, at the same time, I remember well my many wishes to go abroad. Every person has his ideal. That was mine; a plain Manse is my only one now."

From his MOTHER:—

CAMPSIE, *June* 30.

"You ought not even to witness the profanation of the Sabbath—wherever you are. In the first place, you are bound to set an example to your pupil; in the next place, it is the Christian Sabbath, wherever you are, and to be kept sacred in thought and deed before the Lord."

From his JOURNAL :—

"Scotland is, in sooth, in a strange state. But in all this 'noise and uproar,' there are signs of activity and life—that men at least *wish* good, and this is something. I must say I have much confidence in the sound sense and morality of the people of Scotland. It is absurd to measure them by the turbulent effervescence of ranting radical town fools, who make theories and speak them, but do no more. There is a *douceness* (to use a phrase of our own) about the mass and staple bulk of farmers and gentlemen that will not permit violent and bad changes.

"But how different is the case in Germany! There is an apathy, a seeming total indifference, as to what religion is established by law. The men of the upper classes are speculators, and take from Christianity as it suits their separate tastes. They seem to have no idea of obligation. True, the lower classes are not so drunken as ours, just because they have nothing to drink, and their tastes lie in other directions. Not one of them, I believe, is regulated by its moral tendency. In other vices they are worse—much worse. May Germany have another Luther!

"13*th July, Tuesday night.*—I have to-day received a letter from my mother announcing that my old and dear friend Duncan Campbell is dead! I reverence his memory. He was a friend worthy of the warmest attachment and deepest regard. We were at school together. For many years, I may say, I lost sight of him, until in 1829, in the moral philosophy class in Glasgow, we met as students. From that hour an intimate and close friendship commenced, shared with a third, James Stuart. We were called 'the three inseparables,' or 'the trio.' That winter we were literally every day six or seven hours out of the twenty-four in one another's company. A more simple, amiable, and deeply delicate heart there never lived: generous, unselfish, and noble; one of the few who retain in college life the purity which nature stamps. He is gone before me. His memory is associated with happy days. I am far from

his resting-place, but I need never seek it, as I may exclaim in the beautiful words of the translated Persian poet—

> "Dicebant mihi sodales si Sepulchrum amici visitarem,
> Curas meas aliquantulum fore levatas
> Dixi autem—an ideo aliud præter hoc pectus habet Sepulchrum." *

"*July* 17*th*.—To-day I walked with the doctor to the Gottes-acker (the churchyard). I hate the style of foreign burying-grounds. The deeper feelings of our heart, and especially grief, are far removed from the rank, overgrown bushes or from the flowers that are associated with neat beds in a lady's garden. No; simplicity is unalterably connected with deep passion.

"Upon Saturday, Halley, the two Millers, Preston, and I, had good fun on the Ettersberge playing 'I spy!' and drinking Wurtzburg. Well, we enjoyed ourselves much, and not the less as it reminded us all of schoolboy days.

"27*th July*.—And now this day on which I write is a Sabbath later. I have read my Bible, my only good book. I have then read over my letters again, as I receive pleasure from refreshing my mind with expressions of love and affection.

"Tell me, is it weakness or childishness to have home and friends ever present to your eye? Honestly, I think I am neither the one nor the other, and yet at times I feel as if a single change by death would make the world quite different to me. I am sometimes frightened to think upon what a small point in this respect hang my pleasure and my pain. In truth, the Continent is a horrid place for the total want of means—no good books, no sermons, no church; I mean for me.

"I would renew my confidence and trust in Him who has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive; I will never leave you, I will never forsake you.' The past is still the same."

* This College friend was the original from which he drew the character of 'Curly' in "The Old Lieutenant."

SONNET ON HEARING OF COLERIDGE'S DEATH (IN WEIMAR).

Oft have I watch'd, in meditative mood,
A sunbeam travel over hill and dale:
Now searching the deep valley, now it fell,
With gorgeous colouring, on some ancient wood,
Or gleam'd on mountain tarn; its silver flood
Bathed every cottage in the lowly vale;
The brook, once dark amidst the willows grey,
Danced in its beams, and beauties, dimly seen,
Were lighted into being by that ray:
The glory ceas'd as if it ne'er had been,
But in the heart it cannot pass away—
There it is immortal! Coleridge, friend of truth,
Thus do I think of thee, with feelings keen
And passions strong, thou sunbeam of my youth!

To A. CLERK:—

WEIMAR, *October* 12, 1834.

"I have just returned to Weimar after a fine tour. Look at the map, and draw your pencil from Weimar through Cobourg, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Saltzburg, Linz, down the Danube to Vienna; back to Brünn, Prague, Dresden, Leipsic, Weimar; and you have our course. And you may well suppose I saw much to interest and amuse me. The three Galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Vienna are glorious; I feasted upon them. I was there every hour, so that many of the greatest works of art are engraved in my memory. The Tyrol is magnificent beyond words: the eye is charmed, and the heart filled still more, with an overflowing sense of the beautiful. In religion the people there are as yet in the Middle Ages. Fancy a sacred drama acted in one of the loveliest scenes of nature before about six thousand people, and representing the Crucifixion!*

* This must refer to the Ammergau Play.

"Vienna is a strange place—Greek, Jew, and Gentile; I know not which is worst; I do not like the place; fine music, good eating, fine sights, and a nasty people. I hate Austria—tyranny and despotism! Slaves and serfs from Hungary and Moravia walk under the nose of the 'Father' of his people! They, poor souls, eat and drink while Metternich picks their brains and pockets. There is no danger of revolution there! They are ignorant and stupid. You may be sure I visited the fields of Wagram and Aspern. When in Brünn—where I staid a week—I saw 40,000 men encamped. A splendid sham fight took place, lasting two days, with everything like a real battle except the wounds—taking of villages, &c.—and this upon the mighty field of Austerlitz. Was that not worth seeing? And how fine, how strange, in the still, cool evening, to ride along that great camp stretching over a flat plain for three or four miles, the watch-fires scattered over it, and each regiment with its band playing such music as I never heard!

"At Prague I saw a Jewish synagogue. It almost made me weep. Such levity and absurdity I never saw. The spirit had fled!"

To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, *October* 28, 1834.

* * * *

I have made my *début* as a courtier!! The court days are Thursday and Sunday. Every Sunday fortnight you are invited to dinner in full court dress. Hem! I am nervous on approaching the subject. *Imprimis* a cocked-hat! under it appeareth a full, rosy, respectable-looking face, in which great sense, fine taste, the thorough gentleman, and a certain spice of a something which an acute observer would call *royal*, are all exquisitely blended! A cravat of white supporteth the said head. Next comes a coat which, having the cut, has even more of the modesty, of the Quaker about it. The sword (!!) which dangles beside it, however, assures you it is not a Jonathan. Now, the whole frame down to the knees is goodly—round and

plump. I say to the knees, for there two small buckles mark the ending of the breeches and the commencement of two handsome legs clothed in silk stockings. Buckled shoes support the whole figure, which, with the exception of white kid-gloves, is 'black as night.' The hour of dinner is three; you sally forth to the Palace, gathering, in going, like a snowball, every Englishman in town. You move among servants to the first of a finely-lighted suite of rooms. Ladies and gentlemen are scattered about chatting (most of the gentlemen in military uniforms). You mingle with the groups, bowing here and chatting there, and every now and then viewing yourself in one of the fine mirrors which adorn the walls (*'stoot lad, faith!'* *) The rooms become more crowded; a bustle is heard; the Grand Duke and his Duchess enter, sliding along between two rows of people, who return their bows and becks. The Duke chats round the circle. If you are to be introduced, a lord or master-in-waiting watches an opportunity and leads you up, announcing your name, and, after making your most profound salaam, a few questions are put as—How do you like Weimar? How long do you intend staying?—and the Duke bows and passes on. I speak nothing but German at court. Is that not bold? but I get on uncommonly well. You are generally addressed every time you go. The dinner is very good; sixty people or so sit down. You leave after dinner, and return again in the evening. There is nothing done but conversation, though some play cards. You may retire when you like. I do so as soon as I can, as this is not the way I like to spend Sunday evening. Every night we have some prince or other; the brother of the King of Prussia was there last time. How much more have I felt at a small party at Craigbarnet! But thanks to these and the worthy woman† who gave them, that society comes now so easy to me.

* This expression was one which occurred in one of his Highland stories, and was a favourite quotation, being always given with the full native accent.

† Mrs. Stirling, Craigbarnet, Campsie.

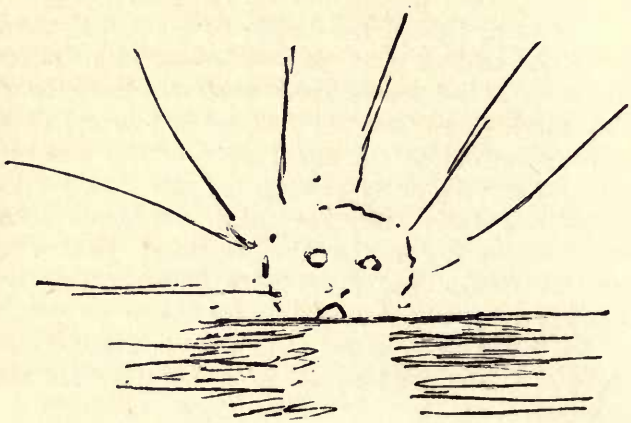
"If you but heard that best of men, the honest Doctor, and me planning how to keep all the young fellows in order! and when ten or so meet it is no easy task. It has, however, been done. Winter has almost begun, we had snow yesterday. I have a good stove and abundance of wood, so with a good easy-chair—called in German *Grossvaterstuhl,*—I am in great comfort. But now this throws me back to 'our ain fireside,' and then I long to be among you all to get my heart out, for except on paper it has very little exercise. I am studying hard —Greek and Latin every day. I read (this is for my father, as you are not a German blue) Horace and Cicero de Officiis day about with Preston, the Greek Testament every morning. Ask my father to write to me. He has a 'vast of news' to tell me, about Church, Irish, and Gaelic matters, all of which give me much interest.

"By-the-bye, mother, give me your advice. Now, don't be sleepy, I am nearly done. What would your well-known economical head suggest as to—my court dress? First of all ascertain whether there may not be in some of the old family chests a relic of the only sprig of nobility in your blood—Maxwell of Newark's sire. I think old Aunty Bax, if she were bribed or searched, could turn out an old cocked hat or sword. If this scent fail, we must try the Scandinavian side. But my idea is, all such relics perished during the Crusades! Donald Gregory would give some information. If no such thing exists, then my determination is fixed, that a room in the Manse be kept called the court-room, in which my clothes be preserved for my descendants: I mean—and have no doubt by your looks you have hit on the same idea—that this does not take place until I have worn them first as moderator.

"I think of taking drawing and singing lessons time about. I think I have a taste for both, and my idea is that it is a man's duty as well as pleasure to enlarge every innocent field of enjoyment which God has put in his way.

"Oh dear, I almost thought myself at home; but the stove is nearly out, and it is still Deutschland.

"I am, your rising



To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, *November* 19, 1834.

"Here I sit on a wet, nasty evening—Sunday. All are at court but myself. A Sunday evening here is detestable. If I can spend it by myself, good and well; if not! No church, no sermon, no quiet, no books but German."

To an old FELLOW STUDENT:—

WEIMAR, *December* 2, 1834.

"I have just received your long-wished-for epistle. Within the last half-hour I have speculated more upon your condition (on what the Germans call your *Inneres*, or inward being) than I have ever done before. In Heaven's name, why that doleful ending of a merry letter? Can it be a joke? '*One that was*'—'*tomb.*' This must not be. If you are really ill, I grieve for you as a dear friend; but if it is but fancy, away with it to the shades! Look out on nature in all her simple glory; feel yourself a part and being of the universe; feel your own eternal dignity, that is beyond and above all the matter

before which, alas! it often bows, but to which it owes no allegiance!

> 'We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live:
> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!'

Read your Bible, and, if you want the joy, the meditative joy, which finds religious meanings in the forms of nature, read dear Coleridge, or his brother Wordsworth. But the former I love, I adore. Buy his works should you have no more in the world to spend.

"This moment I have read your P.S., which I did not notice. 'Blood to the head!' What a setting sun your face must be! Did you ever hear since the days of Hippocrates of a fellow of your age and strength having blood to the head? Why, man, I suppose you sometimes feel dizzy and get blind, and stagger, when you had particularly simple biliousness; for all these symptoms I have had a thousand times, and half killed myself thinking then as you do now. Take a great deal of exercise every day; read a few novels, and send those blue devils to their master."

From his MOTHER:—

December 8, 1834.

"You complain of want of books, and a sad want it is; but you can meditate and pray, and set no wrong example; and you have your Bible—his Bible who, to his last moment, loved you with more than a brother's love. It will, I trust, be but a secondary motive with you, but I know his image, as you last parted from him, his love, and a recollection of his virtues, will ever rise up to keep you sober in pursuit, and steady in principle. I feel that when I write to you, dearest, I will not seem tiresome or preaching too much."

SONNET.

The time *had* been when this bright earth and sky,
At dewy morn, calm eve, or starry night,
Inspired the passionate and wild delight

Which only dwell with lofty purity
Of heart and thought; but soon that holy light,
Which comes from heaven to beautify
The things of sense departed, and deep night
Concealed their glory from the seeking eye.
My soul was dimmed by all-destroying sin,
Which o'er my inner sense and feelings crept
Like frost at early morn. Still oft within
This darken'd heart a sudden gleam, a share
Of former joy, was mine; and I have wept,
And thought 'twas from a distant mother's prayer!

To his MOTHER:—

WEIMAR, *December*, 1834.

"You know, mother, there are very few, if any, upon whose good sense, in matters of the world, I would rely more than on yours. I have seriously thought of all you say about my acquiring tastes and habits uncongenial to my future profession. To tell you the honest truth, this sometimes does give me pain. To battle against a thousand little things which insidiously collect round your mind like iron filings on a magnet, till it is all covered, is impossible. There is a style of life which has charms, talk of it as you please, and somehow or other it comes quite naturally to me.

"But yet, on the other hand, I trust I feel too highly those mighty things which constitute real greatness, whether found in clown or king; and the grand position a zealous clergyman takes in human society; together with the world of knowledge I am now acquiring of human character, and of the *way to manage men*—so that I shall enter, under God's blessing, upon the work with spirit and success, and be above all discontent.

"Say to my father, with my love, that I have paid particular attention to his part of the letter. My next shall be to him upon German theology and sundry other matters.

"As for the girls, keep none of them cramped up at piano with crooked backs. Air and liberty for the young,

and then two hours or so of hard earnest work. When I have children, I shall certainly act on this principle!

"You predicted a great many things about me which have turned out true, and which make me ashamed of the weakness of my character. I leave Weimar in a month, at the very furthest; and the regret with which I leave it makes me blush. Why am I sorry? Am I not going home to those who love me more than any on earth? I am; and this is invaluable. But still—still there are a thousand things which I am destined for, and which I shall fulfil, but to which my last year's education has been directly opposed. Mother, you have taste yourself, so excuse my *rant*. When you only remember the *beau-idéal* life I have been leading, call me weak, call me fool, but let me speak it out, and, like a great ass, turn up my poor nose against Scotch lairds and their pride, and Scotch preachers with their fanatical notions. I agree with my father to a 'T' about them. And to be obliged to have my piety measured by my reading a newspaper on a Sunday, or such trash; or by my vote on this side or that; or by my love of music; or—— Don't be angry, for I am done, and in better humour.

"I trust to see you in July. In the meantime I am looking forward to coming back here this time next year. Hurrah for old Germany again! Next to Scotland I love her. I am upon the *qui vive* for a letter as to our route.

"I long to tell you all my adventures, and how I fell in love with the beautiful 'La Baronne.' If you only saw her, mother! None of your 'blockheads!' You were once in love yourself, and I don't blame you, for my father is a good-looking man—'*fine stoot man, faith!*' She has made me a poet!

"How do my poor crocuses look? What happy feelings does the question recal!—Campsie long ago and spring contentment—home and happiness! I have no news. The same routine of reading, balls, court concerts, and operas. I long to hear if my father has been made Moderator. I should like to be at the head of everything. It is a grand thing."

From DR. WEISSENBORN (written to N. after his return to Scotland) :—

WEIMAR, *July*, 1835.

"You appear to be a thoroughly revised and improved edition of yourself. Happy man, whose feelings are not alienated from his native country and early connections by a residence abroad, yet keeps a lively remembrance of his friends there; whose sound constitution throws out foreign peccant matter, after having assimilated the wholesome principles. Don't smile if I become a little pathetic on the subject. I really was afraid that your residence here would have an injurious effect on your tendencies, inclinations, future plans, and prospects; in short, your happiness and usefulness to your fellow-creatures. I therefore looked forward towards your return not as a happy event, but as one fraught with evil consequences and uneasy feelings to myself, the more so because my health is so very bad and fluctuating, that I would have felt all the misery you might have brought upon yourself without being able to remedy or lessen it. You'll forgive a sick man if he take, perhaps, too gloomy a view of things; but you may judge how happy I feel to find that all my evil anticipations are dispelled by your letter. As to the difference of opinion which exists between you and me with respect to religion, I trust it is only formal, and I hope German rationalism has not made you a whit less inclined to dispense the blessings of religion to your future parishioners under those forms which are most suited to their circumstances, or most likely to produce the best practical results; though I am convinced myself that we can't stem the torrent of the age so effectually here as it may be possible on your insulating stand of old England. We must first experience its devastations before we can reap the fruit of its inundation."

CHAPTER V.

APRIL, 1835—NOVEMBER, 1836.

WITH the exception of a brief visit to Scotland, he remained at Moreby from April, 1835, when he returned from the Continent, till October of the same year. He then went to Glasgow to resume his theological studies. As his father was at that time leaving Campsie for his new charge of St. Columba, Glasgow, he lived with his valued friend and relative, Mr. William Gray, in Brandon Place. He at once devoted himself to hard study. Not only do his note-books show the extensive field of reading he went over, but his former fellow-students were surprised at the rapid mastery he had obtained over various branches of theological learning in which he had before shown only a passing interest. For although his previous education had not been favourable to scholarship in the technical sense, yet from this time to his latest day he cultivated accurate methods, read extensively on whatever subjects he was professionally occupied with, worked daily at his Greek Testament, and kept himself well informed as to the results of modern criticism. He had the rare faculty of rapidly getting the gist of a book, and

without toiling over every page, he seemed always to grasp the salient points, and in a marvellously short time carried away all that was worth knowing.

In the May of 1836, his father having been elected Moderator of the Church of Scotland, he went to Edinburgh, and listened with great interest to the debates of an Assembly, the attention of which was directed to Church work rather than to Church polity.

The passages from his journals referring to his spiritual condition, which are given throughout this memoir, while no more than specimens of very copious entries, are yet thoroughly just representations of the self-scrutiny to which he subjected himself during his whole life. Those who knew him only in society, buoyant and witty, overflowing with animal spirits, the very soul of laughter and enjoyment, may feel surprised at the almost morbid self-condemnation and excessive tenderness of conscience which these journals display, still more at the tone of sadness which so frequently pervades them. For while such persons may remember how his merriest talk generally passed imperceptibly into some graver theme—so naturally, indeed, that the listener could scarcely tell how it was that the conversation had changed its tone—yet only those who knew him very intimately were aware that, although his outer life had so much of apparent *abandon* he not only preserved a habit of careful spiritual self-culture, but was often subject to great mental depression, and was ever haunted with a consciousness of the solemnity, if not the sadness, of life.

In point of fact, much of his self-reproach arose from the earnestness of the conflict which he waged

against his own natural tendency to self-indulgence. For if on one side he had deep spiritual affinities and a will firmly resolved on the attainment of holiness, he had on the other a temperament to which both 'the world and the flesh' appealed with tremendous power. His abounding humour and geniality had, as usual, their source in a deeply emotional region; rendering him quickly susceptible to impressions from without, and easily moved by what appealed strongly to his tastes. This rich vein of human feeling which constituted him many-sided and sympathetic, and gave him so much power over others, laid him also open to peculiar trials in his endeavour after a close life with God. Besides, as if to be the better fitted for dealing with others, there was given to him more than the usual share of the experiences of 'life;' for he was frequently brought strangely and closely into contact with various forms of evil—subtle and fascinating; thus gaining an insight into the ways of sin—though, by God's grace, he remained unscathed by its evil.

And not only this self-scrutiny, but the tone of sadness also which pervades these journals must sound strange from one generally so buoyant. The tendency to reaction common to all sanguine natures, combined with his Celtic blood, may perhaps have helped to give it the shape it so frequently takes, for the way in which he moralises even in youth upon approaching age, and ever and anon speaks of death, and of the transitoriness of the present, is quite typical of the temperament of the Highlanders of the Western Islands. But there was an ele-

ment in his own character strong yet subtle in its influence, which produced finer veins of melancholy. The more than childlike intensity with which his affections clung to persons, places, associations, made him dread separation, and that very dread suggested all manner of speculations as to the future. He was continually forecasting change. There was assuredly throughout this more of a longing for 'the larger life and fuller' than a mawkish bewailing of the vanishing present. His views of the glorious purpose of God in creation were from the first healthy and hopeful, and became one of the strongest points in his creed. Nevertheless, it served to produce a side of character which was deeply solemn, so that when left alone with his own thoughts a kind of *eerie* sadness was cast over his views of life. The deep undertones of death and eternity sounded constantly in his ear, even when he seemed only bent on amusement. His favourite quotation literally expressed his experience—

'I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Moreby, April* 30, 1835.—I have at last returned from the Continent this morning. With how many feelings of the past do I write it! I read over many old letters and journals, and I felt the old man, which I supposed one little year had crushed, to be as strong as ever. No, not quite so strong; but still he was there, and I could recognise many of his old familiar features. This last year has been quite an episode in my life; it does not seem to chime in with the rest of the story, and yet it is a material and important part of it.

"It was a dream; its people were images in a dream, never seen before or to be seen again. Everything *was*, and flashed upon me. I am awake, and the dream is past.

"*Hawes, Aug.* 13*th.*—Spent this morning in fishing, and, after walking eight or nine miles, returned as I went. I had, however, for my guide and companion a most rare specimen of a Yorkshireman. He is the village cobbler. He and his have been here from generation to generation; and what part of the shire is more secluded than Hawes! We spent the time 'in chat and clatter;' and with his peculiar drawl and stories I was much amused:—'Ise deena believe measell what foaks sea like, boot t' wutches beean in 'deals like, boot thea sea hoa there weas yance in t' time ot t' wear maebea hoondred year and mear a man wid ceart an harse gang i-oop bye t' Fell theare, an in t' ceart was a kist and gooald; an t' neame ot hoarse was Ham. Soa t' driver sead, 'Che wo hoop, Ham. We God's mind or noa oop heel thou man gang.' Soa t' heel opened like, and t' keest fell een, and thear weas nought mear aboot eet! Boot yance seex parsons were tae conjor it oot, and toald t' wae or 't foar leads we them to say nout; and soa they prayed and prayed teelt they gat thee keest and youked t' harse, boot yan o' t' leads said—"Gad lads! wese geet eet yeet." When t' keest howped oop t' heel an' weas seen nea meer.'

"The cobbler once talked with a man who had gone to Kendall to see the Highlanders pass north. They had no shoes, and looked miserable; plundering, but not slaying. The landlord with whom he staid had his shoes taken off him thrice by successive parties.

"*Ambleside*, 19*th August.*—I have to-day accomplished what I have long sought. I have seen, talked, and spent two or three hours with Wordsworth. I set off in the morning with a note of introduction by myself, for myself. I arrived at the door of a sweet, beautiful cottage, and was ushered into a small parlour with a small library, chiefly filled with books of poetry, among which was a fine edition of Dante. Presently the old man came in in an old brown great coat, large straw hat, and umbrella, and ushered me into a small, plainly furnished parlour. Here we sat some time, talking about Germany, its political state, and the

character of its inhabitants,—of the Scotch Church and the levelling system, and right of voting; and here he read me the note from his last volume. We then went out and stood on the lovely green mound commanding views of Rydal and Windermere. There I said to him 'We are sorry that you are not a friend of Ossian.' This set him a-going, in which he defended himself against the charge, and saying 'that although self-praise was no honour, yet he thought he might say that no man had written more feelingly than he in his favour. Not the Ossian of McPherson, which was trash, but the spirit of Ossian, was glorious; and this he had maintained.' He then brought his works and read many passages in the bower showing this. He said that he had more enemies in Scotland than elsewhere; that his little volume could not fight against all the might of a long-established Review — it was stupidity or envy;—but that his book had now got greater circulation than they or it ever had. His books must be studied to be understood—they were not for ladies, to be read lounging on a sofa.

"He said that Professor Wilson was an exceedingly clever man, and that it was such a pity that his talents and energies were not directed to one point. On our return to the house, he said he had suffered much distress. His dear sister was dead, his daughter was lying ill with spine, and now an old family servant was dying, 'but I endeavour to amuse myself as I can.'

"I blessed the dear old man, came away; and he said he might wander into my house some day or other in Scotland. Oh, how I felt as I heard him read in his deep voice some of his own imperishable verses—the lovely evening—the glorious scene—the poetry and the man!

"*Aug. 24th.*—I received from home a parcel, and a letter from my father who is in London about the Psalms. The event which he communicates is to me all important —he leaves Campsie and goes to Glasgow. What are my feelings? I can hardly express them. It is a struggle between the ideal and real! On calmly considering it, I do think that the change is much for the better. A large family is nowhere in such an advantageous posi-

tion for every improvement and advancement as in a town; which is also, I believe, more economical. Yet, to leave Campsie! Spot of my earnest feelings, and of the dearest associations of the happiest period of my life! Gone is the continued presence of green fields and free air—gone the identifying of every lovely spot with the bright thoughts of youthful existence.

"I wish I could write a series of sonnets entitled 'Influences;' viz.: all those projections which turn the stream of life out of its course, bending it slightly without giving it a new direction. Nothing makes a man so contented as an experience gathered from a well-watched past. As the beauty of the finest landscape is sometimes marred on actual inspection by a nauseous weed at your feet, or painful headache, or many little things which detract from a loveliness only fully felt in the recollection when those trifles are forgotten—so, our chief happiness is too often in recollection of the past, or anticipation of the future. Now, it is knowing what the past really was, which we now recal with so much pleasure, and over which there seems 'a light which never was on sea or land,' that we are able to estimate the amount of happiness and value of the present. And I think he who does this will seldom be discontented; for the miseries of life are few, and its blessings are 'new to us every morning and evening.'

"I have just returned from a pleasant walk, with a lovely sunset, and the cushats weeping and wailing in the wood.

"*September* 15*th.*—The long-expected festival-week is past! I never have, in my life, nor ever expect again to have, such a glorious treat—I have heard *The Creation.*

"I shall not attempt to offer a criticism upon the music which I heard during the festival. Whoever has seen York Minster, may fancy the effect of a grand chorus of 640 performers before an assembled multitude of perhaps 7,000 people, with Braham, Philipps, Rubini, Lablache, Grisi, &c.

We had very delightful company in the house—Sir Charles Dolbiac, (M.P.) and daughter; Milnes Gaskill, M.P., wife and sister-in-law; Miss Wynn Smith; Wright, with

his wife and daughter; Lady Sitwell; Mr. and Mrs. Norton; Mr. and Miss Forbes, Edinburgh; Captain Campbell, 7th Hussars; Lord Grey. I had the most interesting conversation with Gaskill, Wright, and Lady Sitwell.

"Gaskill mentioned the following things:—Peel does not confide sufficiently in his own party, he tells nothing to them; but if you do make a good speech, he will shake you by the hand and talk kindly. His difficulties on the Catholic question were great. His principal adviser and confidential friend was Dr. Lloyd of Oxford. The Duke, who looks at a question of politics like men in a field of battle, after two hours' conversation, told Peel that he had agreed. Peel knew there was no use fighting in the council, and he determined to resign. He went to Windsor to do so. The King, who had all the feelings of his father on the subject, remonstrated, and asked Peel if he could form a Ministry which would resist. Peel saw it was impossible. The King then said, that what he would not do as an individual he was compelling him to do by asking him to change. Would he desert him? Would he leave the *onus* on him? Peel came home, and for two nights never went to bed. Wrote to his friend Dr. Lloyd that he knew that in sticking to the King, from the most loyal motives, he was sacrificing his political character, &c.; and so he passed it: and now he would willingly change his mind!

"Peel's memory is amazing. 'Can *you* forget all this trash?' said he to a friend, as a member was speaking. '*I* can't;' and so he never did, but would recall words and circumstances a year afterwards.

"One night Mr. Gaskill was at a party at the Duke of ——'s; Peel, Wellington, and some others, were playing whist; Croker was learning écarté at another table. 'Go,' said Peel to one of his friends—'go and ask if he ever learned the game before.' 'Never!' said Croker, 'upon my soul.' 'Well,' said Peel to his friend, who returned, 'I'll bet, in twenty minutes by my watch, Croker tells his teacher that he does not know how to play.' In *five* minutes Croker was heard saying, 'Well, do you know, I should not have thought *that* the best way of playing.' This was received with a roar of laughter.

"*September* 16*th*.—O God, I am a weak, poor, sinful man, unmindful of past mercies, and of a hardened heart. Merciful Father, I implore pardon from Thee for my sins, and entreat the aid of thy Holy Spirit, by which alone I can fight the evil one. Hear me, for the sake of the atoning blood of thy dear Son, in whose eternal merits I trust alone for salvation.

"*September* 28*th*, 1835.—G. was staying with us. He is the editor of a periodical called *The Churchman*, and is a most violent Episcopalian of the old school, as he was once as violent a dissenter of the new. There are few liberal Churchmen—very few; and to me nothing is more absurd than the violence of men professing the same faith in all its essentials, and, in the present state of things, cutting one another's throats. England is beginning to reform her clergy; and good morals, with a sound Calvinistic theology, are rapidly gaining ground. I have myself seen so much wickedness in manners and opinions that my heart bows before a good Christian wherever I meet him. We had good sacred music on Sunday evening. This may be abused; and then, perhaps, it is wrong. But certainly to me it is infinitely more sacred than the chatter round a fireside on stuff and nonsense, such as I have frequently heard. But remember Paul and the 'meats.'

"*September* 29*th*.—I had to-night a long argument with an atheist, Mr. C——. I have known intimately many strange thinkers, from fanatics to atheists. All sceptics whom I have ever met have been very ignorant of the argument and facts of the case. This has been my confirmed experience in Germany and England. Fanatics knew and felt ten times more. Believing too much is more philosophical than believing nothing at all.

"I finished Heine's 'History of Modern German Literature.' His German style is beautiful; his remarks astonishingly striking, original, and pointed; his character of the poetry, painting, architecture of the Middle Ages admirable.

"*Sunday*, 11*th*.—This is the last Sunday I shall spend in Moreby for some time. How many pleasant ones have I

had in the old church at Stillingfleet, in its antique pew and oak seats, worn away by numberless generations! I trust I have seen enough of the English Church to love her *capabilities* and to admire her mode of worship; and while I enter with heart into that mode and form in which I have been born and bred, I trust to have for ever an affection for the venerable Liturgy and those institutions which so well accomplish their purpose of diffusing the Gospel of Christ among the nations. O Lord, I thank Thee for the many peaceful Sabbaths which I have enjoyed. Forgive their much abuse, and still preserve my mind more and more for that eternal Sabbath which I hope one day, through the blood of the Atonement, to spend with Thee in heaven.

"*October 13th.*—The last night at Moreby. How much could I now say on my leaving this excellent family whom I esteem so much and highly! Mr. Preston has been as a father. God bless them all!

"I thank Thee, O God, through Jesus Christ, for all Thou hast done for me since I came into this family. Lord, may thy kindness not be thrown away, but may everything work for my good. Amen, Amen.

"*Glasgow, 23rd December.*—This day two years ago James died. I shall ever consider this day as worthy of my remembrance, because to me it marks the most important era of my life. Amidst temptations it has warned me; in my Christian course it has cheered me. In far other scenes than these I have remembered it with solemn feelings, and I trust I may never forget it or the habits it has engendered. The more I see of the world, the more I look upon the dear boy as the purest being I ever met with; and now I rejoice he is in heaven. Lord, may I never forget that time.

"*27th; last Sunday of* 1835.—I never felt a greater zest for study than now. The truth, sincerity, simplicity, and the eloquence, of the older divines is a source of much pleasure. I have adopted the plan of keeping a note-book which I call 'Hints for Sermons,' in which I put down whatever may prove useful for my future ministrations. Unfortunately what is useful is not nowadays the most taking, and we have lost much of our simple-hearted

Christianity. Our very clergy are dragging us down to lick the dust, and the influence of the mob is making our young men a subservient set of fellows. I see among our better-thinking clergy a strong episcopalian spirit; they are beginning to see the use of a set form of worship. And who can look at the critical, self-sufficient faces of the one-half of our congregations during prayers, and the labour and puffing and blowing of some aspirant to a church, and not deplore the absence of some set prayers which would keep the feelings of many right-thinking Christian from being hurt every Sabbath.

"*January 6th*, 1836.—I went down to Campbeltown, and I returned to-day with Scipio and George Beatson. What were my feelings when I saw Campbeltown—aye, what were they? Almost what I anticipated;—a half breaking up of the ideal. Gone was the glory and the dream—gone the old familiar faces. Everything seemed changed, save the old hills; and it was only when I gazed on them that I felt a return of the old feelings, glimpses of boyhood, short but beautiful, that soon passed away, and I felt I was a changed man—how changed since those days!

"We were gay to our 'hearts' content:' a ball every night and breakfasts every morning, with interludes of dinners. I never received more kindness in my life.

"Be honest! In Campbeltown I forgot God altogether. If ever there was a cold, forgetful sinner, I am the man. If it was not for my peculiarly fortunate circumstances of life I would have been a thorough-going sinner. My heart is blunt; every time I fall back I am so much the worse—it quenches faith, resolution, hope. Well may I say, 'Lord save me, or I perish.'

"Poor dear ——! I received such a letter from him in answer to an earnest exhortation to him to change his ways. The Lord bless him!

"Is it proper to endeavour to convert a man by any other but Christian motives—prudential or moral? I think it is. A hardened sinner must have motives addressed to him which he can feel and understand. Let this be a matter for thought. My mother denies its truth."

To A. CLERK:—

10, BRANDON PLACE, GLASGOW: *January* 13, 1836.

"For once in my life I am working for the class, writing essays for a prize! Are you not astonished? Fleming gives out five or six subjects. The first was on the Mosaic account of the Creation; and I sent him in one of eighty pages crammed with geology, which even 'the Doctor's' (Sinclair) most scientific conversations (which used to bore you) were nothing to. Fleming had the good sense to appreciate it; and he said privately to my father that 'it had more in it than all the others put together.' But you never saw such fellows! Some of them open their goggle eyes, when I dare to speculate on some of the great doctor's *ipse dixits*. Think of them the other day! there was a meeting in the Hall, and M'Gill in the chair, to determine whether *Blackwood* should be kicked out of the Hall Library and sent in search of the *Edinburgh Review*, long ago black-balled! Poor Maga was peppered with a whole volley of anathemas; and if it was not for some fellows of sense who were determined to give old Christopher a lift on his stilts, he would have hobbled down the turnpike stair to make room for a dripping Baptist or oily-haired Methodist. Oh, I hate cant—I detest it, Clerk, from my 'heart of hearts!' There is a manliness about true Christianity, a consciousness of strength, which enables it to make everything its own.

"The *people* are becoming all in all. And what are the forthcoming ministers? The people's slaves or deceivers. It is, I admit, the opinion of a young man; but I feel that we are going down hill—talk, talk, talk—big words—popularity—that god which is worshipped wherever a chapel stands. This is what I fear we are coming to—our very prayers are the subjects of display and criticism. I rejoice to think there is One who guides all to good, that the world on the whole is ever advancing in the right, though poor Scotland may, perhaps, lag behind for a season."

During the session of 1835-36 a coterie of young men, possessed of kindred genius and humour, used to

meet for the interchange of wit, and of literary productions whose chief merit was their absurdity. Horatio M'Culloch, the landscape painter, and his brother artist, MacNee; the late Principal Leitch, and his brother, Mr. John Leitch, a well-known *littérateur;* the Dean of Argyll, and his brother, Mr. MacGeorge; M'Nish, the author of the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness;' and Norman Macleod, were the leading spirits of the fraternity. One of the chief ties which bound them in fellowship was the presence of Dugald M——, poet and local celebrity. M—— was not without talent, and made several creditable attempts in verse; but his extraordinary self-importance, his unconsciousness of ridicule, and the bombastic character of many of his productions made him a ready butt for the shafts of drollery with which the young fellows who met at those suppers were abundantly armed.* Before the year was out they printed a series of squibs written for their gatherings. The volume was entitled, 'Sparks of Promethean Fire; or Chips from the Thunderbolts of Jove,' and professed to be published at Stromboli, for the firm of Gog, Magog, and Co.

* Once, at a public dinner, when the toast of "the poets of Scotland, coupled with the name of Dugald M——" was proposed, in terms which seemed to disparage the practical importance of their art, Dugald, rising in great indignation, determined to give the ignoramus a lesson on the grandeur of the offended muse. "I will tell the gentleman," he shouted, "what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, sir, speak in poetry. Poetry, sir! poetry was the voice in which the Almighty thundered through the awful peaks of Sinai; and I myself, sir, have published five volumes of poetry, and the last, in its third edition, can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence!"

These poems were indirectly meant as caricatures of the pompous emptiness, the incongruous magnificence, and the grandiose scene-painting of the poet Dugald. Hades and the Arctic Pole, the volcanic fires and sulphurous craters of Etna and Hecla, whales, mammoths, and mastodons, had therefore to lend their aid in the production of a jumble of astounding nonsense.

Only one specimen of the volumes has been reprinted —'The Death of Space,' by Mr. John Leitch, which was engrossed in 'Bon Gualtier.' Norman Macleod contributed four pieces — 'The Reign of Death,' 'The Phantom Festival,' 'Professor Boss's* Drinking-Song,' and 'Invocation to Professor Boss, who Fell into the Crater of Hecla.' We give the two last.

PROFESSOR BOSS'S DRINKING-SONG.

Air—'Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher,'
or—'The Rhine! the Rhine!' &c., &c.

Drink, drink and swill, ye jolly old Professors,
You'll find it royal stuff,
You'll find it royal stuff;
What though the waves of ocean roll above us,
We do not care a snuff!
We do not care a snuff!

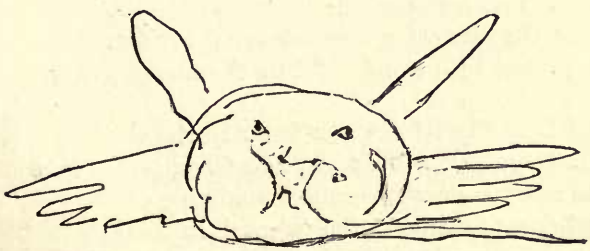
* 'Boss' was the bye-name he had for his very dear friend, the late Principal Leitch, one of the ablest and best of men.

Diodati, Kant, Gleim, Mendelssohn Swighausen,
Ich bin Ihr Bruder Boss !
Ich bin Ihr Bruder Boss !
Pass round the jorum, and with all the honours,
Drink to Commander Ross !
Drink to Commander Ross !

Ices I've ate in Paris at Tortoni's ;
Broiled chicken too in Wien,
Broiled chicken too in Wien :
But who would talk of such barbaric messes,
Who our turns-out had seen !
Who our turns-out had seen !

For here we dine on whales and fossil mammoths,
With walrus for our lunch,
With walrus for our lunch ;
We've Hecla's flames to warm our glass of toddy,
And ice to cool our punch !
And ice to cool our punch !

See how our smoke is curling up the crater ;
Ho, spit and rouse its fires !
Ho, spit and rouse its fires !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Deutschland's old Professors,
We're worthy of our sires !
We're worthy of our sires !



INVOCATION TO PROFESSOR BOSS, WHO FELL INTO THE CRATER OF MOUNT HECLA.

OH what a grim gigantic tomb is thine,
Immortal Boss! The sepulchres which yawn
For the obscure remains of common men
Were all unworthy thee! Their narrow bounds
Thou heldest in unutterable disdain,
And soughtest for a grave amid the vaults
Of Iceland's belching, bellowing, groaning Mount.
Stupendous walls of flame surround thee now;
Thy mausoleum is a hell on earth,
Where spluttering bursts of Pandemoniac fire
Shake their rude tongues against the vault of heaven,
And lick the stars, and singe the comet's tail.

Peace to thine ashes, Boss! Thy soul shall tower,
Like an inflated Phœnix, from the mouth
Of that infernal hill; whose crater wide,
Like a vast trumpet, shall thy praises sound
What time its ashes rise beyond the moon,
And blind with clouds of dust the morning star.

And from thy lofty watch-tower in the sky
Spitzbergen thou shalt see, and Greenland, where
The spermaceti whale rolls floundering on,
And dares to combat the pugnacious shark;
The morse, with teeth of steel and snout of brass,
The mighty kraken, and the ocean snake,
The salamander, with its soul of fire,
The mammoth and the mastodon sublime,—

Them shalt thou see, and with their spirits thou
Shalt hold sweet converse, as they move along,
Shaking the curdling deep with shaven tails,
And drowning Hecla's thunder in their own.

And from the mountain's bosom thou shalt call
The swarthy Vulcan, and his one-eyed sons—
The Atlantian Cyclops—to thine aid,
While thou assailest Woden, Teusco, Thor,
And all the Scandinavian gods accursed
Who in Valhalla hold their dreaded reign.
And Vulcan, at thy bidding, shall appear,
With Polyphemus and his brethren vast;
And, armed with Jove's resistless thunderbolts,
And Hecla's flames, the huge Monopian brood
Shall rise with fury irresistible
And from their gory seats of human skulls
Hurl the grim tyrants down with muttering yell;
While thou ascendest the Valhalla throne
And at the prostrate gods dost shake thy fist!

Immortal Boss! while seas of dark ribbed ice
Lock the leviathan in their solid jaws,
While the substantial firmament resounds
With yells and curses from the frozen tongues
Of shipwrecked mariners, thy sceptre gaunt
Shall thunder on the grim Icelandic shore,
And loose the chains that fetter Nature round!
Then, then shall Hecla sing aloud to thee
A dread volcanic hymn; his monstrous throat,
In honour of thy name, shall swallow up
The sun, the moon, the stars; all, save thy throne,
Shall be absorbed in that enormous maw;
And ghosts of mighty men shall crowd around
Thine ample table in Valhalla spread
And feast with thee; the hippopotamus,
The whale, the shark, shall on thy table lie,
Cooked to thy taste before grim Hecla's fire;
And all shall eat, and chaunt thy name, and drink
Potations deep from Patagonian skulls.

My song is done : Oceans of endless bliss
Shall roll within thy kingdom ; cataracts
Of matchless eloquence shall hymn thy praise ;
Mountains of mighty song—mightier by far
Than Hecla, where thine ashes lie entombed,
Shall lift their heads beyond the top of space,
And prove thy deathless monuments of fame ;
While thou with kingly, bland, benignant smile,
Look'st down upon the earth's terraqueous ball,
And quell'st with thunder Neptune's blustering mood.

"*March 2nd.*—Strange, marvellous, and unintelligible world! My brain gets dizzy when I allow myself to reflect upon the extraordinary journey we are all pursuing. I heard old Weimar tunes upon the piano. Was it a dream? am I here? am I the same being? What means this springing into existence, the joys and sorrows, happiness to ecstasy, friendships formed and decaying, death at the end of all? Are we mad? Do our souls inhabit bodies which are dying about us? But I write like a fool, for my heart is overflowing with thoughts which I cannot utter.

"12*th March.*—Exactly, Norman. You wrote the above the other night when some old tunes roused up the old man which you thought was dead. Tell us how he does?

"*Saturday, April* 23.—After studying to-day and yesterday, I have had an evening stroll down the street. The

aurora was bright and lovely—now forming an arch along the sky, now shooting up like an archangel's sword over the world, or forming streaming rays of light, which the soul of mortal might deem a seraph's crown. How strange are the glimpses which we sometimes have of something beyond the sense—a strange feeling, flitting as the *aurora* but as bright, of a spiritual world, with which our souls seem longing to mingle, and, like a bird which, from infancy reared in a cage, has an instinctive love for scenes more congenial to its habits, and flutters about when it sees green woods and a summer sky, and droops its head when it feels they are seen through the bars of its prison! But the door shall yet be opened, and the songs it has learnt in confinement shall yet be heard in the sunny sky; and it shall be joined by a thousand other birds, and a harmonious song will rise on high!

"Oh, if we could but keep the purity of the soul! but sense is the giant which fetters us and gains the victory. We have dim perceptions of the pure and elevated spiritual world. We truly walk by sight, and not by faith.

"Mere descriptive poets may be compared to those who have shrewdness enough to copy the best sets of hieroglyphics, but who have not skill enough to give to them more than a partial interpretation. They decipher enough to know that the writing has much fine meaning, which, as it pleases themselves, may also give pleasure to others. The reflective poet is one who deciphers the writing which he copies, appropriates its truth to himself, and makes it a part of his own existence; and when he gives it to the world he adds to it his own glorious comments and illustrations, and thus makes others feel like himself. And yet the highest and brightest world in which the poet exists cannot be shown to another. It is incommunicable. If in his spirit he reaches the high peaks of the Himalaya, he can bring none there with him; and should he know there are others there, the rarity of the air prevents any communication.

"*June 6th, Gourock.*—My journal has been sadly neglected, and that too at a time when sunshine and cloud have not been unfrequent in my trivial history.

"I finished my college labours by getting the essay prize—not much, in truth; but I shall not venture to express my little opinion of prizes. *They* a test of talent or labour—bah! Last winter was, however, a useful one to me. How different from the one before—hardly an ounce of the ideal, and a ton of the real.

"After 1st of May I came down here, where I staid for a short time, until I went to the Assembly on the 16th, when my father was Moderator. When I think of that fortnight, my head is filled with a confused mass of speeches, dinners, suppers, breakfasts, crowded houses, familiar faces, old acquaintances, and all that makes an Assembly interesting and tiresome to one who is in the middle of the bustle. I became acquainted with a great many people—the most interesting was Dr. Cooke, of Belfast—a splendid man, who I think beats Chalmers in thinking, and equals him in genius. The concluding scene of the Assembly is the finest thing I ever saw—the whole clergy and people singing a psalm, and praying for the peace of Jerusalem! Grieved on my return to find poor Mary so unwell: for my own part, I have little hope.

"To-morrow I start for the Highlands, intending, God willing, to return in a month. Into Thy hands I commit myself.

"*Fiunary, 8th.*—The name, which stares me in the face, alone convinces me that I am here. Against this I have a thousand melancholy feelings to persuade me that I am not. Yes, it is so: for the first time in my life, I have walked up the 'brae face' without a smile upon my face. The past was too vividly present—when a revered old man was blessed in his old age by a large and dear family—when my own days, young though I be, were yet 'clothed in no earthly light,' and had all the 'glory of a dream,' and myself the object of 'kind words, kind looks, and tender greetings.'

"It is a solemn thing when the faces and voices of the lost and gone are vividly recalled—when chambers are again peopled by their former inmates—and when you start to find it all a dream;—that what was life is now death!

"We, too, are passing on! Can I forget this here? Oh,

may I be enabled, in much weakness and sin, still to fight so as to gain the prize!

"*Portree, 21st June.*—I have been reading for three days back Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' and Byron.

"What a contrast is there between the two! I pretend not to fathom Byron's character: it has puzzled wiser heads than mine. But how different were these men, as far as their characters can be gathered from their conversation! Coleridge ever struggling after truth; diving into every science, and discovering affinities between them; holding communion ever with ideas and principles, and caring for things only as they led to these; and, as a consequence from this pursuit and love of truth, a humble believing disciple of Christ. Byron viewing everything through his own egotism; selfish in the extreme; anxious to be the man of fashion, and 'receiving his inspiration from gin and water;' laughing at England and admiring Greece; doubting Scripture and admiring Shelley. Coleridge wishing to publish his philosophy for the glory of God and the good of men; Byron writing his poetry 'to please the women.' In short, I believe Byron's fame is on the decline. His literature has never sent a man a mile on in the mighty pursuit after truth. Coleridge must live and be beloved by all who study him. He was a truly noble fellow!

* * * * *

"A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them: the more knowledge, the more charity.

* * * * *

"The difference in height between the Scotch and Swiss mountains is compensated for by the ever-changing shape of the former, arising from their lowness.

"*Portree, Skye, August*, 1836.—Early in the month of July I went with Professor Forbes to Quirang and the north end of Skye. My next trip was to Storr, the finest thing I ever saw. The day promised well as we ascended, but when near the top thick mist suddenly came on, which prevented us from seeing a yard in front. We, however, against hope, climbed to the summit. When we arrived, the mist, in a thousand graceful columns, cleared away,

and a thick, black curtain, which concealed the country from our view, slowly rose and presented to us a panorama such as might put all Europe to shame. Beneath us lay Skye, with its thousand sea lochs, bounded to the south by the jagged Coolins, between which we got peeps of the distant sea. On every other side was water calm as glass, specked by ships in sunshine, sailing far away. Along the mainland, from Cape Wrath to Kyle Rhea, was a vast chains of hills, seen under every variety of light and shade, while distant mountain tops appeared marching towards Ardnamurchan. To the west lay the Lewis at full length: a gorgeous canopy of clouds was piled over it. Rays of silver light fell at once on the Minch and on the far-distant horizon beyond Uist, where no land breaks the vista to America. The precipice is a thousand feet high: a stone took nine seconds to reach the bottom. In fine, a large whale was spouting in the sea below us after a herring shoal.

"*3rd September.*—The feeling at present next to my heart is the state of poor dear Mary. Her hour, I see, is not far distant. She knows this herself: she expressed her fears perfectly calmly to my mother, and was thankful that she had got so long a time to prepare. Her patience is amazing. Oh, may God her Father, and Christ her Saviour, grant her peace and rest!

"I want steadiness. O God, give me consistency in words, in thoughts; in company; in private! May I in everything see what Thy law demands, and may I receive strength to obey it.

"My mother and aunt have both told me, in strong language, that I am most irritable in my temper, and very unpleasant. My mother told me more than this, which there is no use putting down.

"I feel she is wrong. I am grieved for this because it is unchristian; therefore, under the strength of God, feel anxious and resolved to—1. Be always calm and collected, and never talk impetuously, and *as if* out of temper. 2. To give greater deference to my mother; to stop arguing with her; and, however much she mistakes my feelings, still to act as I shall one day answer.

"This I wish to do under God's guidance.

"Clerk, MacConochie, and Nairne, have come as boarders. They are, I think, three as fine lads as ever I saw. Enable me, O God, to remember that I am responsible for sowing all the Gospel seed I can in their minds. Amen.

"I am making slow progress; I am sadly behind. What signifies TALK if the actions be awanting?

"*November 3rd.*—I was this morning called up at five to go for the doctor for dear Mary. She was in great agony, such as I never saw before. The doctor gave her relief; and she gently fell asleep in Christ at half-past nine o'clock.

"*November 9th.*—It is all over: we buried Mary to-day beside James. They both lie near the home where they spent many happy days; and we laid them down, thank God, in full faith and assurance of a blessed resurrection!

"I have only to pray God Almighty, through Jesus Christ, that I may not only persevere myself, but induce others to persevere, in the same Christian course, that 'where they are we may be also!'"

CHAPTER VI.

1836—7.

AT this time the University of Glasgow attracted an unusual number of students from the east of Scotland. This was partly owing to the brilliant teaching of Sir Daniel Sandford, and of the late Professor Ramsay, and partly to the wider influence which the Snell exhibitions to Oxford were beginning to exercise. Norman's father, determining to take advantage of this movement for the increase of his very limited income, arranged for the reception of one or two young men as boarders, whose parents were friends of his own. He had in this way residing in his house during the winter of 1836-7 William Clerk, son of Sir George Clerk, of Penicuick, Henry MacConochie, son of Lord Meadowbank, and James Nairne, from Edinburgh. John C. Shairp, son of Major Shairp, of Houstoun, now Principal of the United College in the University of St. Andrews, was in like manner boarded with Norman's aunts; but although residing under a different roof, he was in every other respect one of the party. Principal Shairp gives the following interesting reminiscences of the time:—

"Norman was then a young divinity student and had nearly completed his course in Glasgow College. To him his father committed the entire care of the three young men who lived in his house, and it was arranged that I, living with his aunts, should be added as a fourth charge. This I look back to as one of the happiest things that befell me during all my early life. Norman was then in the very hey-day of hope, energy, and young genius. There was not a fine quality which he afterwards displayed which did not then make itself seen and felt by his friends, and that youthfulness of spirit, which was to the last so delightful, had a peculiar charm then, when it was set off by all the personal attractions of two or three-and-twenty.

"His training had not been merely the ordinary one of a lad from a Scotch Manse, who has attended classes in Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities. His broad and sympathetic spirit had a far richer background to draw upon. It was Morven and the Sound of Mull, the legends of Skye and Dunvegan, and the shore of Kintyre, that had dyed the first and inmost feelings of childhood with their deep colouring. Then as boyhood passed into manhood, came his sojourn among Yorkshire squires, his visit to Germany, and all the stimulating society of Weimar, on which still rested the spirit of the lately-departed Goethe. All these things, so unlike the commonplace experience of many, had added to his nature a variety and compass which seemed wonderful, compared with that of most young men around him. Child of nature as he was, this variety of expe-

rience had stimulated and enlarged nature in him, not overlaid it.

"There were many bonds of sympathy between us to begin with. First, there was his purely Highland and Celtic blood and up-bringing; and I, both from my mother's and paternal grandmother's side, had Celtic blood. The shores of Argyllshire were common ground to us. The same places and the same people—many of them—were familiar to his childhood and to mine. And he and his father and mother used to stimulate my love for that western land by endless stories, legends, histories, jests, allusions, brought from thence. It was to him, as to me, the region of poetry, of romance, adventure, mystery, gladness, and sadness infinite. Here was a great background of common interest which made us feel as old friends at first sight. Indeed, I never remember the time when I felt the least a stranger to Norman. Secondly, besides this, I soon found that our likings for the poets were the same. Especially were we at one in our common devotion to one, to us the chief of poets.

"I well remember those first evenings we used to spend together in Glasgow. I went to No. 9, Bath Street—oftener Norman would come over to my room to look after my studies. I was attending Professor Buchanan's class—'Bob,' as we then irreverently called him—and Norman came to see how I had taken my logic notes and prepared my essay, or other work for next day. After a short time spent in looking over the notes of lecture, or the essay, Norman would say, 'I see you understand all about it; come, let's turn

to Billy.' That was his familiar name for Wordsworth, the poet of his soul.

"Before coming to Glasgow I had come upon Wordsworth, and in large measure taken him to heart. Norman had for some years done the same. Our sympathy in this became an immense bond of union. The admiration and study of Wordsworth were not then what they afterwards became—a part of the discipline of every educated man. Those who really cared for him in Scotland might, I believe, have then been counted by units. Not a professor in Glasgow University at that time ever alluded to him. Those, therefore, who read him in solitude, if they met another to whom they could open their mind on the subject, were bound to each other by a very inward chord of sympathy. I wish I could recall what we then felt as on those evenings we read or chaunted the great lines we already knew, or shouted for joy at coming on some new passage which was a delightful surprise. Often as we walked out on winter nights to college for some meeting of the Peel Club, or other excitement, he would look up into the clear moonlight and repeat—

> 'The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair.'

Numbers of the finest passages we had by heart, and would repeat to each other endlessly. I verily believe that Wordsworth did more for Norman, penetrated more deeply and vitally into him, purifying and elevating his thoughts and feelings at their

fountain-head, than any other voice of uninspired man, living or dead. Second only to Wordsworth, Coleridge was, of modern poets, our great favourite. Those poems of his, and special passages, which have since become familiar to all, were then little known in Scotland, and had to us all the charm of a newly discovered country. We began then, too, to have dealings with his philosophy, which we found much more to our mind than the authorities then in vogue in Glasgow College—the prosaic Reid and the long-winded Thomas Brown.

"Long years afterwards, whenever I took up a Scotch newspaper, if my eye fell on a quotation from Wordsworth or Coleridge, 'Here's Norman' I would say, and on looking more carefully, I would be sure to find that it was he—quoting in one of his speeches some of the favourite lines of Glasgow days. Norman was not much of a classical scholar; Homer, Virgil, and the rest, were not much to him. But I often thought that if he had known them ever so well, in a scholarly way, they never would have done for him what Wordsworth did, would never have so entered into his secret being and become a part of his very self. Besides Wordsworth and Coleridge, there were two other poets who were continually on his lips. Goethe was then much to him; for he was bound up in all his recent Weimar reminiscences; but I think that, as life went on, Goethe, with his artistic isolation, grew less and less to him. Shakespear, on the other hand, then was, and always continued to be, an unfailing resource. Many of the characters he used to read and dilate upon with wonderfully realising

power. Falstaff was especially dear to him. He read Falstaff's speeches, or rather, acted them, as I have never heard any other man do. He entered into the very heart of the character, and reproduced the fat old man's humour to the very life.

"These early sympathies, no doubt, made our friendship more rapid and deep. But it did not need any such bonds to make a young man take at once to Norman. To see him, hear him, converse with him, was enough. He was then overflowing with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humour, drollery, and affectionateness, I never knew any one who contained in himself so large and varied an armful of the humanities. Himself a very child of Nature, he touched Nature and human life at every point. There was nothing human that was without interest for him; nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively. In those days, what Hazlitt says of Coleridge was true of him, 'He talked on for ever, and you wished to hear him talk on for ever.' Since that day I have met and known intimately a good many men more or less remarkable and original. Some of them were stronger on this one side, some on that, than Norman; but not one of all contained in himself such a variety of gifts and qualities, such elasticity, such boundless fertility of pure nature, apart from all he got from books or culture.

"On his intellectual side, imagination and humour were his strongest qualities, both of them working on a broad base of strong common sense and knowledge of human nature. On the moral side, sympathy,

intense sympathy, with all humanity was the most manifest, with a fine aspiration that hated the mean and the selfish, and went out to whatever things were most worthy of a man's love. Deep affectionateness to family and friends—affection that could not bear coldness or stiff reserve, but longed to love and to be loved, and if there was in it a touch of the old Highland clannishness, one did not like it the less for that.

"His appearance as he then was is somewhat difficult to recall, as the image of it mingles with what he was when we last saw his face, worn and lined with care, labour, and sickness. He was stout for a man so young, or rather I should say only robust, yet vigorous and active in figure. His face as full of meaning as any face I ever looked on, with a fine health in his cheeks, as of the heather bloom; his broad, not high, brow smooth without a wrinkle, and his mouth firm and expressive, without those lines and wreaths it afterwards had: his dark brown, glossy hair in masses over his brow. Altogether he was, though not so handsome a man as his father at his age must have been, yet a face and figure as expressive of genius, strength, and buoyancy as I ever looked upon. Boundless healthfulness and hopefulness looked out from every feature.

"It was only a few weeks after my first meeting with Norman that he, while still a student, made his first public appearance. This was at the famous Peel Banquet held in Glasgow in January, 1837.

"The students of the University, after rejecting Sir Walter Scott, and choosing a succession of Whig Rectors, had now, very much through Norman's in-

fluence, been brought to a better mind, and had elected the great Conservative leader. He came down and gave his well-known address to the students in the Hall of the now vanished college. But more memorable still was the speech which he delivered at the Banquet given to him by the citizens of Glasgow and the inhabitants of the west of Scotland. It was a great gathering. I know not if any gathering equal to it has since taken place in Glasgow. It marked the rallying of the Conservative party after their discomfiture by the Reform Bill of 1832.

"Peel, in a speech of between two and three hours' length, expounded, not only to Glasgow, but to the empire, his whole view of the political situation and his own future policy. It was a memorable speech, I believe, though I was too much of a boy either to know or care much about it. Many other good speeches were that night delivered, and among them a very felicitous acknowledgement by Dr. Macleod, of St. Columba, of the toast 'The Church of Scotland.' But all who still remember that night will recall as not the least striking event of the evening the way in which Norman returned thanks for the toast of the students of Glasgow University. I think I can see him now, standing forth prominently, conspicuous to the whole vast assemblage, his dark hair, glossy as a black-cock's wing, massed over his forehead, the 'purple hue' of youth on his cheek. They said he trembled inwardly, but there was no sign of tremor or nervousness in his look. As if roused by the sight of the great multitude gazing on him, he stood forth, sympathizing himself with all who listened, and

confident that they sympathized with him and with those for whom he spoke. His speech was short, plain, natural, modest, with no attempt to say fine things. Full of good sense and good taste, every word was to the point, every sentence went home. Many another might have written as good a speech, but I doubt whether any young man then in Scotland could have spoken it so well. From his countenance, bearing, and rich, sweet voice, the words took another meaning to the ear than they had when read by the eye. Peel himself, a man not too easily moved, was said to have been greatly impressed by the young man's utterance, and to have spoken of it to his father. And well he might be. Of all Norman's subsequent speeches—on platform, in pulpit, in banquet, and in assembly—no one was more entirely successful than that first simple speech at the Peel Banquet.

"During the session that followed the banquet, the Peel Club, which had been raised among the students to carry Peel's election, and to perpetuate his then principles, was in full swing, and Norman was the soul of it. Many an evening I went to its meetings in college, not as caring for its dry minutes of business, but to hear the hearty and heart-stirring impromptu addresses with which Norman animated all that had else been commonplace. There are not many remaining who shared those evenings, and those who do remain are widely scattered; but they must look back to them as among the most vivid and high-spirited meetings they ever took part in. What a contrast to the dull routine of meetings they have since had to submit to! And the thing

that made them so different was Norman's presence there.

"But if these first public appearances were brilliant, still more delightful was private intercourse with him as he bore himself in his home. His father had such entire confidence in him, not unmingled with fatherly pride, that he entrusted everything to him. The three boarders were entirely under Norman's care, and he so dealt with them that the tutor or teacher entirely disappeared in the friend and elder brother of all, and of each individually. Each had a bedroom to himself, in which his studies were carried on; but all met in a common sitting-room which Norman named 'The Coffee-room.' There, when college work was over, sometimes before it was over, or even well begun, we would gather round him, and with story, joke, song, readings from some favourite author — Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici,' Jeremy Taylor — or some recitation of poetry, he would make our hearts leap up.

"What evenings I have seen in that 'coffee-room!' Norman, in the grey-blue duffle dressing-gown, in which he then studied, with smoking-cap on his head, coming forth from his own reading-den to refresh himself and cheer us by a brief bright quarter of an hour's talk. He was the centre of that small circle, and whenever he appeared, even if there was dulness before, life and joy broke forth. At the close of the first session—I speak of 1836-37—the party that gathered in the coffee-room changed. MacConochie and Nairne went, and did not return; William Clerk remained; and the vacant places were

at the beginning of next session, 1837-38, filled by three new comers—Robert (now Sir Robert) Dalyell, of Binns; James Horne; and John Mackintosh, the youngest son of Mackintosh of Geddes. There were also two or three other students who boarded elsewhere, but who were often admitted as visitors to the joyous gatherings in the coffee-room. Among these was Henry A. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Bombay. While all these young friends so loved and admired Norman that it would be hard to say who did so most—a love which he seemed to return almost equally to all—John Mackintosh was no doubt the one who laid the deepest hold on his heart. They were fitted each to be the complement of the other. The serious, devout, pure nature of John Mackintosh drew forth from Norman reverence more than an elder usually accords to a younger friend; on the other hand, Norman's deep and manly love of goodness and holiness won John's confidence, while his hopeful aspiration and joyousness did much to temper the tone of John's piety, which verged somewhat on austerity. I believe that their characters, so different yet so adapted to respond to each other, were both of them much benefited by the friendship then begun.

"John Mackintosh had at that time another friend, who was also his tutor, William Burns, who soon became the great revival preacher, and afterwards the missionary to China. Between Norman and William Burns, John used to live half-way in spirit. But I don't think that Norman and Burns ever knew each other intimately. Norman's mirth seemed to Burns profanity, and Burns' rapt Calvinistic piety, that looked

on laughter as sinful, seemed to Norman somewhat too severe. In fact they were not then fitted to understand each other. It was in this session of 1837-38 that the friendship of Norman with John, so fruitful in results to both, first began. He himself was then not a student, as he had received license in May, 1837, and was ordained in Loudoun in March, 1838; but until he settled in his parish he continued under his father's roof, and in the same relationship as formerly with the young men who wintered there. The Church was then being greatly exercised by those contentions which ended four years afterwards in the Disruption. Norman took a lively interest in these; but from the first, both from temperament and family tradition, sided with the party who opposed the Non-Intrusionists. Not that Norman was in any measure fitted by nature to be a Moderate of the accepted type. His ardent and enthusiastic temperament could never have allowed him to belong to the party. But in the aims and contendings of the Veto men, he seemed from the first to discern the presence of sacerdotal pretensions which he his whole life long stoutly withstood.

"Before the close of the session of 1837-38, Norman was appointed to the parish of Loudoun, in Ayrshire, and ordained as its minister. When the close of our next and last session in Glasgow (1838-9) arrived, he arranged that his old friends of the Coffee-room should go down and pay him a visit in his Manse at Loudoun on the first of May. The usual winding-up of college had taken place in the morning, and by the afternoon a merry party were seated on the

top of the Ayrshire coach, making their way through the pleasant country of Mearns, in Renfrewshire, towards their friend's Manse. That party consisted of William Clerk, Robert Dalyell, Henry Douglas, and myself. For some reason or other, which I cannot now remember, John Mackintosh could not join the party. It was a beautiful spring evening, and the green burn-braes as we wound along laughed on us with their galaxies of primroses. You may imagine what a welcome we received when at evening we reached the Manse door. We staid there three days, or four. The weather was spring-like and delightful. We wandered by the side of the Irvine Water, and under the woods, all about Loudoun Castle, and Norman was, as of old, the soul of the party. He recurred to his old Glasgow stories, or told us new ones derived from his brief experience of the Ayrshire people, in whom, and in their characters, he was already deeply interested. All day we spent out of doors, and as we lay, in that balmy weather, on the banks or under the shade of the newly budding trees, converse more hearty it would be impossible to conceive. And yet, there was beneath it an under-tone of sadness; for we foreboded too surely what actually has been fulfilled, that it was our last meeting; that they who met there should never again all meet together on earth. There were, with the host, five in that Loudoun party. I do not think that more than two of them have since met at one time.

"On the last day of our wanderings, Norman, who had hitherto kept up our spirits and never allowed a word of sadness to mar the mirth, at last said sud-

denly, as we were reclining in one of the Loudoun Castle woods, 'Now, friends, this is the last time we shall all meet together; I know that well. Let us have a memorial of our meeting. Yonder are a number of primrose bushes. Each of you take up one root with his own hands; I will do the same; and we shall plant them at the Manse in remembrance of this day.' So we each did, and carried home each his own primrose bush. When we reached the Manse, Norman chose a place where we should plant them side by side.* It was all simple and natural, yet a pathetic and memorable close of that delightful early time.

"Early next morning we all left the Manse, and, I believe, not one of us ever returned. It was as Norman said. We went our several ways—one to Cambridge, two to Oxford; but never again did more than two of us forgather.

"Two things strike me especially in looking back on Norman as he then was. The first was, his joyousness—the exuberance of his joy—joy combined with purity of heart. We had never before known any one who took a serious view of life, and was really religious, who combined with it so much hearty hopefulness. He was happy in himself, and made all others happy with whom he had to do. At least they must have been very morose persons indeed who were insensible to the contagion of his gladness.

* When Norman left Loudoun, he transplanted some of these primrose roots, and put them opposite his study windows at Dalkeith. The Loudoun Manse jonquils and favourite little 'rose de Meaux' were also transplanted to Dalkeith, to revive the same memories there as at Loudoun.

"The second was the power, and vividness, and activity of his imagination. He was at that time 'of imagination all compact.' I have since that time known several men whom the world has regarded as poets; but I never knew any one who contained in himself so large a mass of the pure ore of poetry. I have sometimes thought that he had then imagination enough to have furnished forth half-a-dozen poets. Wordsworth's saying is well known—

> 'Oh, many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature: men endowed with highest gifts,
> The vision and the faculty divine,
> Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'

Coleridge, I think, has questioned this. But if Wordsworth's words are, as I believe they are, true, then Norman was pre-eminently a poet. He had the innate power, but he wanted the outward accomplishment of verse. Not that he wanted it altogether; but he had not in early youth cultivated it, and when manhood came, the press of other and more practical duties never left him time to do more than dash off a verse or two, as it rose, spontaneously, to his lips. Had he had the time and the will to devote himself to poetry with that devotion which alone ensures success, it was in him, I believe, to have been one of the highest poets of our time. Often during an evening in his study, or in a summer day's saunter with him by a Highland loch, I have heard him pour forth the substance of what might have been made a great original creation—thoughts, images, descriptions, ranging through all the scale, from the sublime to the humourous and the droll; which, if gathered

up, and put into the outward shape of poetry, would have been a noble poem. But he felt that he was called to do other work. And it was well that he obeyed the call as he did, and cast back no regretful look to the poetry that he might have created."

It may be well here to explain a feature which, as expressed in his journals, may appear strange to the reader, but is quite characteristic of the man. There is often such a rapid passing from 'grave' to 'gay,' and, in his earlier years, such self-reproach for indulging in things really innocent, that, in giving perfectly faithful extracts, it has been found difficult to avoid conveying an impression of harshness or unreality. There was nothing more natural to him than so to combine all tones of feeling, that those who knew him felt no abrupt contrast between the mirthful and the solemn. But, as it might be expected from his sensitive conscientiousness, he did not at first recognize the lawfulness of many things he afterwards 'allowed himself' without any sense of inconsistency. It is accordingly interesting, biographically, to notice the difference betwixt his youth and age in matters like these, as well as the change which his opinions underwent on many political and theological subjects.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Nov.* 17*th.*—This last week being the one for electing a Lord Rector, I was very busy, having been the leader of the Peel party. We carried him by a majority of one hundred. This caused me much excitement, and drew my mind away from God.

"*Sunday,* 30*th Nov.*—I intend by the grace of God to throw off my natural indolence, and rise every morning this winter at six o'clock. I study Hebrew, Greek, and Church history every morning before breakfast; chemistry, anatomy, and natural history (my favourite study next to divinity) during the day; logic, theology, reading, and writing in the evening.

"Is a Christian not entitled to draw lessons of conduct from natural religion interpreted by revealed? May he not study the final causes in his moral constitution? What then is the final cause of the sense of the ludicrous?

"*Saturday,* 31*st Dec.*, 1836.—The passing of time is enough to make a man 'tremble like a guilty thing.' I feel as if I could compress what remains of the last year into the thoughts of an hour.

"And, then, what reminiscences of the past! This moment they are all gay in Weimar! I see them all. The thought is only momentary, and shines in my mind like the last rays of an extinguished taper.

"Yes, I am changed. I have felt the transition. I know it.

"The ideality of life soon vanishes, and can only be renewed when new channels are formed for our affections. But why do we not fix them on unfading objects?

"*March 5th.*—What a gap! It is shameful. At a time, too, when circumstances have occurred which I am convinced must influence my life in no small degree.

"When Peel came down there were great doings. I spoke for the students at his dinner, and though I felt considerably in addressing three thousand five hundred people, yet, from the manner in which I was supported, I got on well, and met with Peel's decided approbation. I have had the honour also of being elected President of the Peel Club. Because of these and other things, I have fallen fearfully through with my studies, although my having had no small part in bringing Peel here is enough to give some value to my existence.

"*Friday.*—I have just returned from Robert Dalglish's ball!—a crowd. I have returned sick at heart. It is my last ball! And I heard the German waltzes played,

and my brain reeled. I shut my eyes. I was once more with all my old Weimar friends; when I opened them the faces were the faces of strangers, and I could stand it no longer, but left at twelve. I alone seemed sad. The louder and more cheerful the music grew, the more deeply melancholy I became.

"*Sunday, 7th May,* 1837.—How life gallops! What changes! How we do hurry along from the days of childhood to wild and imaginative youth, and then gradually sober down to sedate manhood! Only look at the last page—music and dancing!—and this page has to record the most solemn event in my 'little history'—that upon Wednesday last I was made a preacher of the gospel, and to-day I preached my first sermon!

"This is a *nick*, a point, in a man's life. It marks the past and future. I only wish I could write my real state of mind about it!

"The goodness of God has been great, very great. If it were not for His great love, I could not stand a minute. But my own state has had this good effect, that it has made me distrust myself and rely more on Christ. I have got a most irritable temper. I have got a loose way of talking and of using slang words, most unbecoming my profession. I feel a much greater willingness to overcome this habit since I have entered the clerical office.

"I went to church to-day with much prayer, and I was wonderfully supported. I praise the Lord for it. I pray, for Christ's sake, that I may be enabled to perform my most arduous duties looking to Jesus. O God in heaven, keep me from courting popularity! May I feel deeply, most deeply, that I am Thy servant, doing Thy will, and not seeking my own pleasure. May I never teach the people a lie, but teach them Thy truth!"

To his Aunt, Mrs. Maxwell:—

May 8, 1837.

"Does the quality of a correspondent improve by age like port wine or Highland whiskey? Do his goods rise in value the more rare they become? Or does the value of a gift increase with the dignity of the donor? If you

reply in the affirmative to these queries then one of my letters now is more to be esteemed than twenty heretofore, for I am older, my goods are rarer, and my dignity is increased; for on Wednesday I passed gallantly from the student state to that of the preacher, and yesterday I ascended from the body of the church to its heart—even to the pulpit! Aye, Jane, don't be horrified at seeing a grey hair or two! The thumping child has grown into a thumping preacher, and you may soon have to submit quietly to be scolded by him whom you used to drill into manners and morals. 'Ochone!' as Coll would say, but we do gallop down, or it may be up, with railway speed! I am actually beginning to get a glimpse of age myself. I do not, however, as yet recognise him by his snowy locks and tottering steps, but by his gaiters and white neckcloth. I always had a horror—I know not why—at the transition state of preacher. He is worse than nobody. He is patronised by old maids, 'the dear, good old souls;' he is avoided by the young ladies, for they know that he has no principle and would jilt when convenient. He is cut by the young men for his snobbish dress; he is cut by the old, for they know he will bore them for their interest. Young ministers dislike him from pride ('set a beggar,' &c.); and the old dislike him from fear; they hate his voice as they hate the cry of the owl, for 'it speaks of death;' they look on him as a young soldier looks on a vulture that is watching his last breath in order to get a living. He is a very nightmare to the manse—'a *lad*' is the personification of all that is disagreeable. Such a being am I, Jane, will you shelter me?

"It is too bad to occupy so much room with so much nonsense. I got on well yesterday, and now that the ice is broken, I hope to get on still better. I am to preach next Sunday in the Barony; I then go to the Assembly, and then I wish to go to Skye.

"*Glen Morriston, Wednesday,* 18*th July,* 1837, *Torgoil Inn.*—[On a walking tour to Skye.] I have said it often, and now again I say it in Torgoil, that I hate travelling by myself! I think I should become a mere animal if I were thus to be stalking about for

a year and not a soul to speak to. Don't talk about reflection—one has too much of it. The whole day it is a continued reflection upon oneself—when to rest, when to rise, how far it is to the inn, what shall be taken, how much paid. And as for thought, why a wallet and blistered feet are enough to crush it. Here am I this very moment in a small, paltry place, in the midst of a huge glen, the rain pouring in torrents and the mountains covered with the wet mist; the trees dripping, the burn roaring, sheep-dogs crawling past the door, hens in the entry, and barefooted and bare-legged boys skelping through the mud. And within nothing to cheer. In the first place a huge birch-bush in the grate, by way of a novelty, half-a-dozen chairs stuck up like sentinels against the wall, a stiff, ugly table, with a screen and a tea-tray having landscapes and figures upon them, which, to say the least, do not equal those of Claude Lorraine; you pull the bell, away comes a yard of wire, but no bell rings; you strike the table, and every dog rushes out barking; you call the girl, and she appears from the 'but,' and does what you bid her do, but only when she pleases. But I must go back on my previous route. (I just now lifted the window to look out, and was nearly guillotined by its coming down on my neck, not having observed a huge black peat which lies beside it for supporting it on great occasions.) . . . .

"*Retrospective.* I believe I never wrote the reason of my refusing to become a candidate for Anderston Church, Glasgow. I was requested earnestly by one of the managers (Stuart) to apply, and he had been written to by others who had heard me preach in Gourock. I promised to preach, but declined becoming a candidate upon the acknowledged ground of unfitness. I consider that the town clergy should be our bishops. They must be the leaders of the Church in public matters, whether in regard to the internal government of the Church, or its relation to the State. How much knowledge is required to do this properly, and as it ought to be done, by men who profess to act from principle! how much scientific reading on Church polity and history! The personal acquirements which a clergyman requires to fit him for such a public appearance, and

also for occupying that commanding position in private which he ought to take, are such as no young man can have when his time is occupied, as it must be in town, by other weighty matters still more intimately connected with his profession—as, for instance, preaching. His audience is in general very select, well informed, and though the truths enforced are the same both in town and country, yet how different are the media of communication! This abominable custom or necessity of letting seats, and thence paying the minister, compels him to attend to this taste however vitiated; and I feel convinced that it never was more vitiated than at present, owing perhaps to the system of competition in Scotland, both for pulpits and for churches, and against the dissenters. But the fact is, that effort, and froth, and turgidity, and an attempt after grand generalisations, are required to gain popularity—the ruling object of the mass.

"Nay, this emptiness of thought combined with high swelling words arises from another cause—the necessity under which men are laid to preach not only two, but sometimes three sermons every Sunday, without their heads being so filled with divinity or their hearts with Christian experience, as to enable them to give solid teaching to their people. Now these and many other difficulties are removed by having a country church. For my own part, the fever and excitement of composing for a town charge would at first kill me; but let me only have ten years' hard study in the country, and then, under God's blessing, I may come into a town with advantage to the cause!

"*Aug. 25th.*—Off to the hills! Oh, what a walk I had yesterday! Never will I forget the green, the deep green grassy top of the range of precipices. A vessel or two lay like boys' boats on the water far below me as I sat on the edge of the precipice, watching the waves breaking on the rocks. A white sail or two was seen far to the north on the edge of the horizon like a sea-gull. I never felt more in my life the stillness of the air, broken only by the bleat of the sheep, or the croak of the raven. The majesty of the prospect, the solitude of the place, filled me with inexpres-

sible delight. The truth was, I had started with depressed feelings from having been very forgetful of God; and upon the top of a mountain I have always felt myself subdued to silent meditation and prayer. On the present occasion I poured out my soul in humble confession and adoration, and words cannot tell the comfort which I felt, partly perhaps the result of the strong feeling I was under, but much of it truly substantial. Thrice did I sing the hundredth Psalm, and at the second verse, 'Know that the Lord is God indeed, without our aid He did us make,' I was quite overpowered, and felt as if I spoke for the material universe and dumb creatures around me. The giant Storr, with its huge isolated peak, seemed to point to heaven in acknowledgment of the truth.

"I felt as if I had one of those

> 'Visitations from the living God,
> In which my soul was filled with light,
> With glory, with magnificence.'

"31*st*, *Twelve, night.*—Loveliness and beauty! The stars twinkling in the deep blue sky like the most brilliant diamonds, the hills dark and misty in the distance! The rivulets, inaudible by daylight, blending their notes with the loud streams, and along the north a magnificent aurora borealis, an object which ever fills me with intensest pleasure. It makes me feel how much man's nature is capable of feeling, and how the soul may be elevated or overpowered through the external senses. How different was the last night I was here—Friday night! What an awful gale! Whuss-ss-sh-hoo-hiss-sooo! until I thought the house would be down. Three boats were lost and five people. One of them the last of four sons belonging to a widow in Strath. Another was drowned last year at the canal.

"*Sept.* 1*st.*—I have this day been led to consider seriously my spiritual state, and truly, when I remember my advantages and all God has done for me, I can say that it is very deplorable. There are certain daily habits which for some weeks I have seen are wrong, yet where have been my struggles to change them? How have I shown

my faith by my works? How frivolous have I been! My love of the ludicrous and of the absurd has daily carried me away and made me behave quite unworthy of the sobriety necessary for every Christian, far more, for my calling. 'Be ye sober.' Lord! help me to keep this law.

"Yet I thank God that I am anxious—yes, in my heart I say it—anxious to give up my besetting sins.

"O Lord God Almighty, Thou who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, most holy and most merciful Father, Thou seest these my confessions, Thou knowest whether they are sincere, Thou knowest the pride and vileness of my heart. Oh, do Thou have mercy upon me according to Thy loving-kindness, and according to Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Grant unto me greater diligence in using the means of grace, and power to resist temptation. May I enter not into temptation. Keep me, O God, from rejoicing in anything which belongs to myself; but may every evidence of Thy love lead me to rejoice in Thee alone.

"*September 6th.*—By the grace of God I have been enabled to wait upon Him, and seek Him more than I was wont. It is an awful mistake to think that when we conquer a sin it is beaten for ever. It is indeed invincible—we can only keep it from conquering us, and so overcome it. I must be regular in the diligent use of means, and God may bless them; but I must also push on and add one virtue to another.

"I find that my interest in the state of others is in proportion as I am interested in my own.

"Yesterday, the 5th, I had one of the most delightful excursions I ever had.

"The morning was beautiful: indeed it was not morning when I rose from a feverish and night-marish sleep. A few pale stars were yet to be seen in the sky, and the ruddy glow in the east which told of the sun's approach soon robbed them even of this; and, except towards the east, I could see no cloud in the sky. A few light, airy wreaths of mist hung on the Coolins, which, dark and massive and ragged, stretched like a strong saw across the south. We were quickly on our way, after partaking of a

substantial breakfast and providing for the dinner. Soon the east became most beautiful—clouds, fringed with brightest gold feathery borders, and in more compact masses, gathered round the sun a flaming retinue; and soon he opened an eye in heaven and peeped over the eastern hills and thrust forth his 'golden horns.' And the tops of the Coolins seemed tipped with gold, and the shadows became more distinct, and light glittered on the calm sea. The vessels that lay under the rocks were hardly visible, while their masts and tackling were in clear relief against the burning sky and water. The effect was precisely such as I have often admired in the 'Morning' pictures of Claude Lorraine.

"Away we went, and as the sun got higher and higher we left the high road and entered Glen Sligachan. What a glen! With the inimitable peak of Coolin on one side, and on the other the sugar-loafed Marscow.

"But get on! at three miles an hour, hardly a path, and now in the centre of the glen, five miles from any house. Stand! and say what is Glencoe to this! A low range conceals Coolin; but see the high peaks appearing beyond, and up that corry what a mighty wall of jagged peaks is spread along its top! But Blabheinn which is close by, is unsurpassed. It appears a great trap dyke, about a thousand feet high, with an edge above, cut and hacked in every shape and form. Bare, black to the top, apparently not a goat could stand on a yard of it—I question if a fly could. And there the lovely little lake at its feet is ever condemned to lie in its shadow. But, having left our horses at Cambusiunary, we ascended by a rough road to a pass, from which we obtained a view of Coruisk. The ascent was difficult. Wilson being a bad walker, I was up nearly half an hour before him—besides, I wished to behold Coruisk alone; and as I ascended the last few blocks of stone which intercepted my view I felt my heart beat and my breathing becoming thicker than when I was climbing—for I had rested before in order to enjoy the burst undisturbed—and a solemn feeling crept over me as I leapt on the crest of the hill, and there burst upon my sight—shall I attempt to describe it? How dare I?

Around me were vast masses of hypersthene, and the ridge on which I stood was so broken and precipitous that I could not follow its descent to the valley. At my feet lay the lake, silent and dark, and round it a vast amphitheatre of precipices. The whole Coolins seemed gathered in a semi-circle round the lake, and from their summits to their base not a blade of verdure—but one bare, black precipice, cut into dark chasms by innumerable torrents, and having their bases covered by *débris* and fallen rocks. Nothing could exceed the infinite variety of outline—peaks, points, teeth, pillars, rocks, ridges, edges, steps of stairs, niches—utter wildness and sterility. From this range there are gigantic projections standing out and connected with the main body. And there lay the lake, a part hidden from our view, behind a huge rock.

"There it lay, still and calm, its green island like a green monster floating on its surface. I sat and gazed; 'my spirit drank the spectacle.' I never felt the same feeling of the horribly wild—no, never; not even in the Tyrolese Alps. There was nothing here to speak of life or human existence. 'I held my breath to listen for a sound, but everything was hushed; it seemed abandoned to the spirit of solitude.' A few wreaths of mist began to creep along the rocks like ghosts. Laugh at superstition for coupling such scenes with witches and water kelpies! I declare I felt superstitious in daylight there. Oh, to see it in a storm, with the clouds under the spur of a hurricane, raking the mountain summit!

"'The giant snouted crags ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow!'

"'Ach, die langen Felsennasen
Wie sie schnarchen, wie sie blasen!'

"I shall never forget my visit! It will fill the silent eye—the bliss of solitude; it will come 'about the beating of my heart,' and its wild rocks may be connected with moral feeling and 'tranquil restoration.' 'The tall rock' may cease 'to haunt me like a passion,' but its influence shall never die. And the joyous, oh! the passionate, hours I have spent this summer in the lovely

mountains in Skye will ever influence my feelings, and, under the guidance of higher principles, they may, I trust, be blessed for good, and help in being the 'Muses of my moral being.' I thank—as on the mountains I generally do—I thank God for all His kindness, and pray I may ever be grateful for it.

"*Thursday night, Sept. 7th.*—To-morrow I start, D.V., for Fiunary. My time here has been spent delightfully—though not so usefully as it might have been. My journal will tell what hours of joy I have spent among the mountains. Never shall they be forgotten.

"How dreary is parting—what a sickness at the heart! how melancholy sounds that wind! Oh, what a joy when there will be no parting!

"*Fiunary, 11th Sept.*—I left Portree early on Tuesday morning. The fiery sunrise, the huge masses of greenish-greyish-darkish clouds, the scattered catspaws and mare's tails, the rising breeze, and the magnificent rainbows which spanned sea and mountains, all told that our passage would probably be a rough one. And so it was. The wind rapidly increased, until, as we left the shelter of the land at Armadale it blew a stiff breeze right ahead. What a striking view had we to leeward when plunging on towards the point of Ardnamurchan! The sun was almost setting, 'the day was well-nigh done,' and along the horizon was a plain of red light; this was broken by the Scuir of Eig, which appeared in magnificent relief, and seemed to support on its summit the midnight belt of clouds which formed an upper and parallel stratum to the ruddy belt below. Through these dark clouds the sun was shooting silver beams, beneath which the waves were seen holding their 'joyous dance' along the line of the horizon. I remained on deck until we reached Tobermory. I lay on the tarpaulin, and, half-asleep, watched the mast of the steamer wandering along the stars which now shone in unclouded brilliancy.

"Yesterday preached at Kiel.* It was a strange thing to preach there! As I went to the church hardly a stone

* The name of one of the parish churches of Morven.

or knoll but spoke of 'something which was gone,' and past days crowded upon me like the ghosts of Ossian, and seemed, like them, to ride even on the passing wind and along the mountain tops. And then to preach in the same pulpit where once stood a revered grandfather and father! What a marvellous, mysterious world is this, that I, in this pulpit, the third generation, should now, by the grace of God, be keeping the truth alive on the earth, and telling how faithful has been the God of our fathers! How few faces around me did I recognise! In that seat once sat familiar faces—the faces of a happy family; they are all now, a few paces off, in a quiet grave. How soon shall their ever having existed be unknown? And it shall be so with myself!

"*Oct. 3rd, Glasgow, night.*—Here I am once more in my old study. Was it a dream? Nature never appeared more lovely; never in youth did I hail her with more rapture—never did I feel 'the tall rock haunt me more like a passion.'

"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have got the parish of Loudoun. Eternal God I thank thee through Jesus Christ, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I devote myself to Thy service for the advancement of Thy glory and kingdom.

"These words I write this day the moment I hear of my appointment. I again solemnly say, *Amen.* I have got a parish! the guidance of souls to heaven! I shall at the last day have to tell how I performed my duties—part of my flock will go to the left; part, I trust, to the right. I, their pastor, shall see this! I am set to gather lambs to Christ. What a responsibility! I do not feel it half enough; but I pray with all my soul, heart, and strength that the Great Shepherd may never forsake me. Without Him I can do nothing; with Him I can do all things.

"Oh, my Father, my kind and merciful Father, Thou who art my Creator and Preserver and Redeemer, I this day, before Thee, declare my willingness to make my soul and parish part of Thy everlasting kingdom. Accept of my deepest thanks for Thy kindness until now. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with me until the day of my death; purify, strengthen me, and give me from the

infinite riches of Thy grace power to be a faithful minister and to turn many people from darkness to light. Into Thy hand I commit my soul!

"I had an address, a kind address, from Darvel, in Loudoun, to-day, which gave me much encouragement. I feel an affection for the parish already. May the Lord grant in His mercy that I may go for the promoting of His glory."

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY MINISTRY IN LOUDOUN.

"LOUDOUN'S bonny woods and braes," among which he was to spend the next five years of his life, stretch in picturesque variety for about six miles along the banks of the Irvine Water. At the lower end of the parish the towers of Loudoun Castle peer over the thick foliage of the surrounding park, while at the other extreme Loudoun hill, rising in bold solitude like another Ailsa Craig, closes in the rich valley, and separates it from the dreary moor of Drumclog.

On the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, Norman Macleod was asked to preach at Loudoun during the vacancy caused by the death of the previous minister, and the Dowager Marchioness of Hastings, widow of the celebrated Governor-General of India, who was then patron of the parish, resolved, after very careful deliberation, to present him to the living. He was accordingly ordained as its minister on the 15th March, 1838, and entered on his new duties with a humble and resolute heart.

He was but a short time in the parish before he saw that he had difficult work before him. The popu-

lation numbered upwards of four thousand, of whom a small proportion were farmers and farm-workers, and the rest hand-loom weavers residing in the large villages of Newmilns and Darvel. Both farmers and weavers were of a most interesting type. Not a few of the former were Covenanters, and some were on lands which had been tenanted by their families since the twelfth century. The traditions of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig were still freshly repeated at their firesides, and swords and pistols that had done service against Claverhouse were their treasured heirlooms. The weavers were of a totally different stamp, being keen politicians, and, as a rule, advanced radicals. Their trade was being gradually extinguished by the great factories, and the men were consequently poor; but they were full of enthusiasm, fond of reading, and had that quaint intelligence, strongly coloured with self-conceit, which was characteristic of the old race of Scotch *websters*. Most of them were keen Chartists, some violent infidels, who, with Tom Paine as their text-book, were ready for argument on any question of Church or State. The morality of the parish was at the same time very low, and vital godliness was a rarity.

While living in lodgings at Newmilns till his Manse should be ready for his reception, he was shocked by the amount of profanity and coarseness which met eye and ear, as well as surprised at the keen interest taken by the people in public questions. Political debate seemed to be carried on at every corner. The groups gathered here and there in the street, or the crowds clustered on the 'Green' round a tree,

under whose branches a village demagogue was haranguing about the Charter or the Corn Laws, displayed an excitement which is usually reserved for a parliamentary election. There was something hopeful, however, in all this life and stir, which, notwithstanding its association with scepticism and religious indifference, did not fail to impress his mind.

The work in which he first engaged was careful house to house visitation, recording as he went along the circumstances of every family with great minuteness, and his impressions of individual character. He at the same time opened classes and organized a Sabbath school; and in order to meet the case of those who excused themselves from going to church at the ordinary hour of worship on account of having no suitable clothing, he commenced special evening services. He made also a determined stand for the strict exercise of church discipline, believing that, if good for nothing else, it would at all events serve to raise the tone of public opinion as to the character of certain sins which were too lightly regarded.

This energetic action of the young minister excited at once hearty sympathy and hearty opposition. The church was crowded, and he was soon encouraged by learning that his labours were not without effect. On the other hand, the Chartists were not a little suspicious of the growing influence of the 'Tory' clergyman—although he meddled little with politics—and the semi-infidels were thoroughly roused into opposition. Some of the most violent of these two parties would have put an end, if they could, to his evening services, and attended them for the purpose

of creating disturbance. One Sunday he bore with the interruption they gave him; on the next he remonstrated; but this failing, he turned to the people who had come to hear him—told them that he had undertaken extra labour for their benefit, and added, that if they wished him to go on they must expel those who disturbed him. He then sat down in the pulpit. After a pause, a number of men rose, and ejected the intruders. This firmness served greatly to strengthen his influence in the parish: those who had scoffed loudest came to appreciate his earnestness, and not a few sceptics were among the most sincere of his converts. Among other means employed by him for reaching the more intelligent of the would-be philosophers, who stood aloof from Christianity, he brought his previous study of natural science into requisition, and gave a series of lectures on geology, which by their eloquence, as well as by the amount of well-digested information they contained, told with great effect. In this manner he gradually became master of a difficult position, and won an enthusiastic attachment from the parishioners which has never declined.

There were two dissenting churches in the parish, with whose excellent ministers, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Rogerson, he maintained a life-long friendship. One of these congregations met at Darvel and consisted of Covenanters avowing a refreshingly stern morality, and combining with it articles of faith, especially in reference to the observance of the Sabbath, as quaint as they are now rare. He had thus extremes, from Covenanter to Chartist, to deal with; and between the

two many amusing phases of character presented themselves to his observation. On his first 'diet of visitation' at Darvel, he called on an old pauper woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet (for she was very deaf), and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbours and co-religionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners she did not at first acknowledge him as minister, but, beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to her ear, said, '*Gang ower the fundamentals!*' and there and then he had to bawl his theology till the old dame was satisfied, after which he received a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ.

In contrast with this type of parishioner, he used to refer to a well-known Chartist, who lived in the usual little cottage consisting of a *but* containing the loom, and of a *ben* containing the wife. Met at the door of this man's cottage, by the proposal, that before proceeding further they should come to an understanding upon the 'seven points,' he agreed to this only on condition that the pastoral visit should first be received. Minister and Chartist then sat down on the bench in front of the door, and the weaver, with shirt-sleeves partly turned up and showing holes at the elbows, his apron rolled round his waist, and a large tin snuff-mull in his hand, into whose extreme depth he was continually diving for an emphatic pinch, propounded with much pompous phraseology his favourite political dogmas. When he had concluded, he turned to the minister and demanded an answer.

'In my opinion,' was the reply, 'your principles would drive the country into revolution, and create in the long-run national bankruptcy.' 'Nay—tion—al bankruptcy!' said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch. "Div—ye—think—sae?' Then, briskly, after a long snuff, 'Dod! I'd risk it!' The *naïveté* of this philosopher, who had scarcely a sixpence to lose, 'risking' the nation for the sake of his theory, was never forgotten by his companion.

About this time a Universalist, noted for his argumentativeness, resolved to *heckle* the young minister. Macleod first questioned him on the precise nature of his belief in universal salvation. 'Do you really assert that every person, good and bad, is saved, and that, however wicked they may have been on earth, all are at once, when they die, received into glory?' 'Most certainly,' replied the man. 'A great and merciful Father must forgive every sinner. He is too good not to make all His creatures happy.' 'Then why do you not cut your throat?' 'Cut my throat!' exclaimed his astonished visitor, 'I have duties to fulfil in the world.' 'Certainly; but it seems to me that if your views are right your highest duty is to send every one to heaven as fast as possible. On your principles every doctor should be put in jail, and the murderer honoured as a benefactor.' The effect of this *argumentum ad absurdum* was not only to convince the man of the extravagance of his beliefs, but to lead him shortly afterwards to become a communicant.

His frank, manly bearing, his devotion to his work, and his tact and skill in dealing with every variety of

character, rendered his personal influence as powerful as his pupil teaching. Yet the work seemed for a long time weary and disappointing. He often returned to the Manse so utterly cast down by the conviction that he was doing no good, that he would talk of giving up a profession for which he did not seem fit. It was only when he was about to leave the parish that he fully saw how mistaken he had been in his estimate of himself. The outburst of feeling from many of those whom he had looked upon as utterly indifferent, and the thanks heaped upon him for the good he had done, surprised and humbled him. It was not till the last week, not almost till the last Sabbath of his ministry in Loudoun, that he was in the least aware of the extent to which his work had prospered.

With several families in the neighbourhood he enjoyed the most friendly intercourse. Among these were the Craufurds of Craufurdland and the Browns of Lanfine; but the home which, for many reasons, afforded him some of his happiest, as well as most trying, hours was Loudoun Castle. Nothing could have exceeded the confidence which the venerable Countess of Loudoun and her daughters, the Ladies Sophia* and Adelaide Hastings, placed in him. They not only honoured him with their friendship and brightened his life by letting him share the society of the interesting people who visited the castle, but they also accorded him the privilege of being of use and comfort to them in many trying hours in their family history.

His domestic life at this time was of the freshest.

* Afterwards Marchioness of Bute.

His Manse was pitched on the summit of a wooded *brae*, beneath which ran the public road, and behind it lay the glebe, with a sweet burn forming a sequestered and lovely *haugh*. His natural taste for flowers ripened here into a passion, which was in no small degree inflamed by an enthusiastic gardener whose hobby was pansies and dahlias. Often on a summer morning, early as the song of the lark, might the shrill voice of old Arnot be heard as, bending over a frame, he discussed with the minister the merits of some new bloom. A pretty flower-garden was soon formed, and a sweet summer-house, both destined to be associated, in the minds of many, with the recollection of conversations full of suggestive ideas as to social, literary, or religious questions, and enriched with marvellous bits of humourous personification, and glimpses of deep poetic feeling.

Soon after he went to Loudoun his sister Jane came to reside with him, and continued for eleven years under his roof, his very 'alter Ego,' sharing his every thought, possessing his inmost love and confidence, and exercising the best influence on all his feelings. His habit was to rise early and devote the morning and forenoon to hard study, usually carried on in a room darkened so as to prevent distraction from outside objects. His studies were chiefly theology and general literature, his sermons being often delayed till late in the week. He devoted the afternoon, and frequently the evening, to parochial work, especially when visiting among the farmers, who followed the good old Scotch habit of

hospitably entertaining the minister when he went to their houses. These kindly meetings—his 'movable feasts,' as he called them—gave him an excellent opportunity of becoming well acquainted with each household in the 'land-ward' parish. But when he was at home, the evenings were usually spent in the enjoyment of music, in reading aloud, or in playing a game of chess with his sister. Highland pibrochs, and reels, and Gaelic songs, alternated with such old ballads as 'Sir Patrick Spens,' 'The Arethusa,' 'Admiral Benbow;' then came snatches of German song, some Weimar-recalling waltz of Strauss, or the grand sonatas of Beethoven or Mozart. It was his delight to read aloud. Shakespear and Scott, and especially such characters as Jack Falstaff and Cuddy Headrigg, were his favourites; and as at this time Dickens was issuing the 'Old Curiosity Shop' and 'Barnaby Rudge,' nothing could exceed his excitement as some new part of the story of Little Nell or of Dolly Varden arrived. Wordsworth, however, was his chief delight, and few days passed without some passage from his works being selected for meditation. But in the midst of all his cares and studies, he retained not only a boy's heart, but a love of boyish fun perfectly irresistible. When his old friend, Sir John Campbell of Kildaloig, who had been at sea most of his life, came to spend a winter with him, the two friends used to indulge in many a sailor prank from the sheer love both had for the brine. The dinner-bell was rigged up as on shipboard, and at mid-day Sir John struck eight bells as solemnly as if the watch had to be changed. Then Norman,

suddenly emerging from his study, would greet him with a run of sailor lingo, and voice, gait, countenance, the rolling of an imaginary *quid* in his cheek, became thoroughly nautical. A sham 'observation' was taken, and after a hearty laugh the door was shut, and he returned to hard study once more.

These five years at Loudoun were the very spring-time of his ministerial life. Full of romantic dreams, and overflowing with hopeful enthusiasm, he seemed

"To hear his days before him, and the tumult of his life."

Many a conviction was then formed, which afterwards germinated into notable action on the larger field of his future career, and many a line of thought became fixed, determining his after course. That sweet Manse-life, and the warm attachment of the parishioners, shed to the very last a halo, as of first love, over 'dear, dear Loudoun.'

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Dec.* 27*th*, 1837.—I preached last Sunday at Loudoun, and I believe gave satisfaction. I have every reason to believe that no veto will be attempted.

"*Loudoun, Dec.* 31, 1837. *Sunday Night,* 11 *o'clock.* —'The year is waning.' In an hour, 1838 will have arrived. Let me think!

"This very time five years ago I was with dear James! Yes, dear boy, I remember you. I believe you are in heaven. Are you looking upon me now, Jamie? Are you looking with anxiety upon me, and longing to see me obtain the victory and be with yourself and our dear sister in heaven along with our beloved Saviour! By his grace that victory will be obtained. Yes, I have vowed to fight, and in God's strength I shall conquer. I will trust in Him, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and

for ever. Dearest, we shall all meet. I know it. I believe it. Lord, help my unbelief!

"Into Thy hands, O God, this night, I commit my spirit in stepping into the future 1838.

"*Jan.* 14*th.*—Have heard this day from Loudoun, that yesterday my call was moderated and there was not one objector. This is certainly pleasant and most gratifying.

"*East Kilbride Manse, Sunday Evening,* 4*th Feb.*—"I have been reading the Memoirs of the Rev. C. Wolff, the poet. He was a fine fellow. There is something very affecting in his whispering to his sister, who was bending over him as he was dying—'Close this eye, the other is closed already, and now farewell!'

"*March* 12*th, Sunday.*—This is the last day I shall probably ever preach as a mere preacher. I have not yet been a year licensed, and upon Thursday first I expect, D.V., to be ordained.

"How awful is the tide of time!

"Thank God from my heart that for some time past I have been endeavouring to see Christ as all in all. But when I look forward to my ordination, it is very, very solemn. As the day approaches, I feel a shrinking from it. It is first of all a fearful responsibility, and then I have not one suitable sermon which I can give the Sunday after my induction, and no lecture of any kind! The very intellectual labour terrifies me. I pray to be supported by God.

"*March* 15*th.*—How shall I begin this day's diary? What reflections shall I make, what thoughts shall I express when I state the fact that I WAS THIS DAY ORDAINED A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND?

"This indeed is a point in a man's life, an awful division of time!

"But what are my feelings?

"I bless my Father and my Saviour for the love shown to me. I was enabled to have sweet communion with God. Before going into the church, and while kneeling beneath the hands of the Presbytery, I was, by God's assistance, enabled to devote heartily my soul and body to the service of my parish, which I trust may be accepted."

To the Rev. A. CLERK:—

NEWMILNS, *March* 25, 1838.

"I was ordained here on the 15th. You know what an awful thing it is. I feel as if the weight of those hands was still upon my head, crushing me with responsibility. But it was a delightful scene. Never was a more unanimous, a more hearty welcome, and with real good-will was my hand shaken, from the marchioness to the pauper. Dr. Black (Barony) introduced me. I got well over my first sermon, 'Now are we ambassadors.' Once or twice nearly overcome; and this day I have preached twice. I have been, then, in the parish a week, have been over it all, visited each day from ten till five; and what do I think of it? Why, that it is in a terrible state—very terrible! Its population is four thousand. The rural part is good and respectable, and so is Darvel—because there a most admirable, intelligent, well-read, kind-hearted, frank, godly man, a Covenanting minister, has been, who goes into every good work with heart and soul, and 'loes me as a verra brither.' But Newmilns! What a place! I am now in clean, comfortable lodgings. I am acquainted with the real state of things. Never, never, was there such desecration of the Lord's Day: dozens and dozens of lads walking about and trespassing on fields, and insulting the people and fearing neither God nor man. A large proportion of the population are born before marriage! The mass of the youth are sent to work before they can read, and in a few years are independent of their parents. In short, between drunkenness and swearing and Sabbath-breaking, the village is in a dreadful state—and may God have mercy on it! There is in all the parish an awful want of spiritual religion. The Hastings family are the most delightful I meet with. I am there as in my own home, and the time I spend with them is the happiest in the week. I do love them. But what, Archy, is to be done? Well, this much I will say—that I trust God has given me a deep-felt conviction of my utter inability to do anything. (At this very moment you would think a school was coming out, from the noise in the street!) I was going on to say

that while on the one hand I am cast entirely on Him for help, yet I am also led to use all the means in my power to effect a change. I have been enabled boldly, in private and public, to exhort and rebuke and speak the truth. I have already visited a good deal and, as far as I could, preached Christ. I rise at six and write till nine—I must do this. Till five I am at the disposal of my parish; from that till ten I read and write. I begin upon Wednesday family visitation in this village. I will only attempt two days a week, and two hours each day; but I must, as soon as possible, get acquainted with the people, so as, under God, to try and put a stop to this monstrous wickedness. I will next year catechise. One thing I am determined to make a stand on, and that is church privileges. As far as the law will permit me I will go—and further if I can. I am eagerly desirous to get family worship established—of that there seems not to be a vestige, except among the Cameronians, and there every family has it. I can hardly make it as yet a *sine qua non* for baptism, but I will very nearly do it, and soon I think I shall. I have only four elders. The church does not hold the communicants; it is, of course, crammed. There are no good Sabbath Schools, no Bible societies. The assessments amount to about £200 a year. Oh, that the Lord would pour His Spirit out on the dry and thirsty ground! He can do it—and I pray, for Christ's sake, that He may do it, for I feel as fit to change the course of the sun as the hearts of this people. But what a heart I have myself! Oh, my dear friend, you know me well, you will help me, will you not, with your prayers and with your advice?"

From his JOURNAL:—

"My Manse is very beautiful. I am making many changes in the grounds. The birds are beginning to sing. 'They are busy in the wood;' and it calms me to sit in the woods and listen to them—for if God is so kind to them, and fills them with so much happiness, I feel assured he will never forget a minister in the church of his dear Son, unless he forgets Him.

"This is the first day I have fairly begun work in my parish. I studied from five to nine. Visited T—— P——. He seems dying. He was the first sick person I have ever visited. I spoke to him by himself; found him, I think, indifferent. He admitted the truth of all I said, but I could not get him to close with the offers of Christ. It is my delight and comfort to expatiate on the fulness and freeness of the Gospel without money and without price; for I find, as I did with P——, that they will not accept of Christ without bringing something to Him. And while they are willing to say that He is a Saviour, they will not say He is their Saviour. I spoke to him as solemnly as I could, urging him to accept Christ as He was, and to come to Him as he was—even as he would have to answer to God!

"*March 20th.*—A. M——, a perfect specimen of a deist—at one time an atheist, at another a deist—knowing nothing, believing nothing; harsh, impetuous, proud, prejudiced, yet believing himself candid—a difficult man; yet had two children baptized. I spoke an hour with him, but it is like combating the wind. I promised to send him books. [Yet this man afterwards became a communicant, and is, I hope, a sincere believer.]

"*3rd April.*—Since my ordination I have been busy in the parish. I find kindness and attention everywhere I go,—down from that dear Hastings family to the lowest on the poor's list.

"*Sunday, June 10th.*—Last Sabbath I entered my twenty-seventh year. Another year nearer the grave. . . . I rejoice that many love Thee on earth better than I do, and that the angels in heaven adore Thee in suitable ways. I rejoice that Thou art glorious without my aid. I thank God that any man being converted to Christ would rejoice me, and that, from my soul I say it, I would do so though it were not through my instrumentality. I thank Him for the longings He often gives me after better things, and for the love with which He often fills my soul for Him and for all Christ's disciples. I thank Him that during the last year He has showered down on me innumerable blessings.

"O God, Thine eye has seen me write these things! Omnipresent! I rejoice that Thou knowest the heart. I have not one thing that I can plead—no faith, no repentance, no tears. A sinner I am. But oh, God, I will, in opposition to all the temptations of the flesh and corrupt, hard heart—I will throw myself, with all my strength, in simplicity and, I trust, in godly sincerity on Christ, and Him crucified, and say this is all my salvation and all my desire.

"*June 7th*, 1838, *Loudoun.*—I am very happy here, and I believe I may say that I and the people are the best of friends. I never received greater civility—the very voluntaries came outside their doors to shake hands with me. The church is crowded to suffocation—stairs and passages, and I never use a scrap of paper. I have an odd congregation of rich and poor, lords, ladies, and paupers; but all sinners. I am often frightened when I think of my mercies.

"*June 25th.*—I have had to-day, or this evening, much joy and much humility. A woman told me that I had been blessed for the good of her soul, and given her joy and peace; and I think she gave evidence from what I saw of her that she is a true believer. She gave me likewise five shillings for any religious purpose. She will and does pray for me. I wept much at this proof of God's love. I—that *I* should be made such an instrument. But, blessed be God's name, He may make a fly do His errands. He is good and gracious—and oh! I hope I may save some; I pray I may bring some to Christ, for His sake. May I be humble for all God is doing for me! His blessings crush me! May they not destroy me! May Christ be magnified in me!"

To a FRIEND:—

LOUDOUN, *September* 20, 1838.

"Your mind is a good, strong, vigorous one, but you are inclined to indolence. You require the stimulus of society and of external circumstances to go on your course. You are more of a sailing ship than a steam ship—the power which propels you must come from without more than from within. You are well built, have famous

timber, a good compass, good charts; but you want a 'freshening breeze to follow.' You must then rouse yourself; set every sail, and catch the breeze you have. You have many things to stir you up. You have a noble moral experiment to try—the rearing immortal souls. It is no experiment, thank God! It is certainty, if the right means are used. If you do not study, you are gone. I beseech you, I implore of you, my dear old fellow, do not give up study. Beware of backsliding; beware of descending. It is a terribly accelerated motion! Beware of the fearful temptation of thinking that you have had sufficient evidence of being converted, and that as the Elect never are lost you may take some ease in Zion. This is not too much for the wicked heart of man to conceive. Remember, we must grow in grace—we must ever fight if we are to obtain the victory. Christ waits to 'see of the travail of His soul.' Let us not 'quench the Spirit.' The demand will bear a proportion to the work done. I thank you very much for what you said to me. It has cleared up the mist a little. You are very right about not seeking too much for evidence. I feel its truth. We are so anxious to be safe merely—more than to be holy. I am by no means satisfied that I have been really converted. From my natural constitution I am liable to be deceived. My feelings being easily excited to good as well as bad, I am apt to mistake an excited state of the feelings for a holy state of the heart; and so sure am I of the deception, that when in an excited state regarding eternal things, I tremble, knowing it is the symptom of a fall, and that I must be more earnest in prayer. Self-confidence is my ruin. I deeply feel, or rather I am clearly conscious, of a dreadful coldness regarding the saving of souls. I have seldom a glimpse of true love for a soul. It is an awful confession, but it is true. Oh this body of death! this soul-killing, this murdering sin! When, when will this Egyptian darkness be for ever past? when shall this leprosy be finally healed? Oh that my soul were but one half hour saturated and filled with a sense of God's love to me a sinner! If I could only obtain one full and clear glimpse of the gulf to which sin has brought me and from

which Christ has saved me, I know that I would go to the world's end if by any possibility I could lead another to see the same great salvation. Never, never can we succeed as ministers unless we are personally holy. Power, genius, learning, are mere skeletons—this the life; magnificent statues to call forth the highest admiration from men of taste and feeling, but not living things to love, to rouse to action, to point to heaven, to tell of heavenly things; and so it is my parochial visitations, my prayers at sick beds, my Sabbaths, my duties in school, that crush me most to earth. So little real love of God, so little real single-heartedness for the magnifying of Christ, so much self-satisfaction, that my only comfort is my having a good and great High Priest who can bear the iniquity of our holy things. Pray, pray—this is the sheet anchor. I am going to establish prayer meetings when I get my new eldership, and I trust they will be spiritual conductors (so to speak) to bring down good gifts to this thirsty land.

"I had Lord Jeffrey in church. I never had a more fixed and attentive listener. Luckily, I was thoroughly prepared. I generally take eight hours to write a sermon. I rise at six. I never begin to commit until Saturday night—four readings do it. The church is crammed; they are sitting outside the doors, and come from all quarters. All this is very well, but what if God withholds the blessing? I pray He may be glorified. I do not understand your question. Answer me the following:—

"1. Do the posterity of Adam, unless saved by Christ, suffer final damnation on account of Adam's sin? If so, how is this reconciled with justice?

"2. How can we reconcile it with justice that men should come into the world with dispositions so bad that they invariably produce sin that leads to damnation?

"3. If the unregenerate are dead in sins, then all they do is sin; therefore, whatever they do in that state is abominable to God. Are their exercises and strivings so? their attendance on means of grace?

"4. Is the imputation of righteousness the transfer of

the righteousness itself, or are the beneficial consequences of the righteousness alone transferred?

"Chalmers came to Kilmarnock to meet the Presbytery. It was the old story. He made a great impression. At one time how I did laugh! He had a bundle of letters from colliers, &c., about Stob Hill. He let them all fall in the precentor's box, where he was standing. He disappeared, searching for them. At one time you would see his back, at another an elbow, then his head, reaching out the cushions of the seat to any one who liked to take them; in short, all topsy-turvy, and his face as red as a turkey-cock."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Oct.* 14*th.*—*Tempus fugit.* The stream of life flows sensibly on. 'I hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.'

"Upon this day last week (Sabbath) I slept for the first time in my own house. This to a clergyman is like stepping on the great table-land of life. To me it is especially so; for, being perfectly satisfied with my lot, having no ambitious feelings to gratify, or rather, it may be, having too strong ambitious feelings to be satisfied with anything I can ever reasonably expect to have in this world, I consider myself fixed for life, be it long or short. Long I do not expect it to be. I am not made for long life. I feel every Sunday that the machine suffers very considerably from friction.

"27*th July.*—I had a strange day of visitation. I was called in to see a man who had a few hours before been struck by palsy. On Sunday he was at the Lord's Table; to-day he is dying. He was in a half stupor. He recognised me, and said, in a low voice, with half-shut eyes, 'I rely solely on the merits of Christ, and Him crucified! I hope my anchor is safe within the vail! I hope so!' Came home at dinner time, and while I was waiting for dinner, I went across to see M——, whom I had seen yesterday. I found him alone, and weaker and more breathless than when I saw him last. I spoke to him of Christ, and besought him to close with the offers of salvation. I

prayed for him earnestly, beseeching Christ to accept him. When I was done, he took my hand—'I thank you,' he said; 'p—p—pray for me in private and in public on Sunday, if I am alive.' As I took his hand, I said, 'Why, now, can you not take Christ as you take me? He is stretching forth his hands, refuse Him not. He is all-sufficient, can give you all you want, and beseeches you to take. And what, M——, if you are dead before Sabbath? What if you do see Christ? Would you like to see Him and his Apostles?' I then sent for his daughter to sit beside him. I came home and fell on my knees and prayed for him, as he desired. I came to my room. A sudden scream was heard. His daughter had just arrived. Her father was in eternity! How awful! Oh, may God stir me up to greater diligence and zeal! Into Thy hands I commit my soul and parish!

"*Newmilns, Jan.* 2, 1839.—I am getting on here slowly, but, I trust, surely. I continue visiting regularly, and find it of much benefit. I am enabled always to commence it by private prayer, and to lay the different cases before God on my return. Yet it is always mixed with prodigious formality, hypocrisy, and vain glory. Infidelity is getting rampant, and it was not known to have had so extensive a hold in the parish till I came here. They read Paine aloud to a party! I grieve, yet I have no fear. Fear is the child of Atheism. 'The people imagine a vain thing. The Lord will hold them in derision.' There are six things which I hope may be blessed, as useful instruments for doing good—a new church; second, an eldership; third, an infant school; fourth, prayer meetings; fifth, catechetical diets; sixth, an evening Sabbath class for young men; and I should add tenfold greater strictness in giving admission to the ordinances —'professing faith in Christ, and obedience to Him!' How much is in this! yet to this we must come, and by God's grace I shall come, if but one child is baptized in the year. Think only of a man asking baptism for a bastard child; he was a communicant; and when I asked, 'who was the Holy Ghost?' he answered, 'I believe he was a man!'

"I was at the Assembly. I am, for a wonder, getting modest on Church politics, and begin to believe what I often feared—that I know nothing about them. Yet, like all who are ignorant, I have got a superstitious dread of something being wrong about the decisions of the High Side. All the old hands are alarmed, the young only are confident. A smoke was my only argument!"

To his AUNT, MRS. MAXWELL:—

LOUDOUN, *April* 22, 1839.

"I have just been looking out at the window. There is a thin, transparent mist along the bottom of the valley, with the tops of trees appearing above it, and above them the sky is calm and blue; the shrubs are all bursting into life, and the birds are busy in the woods, furnishing their manses with no *bills* but their own. There they go! *Whit-ee whit-ee tui-tu-e-e chuck-chuck-tirr tu-e-e-tirr tui-tui roo-too.* If my poor mother heard them, she would say that they would hurt their backs, and that they were overworking their system. There is an old thrush opposite the window who will sweat himself into a bilious attack, if he does not take care. The old fool, I suppose, wishes to get married, or he is practising for some wedding, and is anxious to know whether or not he remembers all his old songs. My blessings on their merry voices. They do one's heart good. How exquisitely does Christ point to nature, linking the world without to the world within! 'Behold the fowls of the air!' Yes, let us behold them; they are as happy as the day is long; they have survived a dreary winter without any care or anxiety—and why? 'Their heavenly Father feedeth them.' How comforting the application, 'Are ye not much better than they?' Yes, verily; nearer to God, dearer to God; His children, not His birds. 'Behold the lilies how they grow!' There they are, under my window in hundreds; and yet, a short time ago they were all hid in snow, and now Solomon is outdone by them in beauty. 'Why take ye thought for raiment?' God, that gave the life, can give the meat; He who gave the body can give the clothing. He who takes care of birds and flowers, will

take care of His own children. 'Wherefore do ye doubt?' He knoweth we need those things; if He does so, if He cares for us, why should we care? Let us seek, first, His kingdom and righteousness as the way to it; and God, who cannot lie, says, 'All these things shall be added unto you' —'added'—given over and above. Oh! that we felt that the best and only sure way of getting things of this world was first to attend to the things of another, then we would take no disquieting or uneasy thoughts about the future. Each day comes with its own cares, which need no increase by adding to them the cares of the next. 'Sufficient, indeed, is each day's evil for itself, and with each day is strength for the cares of that day, though no strength is promised to relieve us from the additional cares we gather in from the morrow.' How few receive the real practical benefits of these truths—these precious promises; and why? They do not believe that their interests are in safe keeping in God's hands. They do not permit Him, unreservedly, to choose their inheritance for them. They have 'excepts' for the moment. You see the effects of preaching three sermons on Sunday—I preach a fourth on Monday.

"My father talks of going to Ireland in ten days; if he does, I go with him. Everything goes on well in the parish—lots to do. The Manse is looking beautiful. Spring is the finest of all the seasons. Hope is its genius."

DR. MACLEOD, SEN., *to* MRS. GRAY:—

BELFAST, *Tuesday and Wednesday* (what day of the month, I know not), *June*, 1839.

"Norman, Clerk, and I, set out on Monday evening, on the self-same day on which you left for the Isle of Mist—we for 'the sweet Isle of the Ocean,' the green, the charming Emerald Isle. The word was given, 'Set on,' and on we went, splash, splash. A noble boat the *Rapid*. We sailed as on a mirror—ocean reflecting the loveliness of the stars, the young moon, the Craig of Ailsa, and my face! We left the blue hills of Arran sleeping in calm serenity on the face of the mighty deep, and Lamlash Isle like an infant in its bosom.

"We had a most delightful sail up to Belfast on Tuesday morning. Reached it at eight o'clock, and went to the Synod. Norman and Clerk got a car and set off for Lisburn; from that to Loch Neagh, Lord O'Neile's place. I was received at the Synod with cheers. I attended two days, made a long speech, and heard most heart-cheering tidings of my Irish Psalms. I was much gratified. Norman returned on Wednesday evening literally daft; he laughed till he could laugh no more; he tried to pass off as an Irish wit among the beggars and people, but was beat to nothing by every man, woman, and child he met. They utterly confounded him. He met a bird-seller; he carried a fine blackbird, with a large yellow bill. 'What *bill* is that you are carrying through? Is it the Appropriation Bill, or the Emancipation Bill?' 'Dad, yer honour,' said Pat, 'it is neither the one, nor yet the t'other, but a better Bill than either; 'tis the Orange Bill.' He came up shortly afterwards to a poor man who had on a pair of wretched shoes, which he was endeavouring to drag after him, but no stockings. 'Who made your shoes, friend?' said Norman. 'He did not take your measure well.' 'Troth, yer honour, he did not; but look at my stockings,' said he, clapping the bare skin —'My own darling mother's stockings. Och, but it is themselves that fit!' He got many other ridiculous answers of the same kind. Adieu!"

To his Sister JANE:—

"With my eyes half-shut can I write thee? With a halo round the candle can I write thee? 'Yes!' cried Roderick. 'And give my love, and point out

the new buttons I have got on my coat; and give her a view of me in

my bonnet; and show her also my coat; and my trousers—

To Rev. A. Clerk:—

"We had a grand *soirée* in Glasgow for a Congregational library. I made a horrid fool of myself, *i.e.* stuck in my speech. No one saw it, but all allowed I had done scientifically ill. It was a splendid *soirée*. But I hate them. How can a man speak in an atmosphere composed of orange acid—the fumes of tea and toast, boiling water, peat reek and gas, blown into a hurricane by the bagpipes? A *soirée* I take to be a sort of Evangelical theatre, where the ministers are the actors, and the stage need not be jealous."

From his Journal:—

"*June*, 1839.— . . . . Luckily Puseyism, while it is eating the vitals of the Church of England, has made no advances in Ireland of any consequence. It is too much like Rome. I have a horror for Puseyism. I fear it is of more danger to religion than Voluntaryism. We are not yet alive to the importance of the controversy in Scotland.

"Thank God for our Scottish Reformers. They lived far, far ahead of their age. The position which they occu-

pied was highly scientific. I do think that the Church of Scotland, from her doctrine, worship, &c., is of all churches the best fitted to grapple with the spirit of the age. She cannot be reformed. We are skinned down to essentials—so much the better. 'Poor Ireland!' Poor for what? Nothing but the want of principle. Of what avail is it to put a maniac in a palace, a demoniac in a church? They endeavour to reform men by putting better coats on their backs. A man must have hell taken out of himself before he can be said to be out of hell.

"*2nd August*, 1839.—We had a most delightful Communion Sabbath. Anything more quiet, beautiful, and solemn I never witnessed.

"Rory* must not think all negligent but himself. I was forced to exclude fourteen from the communion this year who were open enemies, notorious drunkards, and such like; but God forbid that I should exclude any man who has nothing in his external conduct which is inconsistent with his being a Christian. Bad habits are the only true test.

"My father preached on a lovely summer's evening to about three thousand people in the tent.† Not a sound but of praise, and the voice of the preacher.

"*Dec. 23rd (the anniversary of his brother's death).*—I think I may defy time to blot out all that occurred in December, '33. That warm room; the large bed with the blue curtains; the tall, thin boy with the pale face and jet black speaking eyes and long, curly hair; the anxious mother; the silent steps; then the loss of hope. The last scene! Oh, my brother, my dear, dear brother! if thou seest me, thou knowest how I cherish thy memory. Yes, Jamie, I will never forget you. If I live to be an old man, you will be fresh and blooming in my memory. My soul rejoices in being able to entertain the hope that I shall see you in heaven! What days of darkness and ingratitude have I spent since I thought I was God's!

* His cousin, the Rev. Roderick Macleod, in Skye, who was notorious for his strict exercise of ecclesiastical discipline.

† A sort of covered pulpit put up in the open air, from which the clergyman preaches when the crowd is too great for the church.

Omnipotent God, Father of mercies, shield, buckler, and strong tower to all thy people, take me to thyself; keep me, save me; but oh! never, never, I beseech Thee, leave me to myself, until I join all thy children in heaven.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and be not forgetful of all his gracious benefits!"

FROM LINES TO A SLEEPING SISTER.

* * * * *

Yet meekly yield when thou must drink
The righteous cup of human sorrow;
For patient suff'ring is the link
Which binds us to a glorious morrow.

* * * * *

"*Jan. 9th,* 1840.—This day received tidings of Lady Hastings' death. I feel my loss. A chain is broken which bound me with others to the parish. She was a deeply affectionate and most captivating woman. I received the following letter from Lady Sophia,* written just before her death:—

KELBURNE, *Thursday Night, January* 9, 1840.

"'When this letter is given to you my poor Mother will be at rest; but for fear that the new flood of affliction should overwhelm me and make me incapable of fulfilling my duty immediately, I will write this now, that there may be no delay, as you must receive it as soon as possible. When my Father died, He desired His right hand should be amputated and carried from Malta to be buried with my Mother, as they could not lie in the same grave, as He had once promised Her. His hand is in the vault at Loudoun Kirk, I am told, in a small box, with the key hanging to it. My Mother entrusted you with the key of the vault, and begged you would give it to no one. May I request you

* Afterwards married to John, Second Marquess of Bute, and mother of the present Lord Bute. The marriage ceremony was performed by Norman Macleod.

to go to Loudoun Kirk and take out the box and bring it here to me yourself, and deliver it into my hands yourself, should my brother not have arrived? And I believe *there must be no delay*—a few hours, I am told, will end Her suffering and begin our desolation.'

"I received the letter early on Friday morning; in half an hour I was at Loudoun Kirk. It was a calm, peaceful, winter's morning, and by twelve I was at Kelburne."

To the Rev. A. CLERK, Aharacle:—

January 28, 1840.

"I am very happy here—though the death of dear Lady Hastings has made a great change to me. I assure you that few events have given me more sincere sorrow than this. I received intelligence at seven upon Friday morning that she was near her end. It was quite unexpected; and you know what a sickening thing it is to be awakened with bad news. I was requested by Lady Sophia instantly to go to Loudoun Kirk and get her father's hand from the vault and bring it to her. In half an hour I was in the dreary place, where, but six months ago, I was standing with Lady H. beside me. When I contrasted the scene of death within, the mouldering coffins and 'weeping vault,' with the peaceful morning and singing birds—for a robin was singing sweetly—it was sad and choking. I was glad to be with the dear young ladies the first day of their grief. They were all alone. They have been greatly sanctified by their trials. They remain at Loudoun, I am glad to say. Lord and Lady H. are here at present.

"As to non-intrusion, I am persuaded you are wrong. The high party is destroying the Church."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*February*, 1840.—The question of non-intrusion is agitating Scotland. This is the day for trying principles. The extreme views of truly good and spiritual men in the Church, and those of truly bad and material men in the State, will bring on a gale which will capsize her.

"*June 29th.*—I have just returned from seeing the most melancholy sight I have ever yet witnessed—a determined, hardened infidel on the very confines of eternity! I met this unfortunate man, T—— C——, for the first time when I was visiting the parish; he seemed careless and dead, but did not profess infidelity.

"I was again called to see him on my return here in May, after having been about a month absent in bad health. He was evidently dying of consumption. He was greatly emaciated, but could converse easily, and seemed to be able to express himself with clearness. I had heard of his having avowed infidel sentiments, and I knew his brother to be one of the baser sort, filling up all the degrees of blackguardism between a poacher and a blasphemer. C—— spoke freely to me of his opinions, if opinions they could be called. He had met with some of the lowest kind of infidel productions; his whole idea of truth was distorted. He seemed to doubt the existence of God, the immortality of the human soul, everything which could influence him as a responsible being. I saw him repeatedly. I sat with him one or two hours at a time. I read the Bible to him, gave him the evidence in detail, and, by his own acknowledgment, fairly answered all his objections; but in vain. He was calm, dead. The very question did not seem to interest him. Every warning, every invitation, was to him alike. His features changed not; he was neither pleased nor angry; and yet he knew he had not many weeks to live. He was the most terrible instance I ever saw of the evil heart of unbelief, hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. I have seen him for the last time to-day; he was a breathing corpse. Death had stamped every feature. He bent his eye on me as I entered, and motioned me to come in. I gazed at him for some time with inexpressible feelings. There he lay, an immortal being—a sinner going to meet his God, after having again and again rejected a Saviour. I prayed with his wife, and one or two who were present. I then went to his bed. I said, 'Before I go have you nothing to say?' I wished to give him the opportunity of expressing his faith

in Christ, if he had any; but he lifted up his skeleton hand, and pointed out, 'No, no; noth—nothing!' As I write this his soul may be taking flight. May God have mercy on him.

"How often do I speculate about writing books! I have thought of three; I generally think over a chapter of one of them when I have nothing else to do."

His sister Annie, who had been for some months seriously ill, and was sent to Loudoun for change of air, became at this time rapidly worse, and expired in his Manse.

"*September 5th*, 10 *o'clock*.—I have this moment returned from the next room, after seeing my darling sister Annie expire. She had suffered much for three days; but her last moments were comparatively tranquil, at least, those who have seen people die said so; but I never saw any one die before. We were summoned to her bedside suddenly. When I came, all were there. I prayed a short, ejaculatory prayer, that our Father would take His child; that Christ, the dear Redeemer, would be hers. My darling died at half-past nine.

"Darling Annie was loved by us all. She was a sweet child; her face was beautifully mild and peaceful. She had the most gentle, playful, peaceful, innocent manners, with feelings singularly deep and strong for her age. Her sensibility was painful in its acuteness. She was like a delightful presence—

> "'An image gay,
> A thing to startle and waylay.'

She was a sunbeam that gladdened our path, and we were hardly conscious of how lovely and how evanescent a thing it was until it disappeared. Her innocent laugh is still in my ears. Dead! Oh, what a mystery! It was only when, two hours after her death, I knelt at my old chair, and cried to Jesus, that I felt myself human once more, and as I gave vent to a flood of tears

the ice that for months had chilled my soul was melted; I felt again.

"*September* 16*th.*—Upon Friday the 11th dear Annie was buried. I look back upon the week she lay with us with a sort of solemn joy. It was a holy week. The blessing of God seemed upon the house. Friday was a very impressive day. Mr. Gray, Jack, and my father and I, went together from Glasgow to Campsie. Our old friends met us at the entrance of Lennoxtown. It seemed but as yesterday when we had in mournful procession passed up that path before. The hills were the same. The same shadows seemed chasing one another over their green sides as had often filled me with happy thoughts in my young days. Yet how freshly did the text come into my mind, 'The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' This relieved my oppressed heart. I felt that amidst all the changes around me, God, and God's love, were the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. What a glorious thing is Revelation! 'Christ died, and rose again.' 'He died for us.' 'He rose as the first fruits of those who sleep.' There is more wisdom, more comfort, more to heal, soothe, elevate the spirit of man in these facts than in all that the concentrated wisdom of man could offer."

To his MOTHER:—

LOUDOUN, 1841.

"I have been, and will be, if God spares me, this winter very busy educating both myself and my parish; but I never felt myself in more buoyant health and spirits. I have finished the second visitation of Darvel and Newmilns—that is, about seven thousand people—since I came to the parish. On Sabbath week our service begins at twelve, and from ten till half-past eleven I am to have a Sabbath School, which I hope will be attended by six hundred children. Thus, between my school in the morning, and sermon at mid-day and at night, I will be able to preach the Gospel to all in my parish! Is not this

famous? I have, besides my old Wednesday evening meeting, a class for young men on Tuesday evenings for instruction in the evidences of Christianity. I am now going through the prophecies. The family of the chief infidel are among my scholars. This seems hard work, but I assure you I am taking it very easy. There is not a blacksmith, or labourer, or weaver in the parish who does not do ten times more for time than I do for eternity. People talk a great deal of stuff about minister's work, or rather they talk a great deal of stuff themselves. I would do more, but quality and not quantity is what I wish. To show you how much idle time I have, besides walking, and teaching a starling to speak, I have read, 1st, Guizot's 'History of Civilisation;' 2nd, Arago's 'Treatise on Astronomy;' 3rd, Taylor's 'Lectures on Spiritual Christianity;' 4th, 'Campbell of Kingsland, Life and Times;' and I have nearly done with the fifth volume of Gibbon—all during the last five weeks! This shows you what a luxurious dog I am.

"I have just mentioned my starling! You never saw a more beautiful bird; and he goes flying about the room, and sits on my head, and eats out of my hand. I am teaching him to speak.

"I wrote Lord Hastings a very long and earnest letter about the church, but have received no answer. I shall do my duty, and use every lawful means to get a church for my poor people, come what may.

"There is a book I wish you would order for your Reading Club—Dr. Payne of Exeter's Lectures on the Sovereignty of God. It has revolutionised my mind. It is a splendid book, and demonstrates the universality of the atonement, and its harmony with election."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*July 4th.*—I went to Glasgow on Tuesday to meet two sons of Sir Robert Peel's. Fine lads, fresh with honours from Harrow. But I mention this fact to show how unsettled my mind is, for it upset my good thoughts—I mean, made me neglect the means of grace, and so I

got for a day into my old way. God forgive me! I look back on the last month as to an oasis."

In sending the following letter, Principal Shairp writes:—

"All the remainder of his time in Loudoun I kept up correspondence with Norman from Oxford. Those were the years from 1840 to 1844, when the Oxford movement reached its climax. Often, when any pamphlet more than usually striking came out—No. 90, and others—I would send them to Norman, and would receive from him a reply commenting on them from his own point of view. That, I need hardly say, was not in accordance with the Oxford views. It was not only that he rejected the sacerdotal theory on which the whole movement was founded, —not only that, as a Scotchman and a Presbyterian minister, he could not be expected to welcome the view which made his own church 'Samaria,' and handed himself and his people over to the 'uncovenanted mercies;' but I used to think that neither then, nor afterwards, he ever did full justice to the higher, more inward quality of Newman's teaching, that those marvellous 'Parochial Sermons' never penetrated him as they did others. That sad undertone of feeling, that severe and ascetic piety, which had so great a charm for many, awoke in Norman but little sympathy"

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, ESQ., at Oxford:—

27th March.

"Well, what think you of Puseyism now? You have read No. 90, of course; you have read the article on Transubstantiation—you have read it! Great heavens! Is this 1841? I have drawn the following conclusions from this precious document, and from Newman's letter to Jelf:—

"1. The Articles mean nothing.

"2. Any man may sign them conscientiously, be he Calvinist or moderate Romanist, only let him not oppose them openly.

"3. No Oxford man need go to Romanism either to adore (doulia) images, or praise the Blessed Virgin, or get a lift from the saints, or gratify himself by doing works of penance—he may get all this in a quiet way at Oxford.

"4. The Anglican system and the Popish system, as explained by the Council of Trent, are 'like, so very like as day to day,' that, but for a few fleecy clouds of no great consequence, a Catholic mind would never see the difference.

"5. No. 90 is a dispatch to the Popish army to send a few moderate battalions to support the Anglican Church in its flank movement to the left from the *corps d'armée* of Protestantism.

"And what is all this to end in?

"The formation of an Anglo-Popish Church, independent of the State?

"The consequent breaking up of Church Establishments?

"The formation of two Churches—a moderate Episcopacy connected with the State, and another, 'the Anglican Church,' by itself?

"An accession to the ranks of dissent?

"The strengthening of Popery, and the battle of Armageddon?"

NOTES AND THOUGHTS FROM READING, THINKING, AND LAUGHING.

LOUDOUN, *November* 1, 1840.

"Under the influence of one of those whims which sometimes act upon me like a breeze upon a windmill, I this Saturday night, 27th February, 1841, open this book (being at present, with the exception of what goeth before, as yet empty, albeit it is called a Book for Notes and Thoughts), for what reason I can hardly tell, except it be:—

"1. The wish to put on record a strong suspicion I now begin to entertain—viz. that I have no thoughts which can stand inspection, better than did Mouldy or Mr. Forcible Feeble, the woman's tailor, before Falstaff.

"2. To put to the proof one of those sayings which men believe, like 'great laws,' that a work begun is half done. We shall see."

June, 1841.

"ON THE SALVABILITY OF THE HEATHEN.—That no soul is saved except through the blood of Christ, and that no soul is saved without belief in Christ, are not equally true propositions; for, if so, all infants would be damned. Now, as all admit that infants may without faith (of which they are incapable from their age) be saved by having the benefits of Christ's death imputed to them, so, for aught we know, heathen, who are incapable of faith from their circumstances, may have the benefits of Christ's death in the same manner, and so their natural piety will be the effect and not the cause of God's showing mercy to them. We preach to such because we are commanded. God may raise a sick man by a miracle; but our duty is to use the appointed means."

"A day of fasting for the sins of the Church has been appointed by the General Assembly to be kept on the 22nd of June, 1841. I fear some will add to its sin by fathering the most heinous faults upon those who oppose them in Church politics. One rule, I think, should be strictly kept to in determining what are sins—viz., those upon which all Christians will agree. There may be disputes about facts—*e.g.*, as to whether the Church is covetous or not—but there should be no disputes as to whether that is sin or not. This rule would exclude confessions anent patronage, intrusion, &c. The Church should have drawn up a form of prayer, and of confession—a unanimous one. The sins I consider as being the most marked in the Church at present are: 1. Covetousness—only £20,000 from the whole Church for the cause of Christ; not £20 from each parish! 2. Too much mingling of the Church with the world; not separation enough. 3. Schism among Christians, and wrong terms of communion. 4. Strife, bitterness, and party

spirit; a want of charity and love; a not suffering for conscience-sake. 5. Too much dependence on externals, acts of Assembly anent calls, &c."

"The Church visible is to the Church invisible what the body is to the spirit—the medium of communication with the external world. As the body without the soul is dead, though it may look life-like, even so is the visible Church without the invisible. The Presbyterians, I think, legislated too transcendentally for the Church. We forgot how much we are taught by visible things. We did not sufficiently value symbols. Popery makes the Church a body altogether. We forget too much that there is a visible Church; they, that there is an invisible.

"*As for Church government,* I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or, rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won't suit another. What signifies whether a man reads with the gold spectacles of Episcopacy or with the silver ones of Presbytery or with the pinchbeck ones of Independence, provided he does read, and reads better too with the one kind than the other, and does not blind himself with the goggles of Popery? Though I hate schism, yet I do think that different governments are ordered in the wisdom of God, who knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust, to suit the different conditions of man. One man is born with huge veneration like a ridge on his head, ideality like hillocks; another with neither of these bumps, but in their stead causality or reasoning like potatoes, firmness like Ailsa Craig; another with combativeness, self-esteem, and love of approbation, like hen-eggs. Is it not a blessing that there is for the one an old cathedral with stone knights and 'casements pictured fair," and seats worn with successive generations, and a fine bald-headed prelate; and that another can get a Presbyterian Church that will stand firm against Erastus, Court of Session, Kings, Lords, and Commons, and can hear long metaphysical sermons canvassing every system; and that the last can have his *say* in an Independent church, and battle with

minister and elder: while, in each, they can hear what will make them wise unto salvation? All are spectacles for different eyes; and why fight?—why force a man to see through your concave, or be forced to read through his convex? You will both read wrong, or not read at all.

"I hate schism. It is a great sin to have a visible Church unless you feel that it is only a door to the invisible one.

"To reform Presbyterianism is like the attempt to skin a flint."

"I read lately a very interesting book published by the Abbotsford Club; viz., 'Records of the Presbytery of Lanark from 1632 till 1701.' It is, I presume, a fair type of what the Church then was; and if so!—

"The Church then wished to make the Church the State, and the State the Church. The men in those days had no idea of true liberty. Toleration is a modern idea. Their maxims were: 1 You have liberty to think what is right, but none to think what is wrong. *We* (the Church) are to judge what is right; *ergo*, you can think only as we permit you (see also 'Confession of Faith,' chap. xx., last clause). They were a grossly superstitious set. The above Presbytery frequently incarcerated witches, and sent for a great ally of theirs, a certain 'George Catley, Pricker,' to riddle the old women with pins to find out the mark of Satan. And yet to these men we must go for wisdom to guide us in 1841! Mercy forbid! I am thankful to have none such Presbyterian inquisitors.

"The tendency of ultra-Calvinism (if not its necessary result) is to fill the mind with dark views of the Divine character; to represent Him as grudging to make men happy; as exacting from Christ stripe for stripe that the sinner deserved. Hence a Calvinistic fanatic has the same scowling, dark, unloving soul as a Franciscan or Dominican fanatic who whips himself daily to please Deity. They won't enjoy life; they won't laugh without atoning for the sin by a groan; they won't indulge in much hope or joy; they more easily and readily entertain doctrines which go to prove how many may be

damned than how many may be saved; because all this seems to suit their views of God's character, and to be more agreeable to Him than a cheerful, loving bearing.

"A Calvinistic enthusiast and an Arminian fanatic are seldom met with."

". . . No creature knows the unity of truth, or rather the whole of any truth. Each truth is but a part of a system. That system radiates from God, the centre: the radii are innumerable. A poor being called man lights for a moment, like a fly, upon one of the spokes of this awful wheel, which is so high that 'it is dreadful, and full of eyes;' and, as it moves, he thinks that he understands its mighty movements and the revolution of the whole system!

"A truth which explains another, but which cannot be explained, is to us a mystery. As we advance along the chain of truth, beginning at the lowest link, mystery ascends before us—God Himself, Who is Truth, and to Whom we approach for ever, but never reach!"

"Dr. Payne of Exeter's book, 'On the Sovereignty of God,' is one of the best I ever read. It has been a ring-fence to a thousand scattered ideas I have had on the subjects of which it treats. On election and atonement I think he is invincible. That Christ died for all, or none, seems as clear to me as day, not merely from the distinct declaration of Scripture, but from the idea of an atonement. If the stripe for stripe theory is given up, which it must be, a universal atonement is the consequence. The sufficiency of Christ's death and its universality are one and the same. Election has only to do with its application."

"The freedom of a man *quoad civilia*, as well as *quoad spiritualia*, will ever be in proportion to the sense entertained by himself and others of his dignity and worth. Hence the connection between Christianity and civil liberty, and hence the folly of Chartists and Revolutionists,

and all who love or pretend to love the freedom of man, opposing the Bible, which alone makes known man's dignity; denouncing ministers who every Sabbath proclaim it, and urge men to know and believe it; destroying the Lord's Day, a day when this dignity is visibly seen by men meeting on the same spiritual platform—the same level; and refusing Church extension, which is but a means for bringing those blessings to the masses, and thus of helping them to obtain, use, and preserve freedom."

"Much struck with a remark in Coleridge's 'Friend,' 'that the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature combine with the obscure and shadowy rather than with the clear and palpable.' Hence I say: 1st, The fierceness of fanatics; 2nd, Fierceness of the ignorant in politics and of the mob. This accounts for a fact I have always noticed—viz., that in proportion to one's ignorance of a question is his wrath and uncharitableness, if his feelings are but once engaged."

"Truth may be recognised in the spirit when it is indistinctly seen by the intellect. No false proof should be removed which tends to good, until a true one is ready to replace it.

"Shelley and Wordsworth have more power than any men I know of making visible invisible things. See, for instance, Shelley's poem, 'To a cloud,' Wordsworth's ode on 'Intimations of Immortality.' Keats frequently displays in a marvellous manner the same gift ('Magic casements opening on the foam,' 'Ode to the Nightingale'), and so does Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Religio Medici' and 'Urn Burial.' If we were to remain long here, growing in feeling like the angels, we would require an algebra—new symbols—for new thoughts."

"There are some men who, if left alone, are as cold as pokers; but like pokers, if they are once thrust into the

fire, they become red hot, and add to the general blaze. Such are some ministers I know, when they get into Church controversies."

"I am not surprised at David's praying to God in the night-watches; in his rising from his bed and ascending to the roof of his house, and when the 'mighty heart' of the city 'was lying still,' and 'the mountains which surrounded Jerusalem' were sleeping in the calm brilliancy of an Eastern night, that he should gaze with rapture on the sky, and pour forth such a beautiful Psalm of Praise as 'When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers.'

"The night is more suited to prayer than the day. I never awake in the middle of the night without feeling induced to commune with God. One feels brought more into contact with Him. The whole world around us, we think, is asleep. God the Shepherd of Israel slumbers not, nor sleeps. He is awake, and so are we! We feel, in the solemn and silent night, as if alone with God. And then there is everything in the circumstances around you to lead you to pray. The past is often vividly recalled. The voices of the dead are heard, and their forms crowd around you. No sleep can bind them. The night seems the time in which they should hold spiritual commune with man. The future too throws its dark shadow over you—the night of the grave, the certain death-bed, the night in which no man can work. And then everything makes such an impression on the mind at night, when the brain is nervous and susceptible; the low sough of the wind among the trees, the roaring, or *eerie whish* of some neighbouring stream, the bark or low howl of a dog, the general impressive silence, all tend to sober, to solemnize the mind, and to force it from the world and its vanities, which then seem asleep, to God, who alone can uphold and defend."

"A holy mind is like Herschell's large telescope, it sees by its great power heavenly truth much more distinctly

than an unrenewed mind can, and also many others which are altogether unseen and unknown to others. But by the same enlarged powers which enable it to see the glories of the heavens, is it able also, nay, cannot choose but see the dust and filth in the atmosphere of earth; let the instrument, however, be removed to a higher and purer region, and then it will 'see clearly, and not as through a glass darkly.'

"Is the gift of saving faith the gift of a telescope—a power to see truths which are unseen by the common eye? or is it the removing of mists and clouds that conceal truths, which but for those mists may be seen by every eye?

"*November*, 1841.—Read Arago's 'Treatise on Astronomy.' It is very simple.

"I sometimes like to fancy things about the stars. May there not be moral systems as well as physical? Moral wholes or plans; a portion of the plan being carried on in one world, and another in another world, so that, like different pieces of a machine, or like the different stars themselves, the whole must be put together and examined before the plan can be understood? The world may be a moral centre; the centre being the cross; from which moral radii extend throughout the moral universe. Physical space and moral space have no connection. It used to be an old question how many angels could dance on the point of a needle; but it had a glimmer of wisdom too, for it arose from a feeling that spiritual things bear no relation to space. May there not be moral constellations?"

MUSIC.

"*Irish Music.*—My father once saw some emigrants from Lochaber dancing on the deck of the emigrant ship, and weeping their eyes out! This feeling is the mother of Irish music.

"It expresses the struggle of a buoyant, merry heart, to get quit of thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. It is the music of an oppressed, conquered—but deeply

feeling, impressible, fanciful, and generous people. It is for the harp in Tara's Halls.

"*Scotch Music.*—A bonny lassie with her plaid, reclining in some pastoral glen among the braes of Yarrow, and waking the sleep that is among the lonely hills with some tale of love, domestic sorrow, or of 'the flowers of the forest, a' wede awa'.'

"*Highland Music.*—The pibroch; the music of the past and gone, of lonely lakes, castled promontories, untrodden valleys and extinguished feuds, wild superstitions, and of a feudal glory and an age of romance and song which have fled on their dun wings from Morven. It is fit only for the large bagpipe in the hall of an old castle, with *thuds* of wind and the dash of billows as its only accompaniment.

"It is deep sorrow that is checked by lofty pride from breaking.

> "'Let foemen rage and discord burst in slaughter.
> Ah then for clansmen true and stern claymore!
> The hearts that would have shed their blood like water,
> Now heavily beat beyond the Atlantic's roar.'

"*German Music.*—The music of the intellect and thought: passion modified by high imagination. It is essentially Gothic, vast and grand. It is for man. The shadow of the Brocken is over it; the solemn sound of the Rhine and Danube pervade it. It is an intellectual gale.

"*French Music.*—A dashing cavalry officer on his way to fight or make love.

"*Italian Music.*—A lovely woman, a Corinne, breathing forth her soul under the influence of one deep and strong passion, beneath a summer midnight sky amidst the ruins of ancient Roman grandeur. It is immensely sensuous.

"*Spanish Music.*—A hot night, disturbed by a guitar.

"*American.*—'Yankee-doodle.'"

"*December*, 1841.—I am much mistaken in the signs of the times, if an episcopal era is not near for Scotland's ecclesiastical history. To form an Episcopalian Church,

quoad spiritualia, we have, 1st, The old and respectable and unchanged Episcopalian families of Scotland. 2nd, The lovers of fashion more than the lovers of God—the families who spend a portion of their time in London, and who like a 'gentlemanly religion.' 3rd, The rich merchants, who wish to wear the new polish, and to look like old State furniture; who, by buying country-houses, by marrying into good families, by getting hold of a property with an old title, and by joining an old form of worship, labour to persuade the world that they never sold timber or sugar since they supplied the Ark with these commodities. 4th, The meek and pious souls who love to eat their bread in peace, and who, weary of the turmoil in our Church, flee to the peace of the Church of England, which seems to reflect the unchangeableness of the Church invisible. 5th, The red-hot Tories, who fly from disgust at the Radicalism of our Church.

"The only checks I see to this tide which I fear will set in for Episcopacy, are: 1st, Puseyism, which treats us as heathen, and will tend to disgust. 2nd, That the Church of Scotland is the Establishment. 3rd, That unless Episcopacy is endowed it cannot advance far. 4th, That if it attempts to get an endowment, we must checkmate it by trying the same for our churches in England, and we would do more harm to Episcopacy in England, than they can to Presbyterianism in Scotland."

"The infidel and the superstitious equally disregard the authority of evidence. The one disbelieves in spite of evidence for the thing rejected; the other believes, in spite of the want of evidence, for the thing received. Hence Popery and Infidelity are so closely allied. Submission to the authority of evidence is the only safeguard against either.

"*Sabbath morning.*—I put some bread for the birds on the window, and thought if God made me so kind to birds, He must be kind to His own creatures—to His own children. By-and-by two chaffinches came and fought for the bread, and one was beaten off; and yet there

was abundance for both. Alas! how many who are richly provided for by God thus fight about the bread of life, rather than partake of it together in peace and thankfulness. The robin is eating, but with what terror! picking and starting as if an enemy were near. Thus do Christians partake as if the Lord grudged what He gives—as if He would not rejoice that they took abundance."

"The best consistency is to be consistent to one's self, by acting every day up to the light of that day. To be governed not by any fixed point *ab extra*, but by the conscience *ab intra*, which will vary its judgments with every change of our position. The traveller who guides his steps in relation to one object, such as a mountain, who wishes to keep always at the same distance from that, may, indeed, keep moving and apparently advancing, but he is travelling in a circle round the one object; but he who is guided by the path will always be changing his relative position, and every step makes him inconsistent with the scenery; but he moves on and on, and advances into new countries, and reaches his journey's end.

"Know thyself, and be true to thyself! Thou art in the way of truth.

"The only consistent mariner is he who steers by the compass, though he is drifted leagues out of his course."

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can it be said that God willeth all men to be saved? Can He will any to be saved for whom there is no atonement?

"If Christ did not die for all men, in what sense is He said to be the Saviour of all men, though specially of those who believe?

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can all men be commanded to believe? What are they to believe? Is this not inviting to a supper insufficient to feed all the guests *if* they came? If it is said 'God knows

they won't come.' I reply, this is charging God with conduct man would be ashamed of. If He died, and they may, yet won't believe, this is moral guilt, not natural inability. It is the guilt of the drunkard who cannot give up drinking; not the guilt of the man without legs who cannot walk, which is no guilt at all."

"Sin, like an angle, does not become greater or smaller by being produced *ad infinitum*."

"It is a pleasing thought that there cannot be different kinds of minds, as there are different kinds of bodies. Bodies have no type of perfection, to which they are in a greater or less degree conformed; no normal form after which they are modelled, their degrees of perfection depending on the nearness to which they come to this model. The zoophyte, or the hydra polype, is as perfect an animal as the elephant, as its parts are perfectly constructed in relation to the end it is destined to fulfil in the creation. But it is not thus with mind. It has a type—an image; and that is God. And to this image it must, whenever found in a right state (one according to God's will and intention), be in conformity. To no intellect in the Universe can the relation of numbers be different from what it is to ours. It is impossible that God would ever create intellects to which two and two would be anything else than four. So in regard to moral things, right and wrong are still the same in the planet Herschel, or in heaven, as on earth. Wherever beings exist that can know God, they must be like God. We thus recognise in the angels the same minds and sympathies with ourselves. When they sing praises as they announce man's redemption, we perceive the same minds, with the same sentiments and reflections as our own; and thus, too, mind becomes a conductor which binds us to the whole universe of rational beings. Every mental and moral being is born after one image—God."

Letter to DR. DONALDSON, when requested to take the chair at a Burns Festival, at Newmilns :—*

Dec. 1839.

"Only consider the matter seriously as a Christian man, and say how we can, with the shadow of consistency, commemorate Burns after sitting down at the Lord's Supper to commemorate the Saviour? I have every admiration for Burns as a poet; but is it possible to separate the remembrance of his genius from the purposes for which it was so frequently used, or rather prostituted? I would, I daresay, have admired and wondered at the magnificent picture which Satan exhibited to the Saviour, had I beheld it; but that would not be a reason why it would have been allowable to have commemorated the genius and power of the mighty being who had delighted my senses with his picture, without any reference to the good, or evil, intended to be done, or actually accomplished, by the splendid work itself. In the same way, however much I admire the beautiful poetry of Burns, I never can forget that, in a great many instances (and these affording me most brilliant examples of his powers) it has been an engine for vice; for over what vice does he not throw the colouring of genius?

"I would willingly say nothing against him, unless I am thus publicly called upon to commemorate him publicly and to say something for him. I cannot, I dare not, as a Christian minister, do this; neither can I but in the strongest manner disapprove of any dinner to his memory. What I have said would, I well know, in the estimation of the world, be termed *cant;* but with the vast majority of thoughtful, well-informed Christians, it is a self-evident truth. Excuse this very hurried note, written amidst many labours. You may make what use you please of it."

* It is interesting to compare his convictions at this period as to the proper course of duty with the position he assumed at the Burns' Centenary in 1859. (See Chapter XIV.)

From his JOURNAL :—

"*August 4th.*—Went with Clerk to preach at Kilmorry, a station on the west side of Ardnamurchan. Had a fine view of the West Hebrides from the summit of the hill. The place where he preaches is very curious.

"Before I went into church I sat down on a knoll to gaze on the scenery. I heard the sound of praise rising from the primitive edifice, and the lash of the waves of the great Atlantic on the shore, and between the hymn and the ocean and the majestic scenery around there was perfect oneness. They all praised God. But the dead cannot

VIEW NEAR KILMORRY.

praise Him ; and what a lonely churchyard that one was! One stumbled upon it. I never saw such rude graves. I could not discover one name or one inscription. Among heather and weeds, you find a small spot raised above the surface, and a turf of heather over it, ill-cut and rudely put on. There is a fearful negligence shown here of the remains of humanity. The churchyards are not inclosed, and the graves are more rude than any I have seen in any country. There is one grave in that remote churchyard in which a woman lies whose history will only be known at the great day. She was called Lowland Mary. About forty years ago she came, no one knew whence, to this remote spot. She was then a young and

pretty woman. She became a servant to a respectable gentleman tenant, and supported herself for thirty years. She was pleasant and communicative on every point but one, and that was her own personal history. Whenever she was asked who or whence she was, she got into a high state of excitement, almost mad. The most she ever said was that her friends could support her, and insinuated that they were well off. It was supposed she was landed from some ship. She lived for years a solitary woman, and died a pauper this year. Clerk was sent for to see her and could not go. Her history was never told.

"I received the following information about Skye from a thoroughly reliable source :—

"To disregard the ordinances and sacraments of the Church has come to be looked upon by the islanders as characteristic of religious life. The superstitious terror with which fanaticism has invested the receiving of Baptism or the Lord's Supper has led men to show their reverence by the strange method of avoiding their observance. The teaching of my cousin, Mr. Roderick Macleod, minister of Bracadale—commonly called Mr. Rory—was the prime cause of this state of things. He held extremely strict and exclusive views as to who should be allowed to partake of the sacraments of his Church. He believed, and acted with unbending rigour, on the principle that a minister should admit no one to these Christian privileges without being fully satisfied in his own mind that the applicant was truly regenerate, while doing so he refused to make known the tests by which he judged of men's spiritual state. The immense majority of the people, not only in Bracadale, but throughout the island, gradually succumbed to his rule; and while continuing nominally attached to the Church of Scotland, yet rarely asked for her sealing ordinances, and either grew indifferent to them, or regarded them, especially the Lord's Supper, with such dread, that no consideration would induce them to partake of them.

"Thus, in the parish of Bracadale, with a population of 1,800, the communicants have been reduced to eight persons. In the neighbouring parish of Diurinish the

communion was never administered from the year 1829 till 1840; while in other parishes the administration was irregular, and the number of communicants incredibly small.* There are hundreds of people unbaptized, and who, even in mature age, evince no desire to receive the sacred rite.

"There is a numerous class of lay preachers, called 'The Men,' who do much to keep up the flame of fanaticism by fierce denunciations of those whom they reckon unworthy communicants, and of the pastors who dare to admit any to Christian privileges but such as have received their *imprimatur*. These "Men" are of various characters and talents. Some of them are animated by a zeal that is genuine if not enlightened, leading lives of strict piety, and gifted with a wonderful flow of natural eloquence; while others have nothing to show but a high-sounding profession of faith, sometimes combined with great worthlessness of character. These separatists wear a distinctive dress, carrying a long blue cloak, and putting a red handkerchief round their heads in church. They judge spiritual character more by such tokens as Sabbatarian strictness than common morality.

"Our way home was by a different but as wild a path, which only Highland horses like Diamond and Brenda

* The anomalous state of things described as existing in Skye in 1842, continues to the present day. There are now hundreds of persons in the island—many of them fathers and mothers, some of them grandfathers and grandmothers—who were never baptized, while the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is looked upon by many with indescribable dread. This gloomy view of the Holy Communion prevails generally throughout the north Highlands; but, as far as I know, Skye is the only place where baptism is so generally neglected. As an instance of the baneful effects of these feelings, even after the erroneous views on which they are founded have been given up, a clergyman relates that when he once asked a parishioner who had come from the north Highlands to become a communicant, he was startled by the reply, "Please say no more. I cannot answer you. I have no doubt that what you say is true; but I tell you that if you had asked me to commit the greatest sin, you could not have frightened me half so much as by inviting me to sit at the table of the Lord." Yet this man was not only intelligent and well-read, but of a truly serious mind and excellent character.

could travel. I could not have believed it without my having seen the inimitable way in which they picked their steps among the loose stones, and walked over ledges of wet rock. We had one magnificent prospect on our way back from the summit of the ridge. It was like the crater of an immense volcano—wild, silent, savage.

"*7th, Sabbath of the Communion.*—The day was wet and stormy, but it was a pleasant day to us all. The English congregation, amounting to about twenty, met in the drawing-room of the Manse. There I preached to them and administered the sacrament. It was a small but solemn meeting, and had a reality about it which I liked. It seemed more like primitive times than anything of the kind I ever saw. And *query*—had no ordained minister been in the parish, and had the parish been removed beyond St. Kilda, and had my worthy and intelligent friend, Mr. Clerk, senr., set apart the bread and wine by prayer for sacramental use, and had that company partaken of the same in order to remember Christ, would this have been a 'mock sacrament,' even though no ordained minister were present?

"*11th.*—Set off upon an expedition to Loch Shiel.

"A fresh breeze of north wind was blowing up Loch Sunard. We went rattling along under a snoring breeze; passed Mingarry Castle and Sthrone McLean, connected with which there is a sad story. McLean was a famous freebooter when McIan was in possession of Mingarry Castle. McIan's wife was fair and vain. McLean was handsome and cunning. He, the enemy of her husband, won her affections. She agreed to admit him to the castle upon a certain night to murder her husband, on condition that he would marry her. McLean accordingly entered the castle at night and murdered the old chief. McIan, however, left an only son, and McLean insisted upon the woman putting to death the son, who alone seemed to stand in the way of his subjecting the district to his own sway. The woman agreed to this, and, accompanied by McLean, reached the wild precipice to throw her child over into the ocean which foamed below. The mother took the child in her arms. She twice swung it in the air to

cast it from her; but not doing so, she was asked by McLean why she delayed.

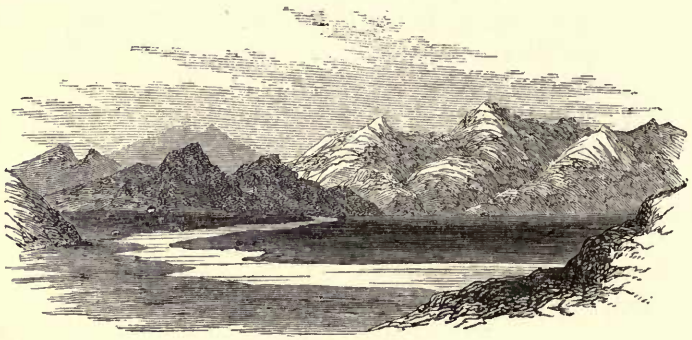
"'The child,' replied the unfortunate woman, 'smiles in my face whenever I attempt it.'

"'Turn then your face away and look not at its smiles,' was the bandit's reply.

"The woman did so, and the child was thrown over the rock. She had no sooner accomplished the deed than McLean turned upon her and said—

"'Away, horrid woman! You who could thus murder your husband and child might murder me!'

"We soon came in sight of Aharacle, which struck me very much as being wild, peculiar, and picturesque.



VIEW FROM AHARACLE.

Aharacle is at the end of Loch Shiel. It is a flat, dark moss surrounded by hills, with a fine view of Rum in the background.

"It affords a curious instance of the singular crystallizing process which the results of the Reformation have undergone, that Papists and Protestants occupy nearly the same territory as they did then. All the Papists are on the north side, and the Protestants upon the south side of Loch Shiel. The parish of Ardnamurchan, which in Papist times contained many parishes, extended (until lately) as far north as Arisaig, about sixty miles as the crow flies, with I daresay five hundred miles of sea-coast.

"We set off for Glen Finnan at four. We pulled for two

or three miles between low flat banks with low ranges of hills near; but there was a grand view ahead, clusters of mountains, with dark gullies, towards which we were steering in high hope. After sailing some miles the lake seemed closed by a green point—intensely green when contrasted with the dark, heathy, rocky mountains which now began to gather round us and above us on every side. We soon discovered from the ruins and crosses which caught our eye that this was Eilean Finnan, of which we had heard so much. It is, indeed, a touching spot, fit place for meditative thought. There are remains still on the island of the old religious establishments, but they are ruins only. Gravestones are scattered around, chiefly, if not altogether,

LOCH SHIEL.

belonging to the Roman Catholic families in the district. One was the grave of a bishop. Another had a skeleton carved out on the stone. Another was a plain bit of wood not a foot high. Rude stone crosses of slate and of modern workmanship were placed here and there. Until a few months ago, when it was removed for safety by the popish proprietor, a small bell remained from time immemorial in a window in the ruins beside three skulls, one of them belonging to a notorious character in the olden time, Ian Muideartach. These skulls have been buried. One thing struck me much about the churchyard, viz., that the rude spokes which had carried the different coffins for burial were deposited beside their respective graves, each grave having a rude spoke on each side of it. In con-

templating that green island with its ruins, I could not restrain those feelings which prompted me to offer up in my heart a tribute of praise to the forgotten religionists who had here lived and died. They may have been in comparative darkness, they may have erred from the truth—but some light they had, and here they made it shine amidst the surrounding darkness of a barbarous age. Some truth they had, and they gave it to others. This island, with its buildings, its matin and vesper bells, its processions, its prayers, its ceremonies, was a visible religion; it was a monument and pledge of something beyond man, a link connecting another world with this; and it must at least have kept before the minds of the barbarian clans who prowled in the neighbouring mountains—gazing upon it from their summits, or listening to its bell calling to early prayer—the truth that there was a God, and reward and punishment beyond the grave, and that the eye of One who hated sin gazed upon them. Popery with its symbols was a pioneer to Protestantism. It was in some respects better calculated to attract the attention of men in a rude and savage state. When man is a child, he speaks as a child; but he should now, in these days of light and intelligence, put away childish things.

"After a pull of twenty-four miles we reached, about ten o'clock, the head of the loch, and saw the tall monument rising like a ghost in the darkness.

"The first thing which attracted my notice in the morning was the monument erected to commemorate Prince Charlie unfurling his standard to regain the throne of his ancestors. This romantic enterprise was begun on this spot.

"And where now are all those fine fellows who, full of enthusiasm and of hope, came streaming down these valleys and covered those scattered rocks? Where those Highland chiefs, the last monuments in Europe of the feudal times, who met here full of chivalry, and of all the stirring thoughts connected with such a romantic and hazardous enterprise? And the young Chevalier himself, with his dreams of ambition and of kingly thrones never to be fulfilled? How strange that the intrigues of a vicious Court should have disturbed the quiet of this solitary glen, and that he, who was then all freshness and manliness, should have

changed Loch Shiel and its warriors for an opera and Italian dissipation! Charlie after all was never *my* darling. He had all the kingly bearing, with all the low cunning and tyrannical spirit, of the Stuarts.

"We left the head of Loch Shiel with a stiff breeze in our teeth. Having seen the picturesque outline of the mountains—which were hanging over us so that the eagle perched upon their summits might almost look into our boat—both in the evening when their forms mingled with the dark shadow of the lake, and their summits glowed with crimson and gold, and also at night when their giant forms stood in close column, their stature reaching the sky on every side of us, we were glad to see them now half robed in mist, and bedewed with many a snowy rill. After a stiff pull we reached Aharacle about two, and soon found ourselves again on the banks of Loch Sunard."

To JOHN MACKINTOSH:—

LOUDOUN MANSE, *October 8th*, 1842.

"You are in a glorious country. There is, I think, a finer combination and loveliness in the scenery of the Lakes than in our West Highlands, with the exception of our majestic sea views; our castled promontories, scattered islands, rapid tides, glimpses of boundless horizons, and far-winding sea coasts are, I think, unrivalled for sublimity. But there is a snugness, and what Carlyle calls a 'Peace reposing in the bosom of strength,' in the lake scenery, which, with the exception of some parts of the Tyrol, one sees nowhere else.

"Have you seen Wordsworth? He is a perfect Pan of the woods, but a glorious creature. Such men elevate my views of the Supreme Mind more than all the scenery of earth."

"WHAT though we are but weary pilgrims here,
Trav'lers whose place of rest is not below;
Who must along the path of sorrow go;
For those we cherish and regard as dear
With weak hearts trembling betwixt hope and fear:
Yet, mourning brother, wherefore should we know

That rayless grief which broodeth o'er despair?
For still a lot most full of bliss is ours!—
Sweet commune with the good which are and were,
Virtue and love, high truth, exalted powers,
Converse with God in deep, confiding pray'r,
An ever-present Lord to seek and save,
The word which quickens more than vernal showers,
A Father's house beyond the hollow grave!"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge.

LOUDOUN, *December*, 1842.

"I feel with you that our 'inner men' did not commune sufficiently when you were here. There was more a rubbing of surfaces than a melting together of two souls. It was only after you went away that I began to grieve over undone work, and unsaid things, and half said things. But when I have time I will send you broken images of my thoughts, that you can patch together—half crystallized opinions that will enable you to guess the form which they are tending towards. There are many points in theology upon which I somehow think you are destined, like myself, to undergo a change, and about these I am very anxious to communicate with you; such as the universality of the atonement, the nature of saving faith, the doctrine of assurance, and the sacraments. I have been reading, writing, meditating, preaching, and praying upon these subjects, and I feel the necessity of having such clear definite ideas upon them as will stand examination.

"I am busier than ever. I have been preaching round the parish upon Thursday evenings. At all those meetings I collect for religious purposes. Last Thursday I collected 31*s.* 6*d.* in a small schoolroom! I have also—don't laugh—commenced a course of lectures on geology for the Newmilns weavers! It will extend to about ten lectures.

"I have never engaged in any duty, for I call it duty, which has given me such pleasure. You know that there

has always been a set of shrewd, well-read, philosophical weavers here—vain, but marvellously well informed, and half infidel—who were very civil when I went to see them, but would never come to church. They were generally Chartists, and talked very big about the '*priests*' not wishing the people to become well informed, and so on. Well, I hardly knew how to get to windward of these men, but I knew they had formed themselves into a 'Philosophical Institution' and sometimes got men to lecture to them from Kilmarnock. I hinted to one of them that I would willingly lecture. They sent a deputation to request me to do so. I agreed. Subject, geology. I have for the last ten years been fond of the science, and luckily I had just finished a two months' course of reading on it, and had a large collection of all the best books. Well, not to make my story long, up I went to the village on the appointed night, expecting to find the members of the Institution only assembled, but I found the schoolhouse crammed with one hundred and fifty people admitted by penny tickets, and about fifty people outside! You can have no idea, unless you knew the excitability of our people, of the interest these lectures have created: they speak of nothing else; old fellows stop and touch their hats and thank me. When I finished my second, men who used to avoid me, gave me three rounds of cheers! and last Sabbath night I saw some of the *philosophers* in church for the first time. They have got the dissenting church for me to lecture in. I have got Buckland's map copied on a large scale, and we begin a spring course, to not less, I am persuaded, than six or seven hundred people! I think this is a practical lesson. Let a minister use every means to come in contact with every class, to win them first on common ground, and from thence endeavour to bring them to holy ground. Only fancy a fossil fern from the coal, the solitary specimen in the mineralogical cabinet of the institution, going the round of Newmilns as an unheard-of curiosity! Poor souls! if you knew how I do love the working classes.

"*Dec.* 30*th.*—The former part of this letter was written a week ago. It proves to you what a slow coach I am. I

wanted to have written to you about our unfortunate Church, but the subject is too important to be dealt with in a letter. I have seen nothing published upon this subject which so completely expresses my own views as Morren of Greenock's letters to his congregation. If I can get them in a complete form I will send them to you. My principles may be shortly stated. The Church, as an independent power in spiritual things, agrees in forming an alliance with the State to act in reference (for example) to the induction of presentees into parishes in one particular way, out of fifty other ways she might have chosen, all being agreeable to the Word of God. This particular way is embodied in an Act of Parliament—a civil act—and consequently implies an obligation on the part of the two contracting parties, the Church and State, to obey its enactments. Of this civil act the civil courts are alone the constitutional interpreters, and we must either obey their interpretation or walk out. I wish the law was modified, but I can live under it. I believe there must be a large secession. No Government can yield to their demands.

"Write to me soon. This is a wild night. It is late. My communion is on the second Sabbath of January. Pray for me."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I heard, the end of last week, that T—— B—— and D—— T—— were ill and dying. Neither of them sent for me, but I determined, thank God, to see them. I felt a particularly strong desire to do so. Here let me record for my guidance a rule—Always when a fitting opportunity arrives be sowing the seed. Read the Gospel in private, in season and out of season, and God may bless it when least expected by you. I went to see B. first, and found him dying. Most earnestly did I urge upon him a free salvation, and the truth that God has good-will to man. I then went to T.'s. He had been a cold, heartless man, a Chartist, and his son was the only man in Newmilns (except his brother) who "cut" me, and who was very uncivil to me both in his father's presence

and in his own house. Indeed, I had to leave him on the ground of incivility. To this man's house I felt I must go. But I went in prayer, leaving it to God, and conscious that I went from a sense of duty. But oh how chastened was D. ! lamenting neglected opportunities, and serious and thoughtful about salvation. His son entered at the end of my visit. D. shook hands with me, and his son, mild and civil, thanked me cordially for my visit. Always do duty trusting to God, who will make light arise out of darkness.

"*Saturday Evening, 29th.*—I was last week at Kilninver burying dear old Dr. Campbell,* who died upon the 17th. My father is the best travelling companion I know, so full of anecdote and traditionary tales."

* Father of the late John Macleod Campbell, D.D.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISRUPTION CONTROVERSY.

THE Disruption of 1843 forms an interesting and curious page in modern ecclesiastical history. The enthusiasm and stern devotion to duty which led hundreds of good men to leave the Church of their fathers, and peril their all for conscience sake, formed a startling spectacle in the midst of the materialism of the nineteenth century. It was no wonder that the appeal made to the generous sympathies of the nation —when the people saw so many of their most revered ministers sacrificing manse and glebe and stipend for what they believed to be their duty—received a generous response. And if the commencement of the Free Church was a remarkable illustration of the undying 'perfervidum ingenium Scotorum'—no less has her subsequent history been characterized by rare wisdom and energy. Every Christian man must ungrudgingly recognise the great good which she has accomplished. The benefits which have attended her devoted labours are too palpable to require enumeration. Her rapid multiplication of the means of grace at home and abroad, the wisdom of her organization, the boldness of her enterprise, the splendid liberality of her members, and the worth and ability of many of her

ministers, have conferred untold blessings, direct and indirect, on the cause of religion. She has not only been a distinguished missionary agent, but she has powerfully stimulated the zeal of other Churches.

Yet it would be untruthful not to recognise the evils which, we believe, accompanied the Disruption. Ecclesiastical strife, which introduced discord into every parish and into thousands of families, not only greatly destroyed the frank cordiality of social life in Scotland, but converted every community into a set of mutually suspicious factions, and thus did grievous damage to the Christian spirit of the country. For the zeal with which the claims of Church and party were advanced was too often characterized by a bitterness of temper, a violence of language, and a virulence of sectarian animosity, which promoted anything but Christian life as exemplified by humility, justice, and charity. When there was such denunciation of ecclesiastical opponents that their loyalty to the will of Christ was questioned; and when there was added to such presumption of judgment, the frequent refusal, in word and practice, to recognise the Establishment as a true branch of Christ's Church, an acerbity was imparted to the controversy which was far from being edifying to the public. This rivalry of the sects also tended to weaken the authority and impair the discipline of all Churches, and diminish the feelings of reverence with which the sacred office of the ministry used to be regarded. Those, moreover, who value a national testimony to religion not as a mere theory, but as exemplified in practical legislation, must regret

the perilous issues which have ensued from the jealousy and division of the Churches in Scotland. Although there is, perhaps, no free country really so united in its creed, yet there are few where it has been more difficult to settle even such matters as education without risking every guarantee for religion.

It is certainly from no desire to re-open controversies, which, thank God, have in a great measure lost their bitterness, that these things are referred to here. Most of those who took a leading part in the warfare have entered into their rest, and 'seeing eye to eye' have learned to love one another in the fellowship of the Church glorified. It is therefore peculiarly painful to recall a time of misunderstanding and bitterness. But in describing the part taken by Norman Macleod during years of keen and important debate, historical truthfulness, as well as the duty imposed on his biographer of throwing as much light as possible on the motives which then actuated him, and which led to the strong expressions of opinion sometimes to be found in his journals and letters, make it necessary to re-create, to a certain extent, the atmosphere which then surrounded him. If there are hard words sometimes uttered by him, it can be asserted, with all truth, that they owe their character chiefly to his intense desire for tolerance and love between Christian men and Christian Churches, and from detestation of that party-spirit which is ever so destructive of right Christian feeling.

For the sake of clearness, therefore, as well as of illustrating the position taken by Norman Macleod during this discussion, we shall state, as briefly and

impartially as possible, the points at issue in a controversy which agitated Scotland to its centre, drove into hostile camps those who had been previously united by the most sacred ties, and is still affecting the public and private life of the kingdom.

The tide of fresh intellectual life which passed over Europe in the early part of the nineteenth century, causing in France the Revolution of 1830, and in Britain the Reform Bill of 1832, manifested its effects in almost every sphere in which the voice of the populace could be heard. It told with power upon all religions and all Churches, and as might have been expected, had a marked influence on the Church of Scotland, whose government from the first had been democratic. With the quickening of political and intellectual life, there was also a revival, in the best sense, of spiritual religion. The earlier movements of this new life were towards objects of missionary enterprise, in which both parties in the Church vied with each other. The India Mission, the Education and Colonial Schemes, inaugurated by the leaders of the 'Moderates,' were heartily supported by the 'Evangelicals,' who, at the same time, led by Dr. Chalmers, were urging on Church extension with splendid tokens of success. The spirit of party was at this time chiefly manifested in the defence of Church Establishments against the Voluntaries, and the war, carried on mainly by the future Non-Intrusionists, was characterized by great argumentative ability, and by no little intolerance of spirit towards dissent. This campaign against the Voluntaries was closely connected with the events which followed

within the Church and which led to its dismemberment. For the desire to popularise the Establishment as much as possible, and to show that her constitution ensured the same freedom and independence of government which belonged to dissenting communities, gradually led to a series of legislative enactments, on the part of the General Assembly, which raised the fatal *questiones vexatæ* that produced the secession.

Divested of the entanglements into which they fell, and viewed apart from the strict chronological order of events, the questions which ultimately divided the Church may be thus stated :—

I. They had reference to the constitutional power of the Church.

II. To practical legislation.

I. The two parties into which the Church was divided had divergent beliefs as to the nature of the spiritual independence which of right belonged to the Church.

The Non-Intrusion party maintained that in all questions, the subject-matter of which involved what was spiritual, the jurisdiction of the Church courts was exclusive, and that their sentences were unchallengeable, even when it was asserted by a party complaining, that the laws and constitution of the Church itself were being violated. The Church had also, according to them, the right to declare what was spiritual, and was in such cases quite free, not only to decide on the merits, but to change the forms of law regulating her procedure. They denied, moreover, that the Civil Courts had power to pronounce any decision which could touch the spiritual sentence,

even in cases where a civil right was so involved that it could not easily be separated from the spiritual. The Ecclesiastical Courts were to stand to the Civil very much as the Court of Arches stands to Chancery.

They claimed, in short, for the Church constitutional powers co-ordinate not with the Civil Courts only, but with the State—a right not only to make new laws, but to be the interpreter of her own laws in every case where the question involved that which was spiritual, although civil rights were affected by it.

In all such things she was to be responsible to Jesus Christ alone as the Head of the Church.

The position of the other party was equally clear. They believed as firmly as their brethren in the duty of accepting no law which inferred disloyalty to the revealed will of the Great Head. They also claimed for the Church undisputed liberty in the exercise of her judicial functions. But they further asserted that when the Church, after due deliberation, had settled her own constitution, and had come to terms with the State as to the conditions on which she should accept establishment, and had satisfied herself that there was nothing in the statutes so establishing her which inferred disloyalty to conscience and the Word of God, she had then become bound by contract, and had no right *proprio motu* to legislate in such a manner as to nullify her own constitution and the statutes to which she had agreed. These laws had become her laws, and held her in a certain fixed relationship, not only with the State, but with her own members and every individual who had a *locus standi* before her courts,

whether minister, communicant, patron, or heritor. All these, the constitutional party maintained, had a right to see that they had the privileges of law, that they were tried by properly constituted courts, and with the observance of such forms of process as statute law and the practice of the Church herself prescribed. They also maintained that any one who deemed himself aggrieved by an infringement of law, was entitled to the protection of the Civil Courts. When disputes arose not respecting what the *law ought to be*, but as to what *was* the existing law by which the Church Courts and the members of the Church were equally bound, they held that this, being a purely legal question, fell of necessity to be determined by a court of law. It was but the law of contract applied to matters ecclesiastical, and the tribunal which could alone definitely settle what the terms of contract were must, in their view, be the courts of the country charged with the authoritative interpretation of law. While they yielded nothing to their opponents in claiming spiritual independence for the Church, they were of opinion that that independence, and the allegiance due to the great Head, were best secured by maintaining intact the constitution which the Church had adopted and which the State had, at the suit of the Church, confirmed. They held that no change could be made without the consent of all parties interested, and that to concede to any majority, which happened to obtain ascendancy in the General Assembly, power to alter the constitution of the Church, either as to doctrine or discipline, was not legitimate independence, but licence

which, if carried to its logical consequences, might ultimately destroy the Church.

Such were the different ideas of jurisdiction and of spiritual independence which were held by the two parties. They soon found an ample field for discussion in the questions which arose during the 'Ten Years' Conflict.'

II. The Assembly of 1834 was the first in which the 'High party' gained a majority over the 'Moderates,' and their victory was signalised by the passing of two Acts, which laid the train for all the disastrous consequences that ensued.

(*a*) The first was the Veto Act.

Although lay patronage had always been distasteful to a section of the clergy, and unpopular with the vast majority of the people, yet, with the exception of a comparatively short period, it had been in some form or other enforced by statute, and recognised in the practice of the Church ever since her establishment. The Act of Queen Anne, at all events, had been in force for more than one hundred and twenty years. The forms to be observed in the settlement of ministers were also of express enactment. It was the duty of Presbyteries to take all presentees on trial, and, if found qualified, to induct them, unless such objections were tendered by the parishioners as should approve themselves valid to the court. The liberty of judgment was to lie with the Church courts alone, without right of appeal.

But in 1834 the party which had become dominant in the General Assembly, professing to give greater effect to the will of the people, and to prevent the

recurrence of such scandals in the working of the law of patronage as had occurred during the cold period of the eighteenth century, passed an Act which practically got quit of patronage by a side-wind. This was the Veto Act, by which power was given to a majority of the male communicants, being heads of families, to veto the settlement of a particular minister without assigning any reason, Presbyteries being at the same time enjoined to accept this Veto as an absolute bar to all further proceedings. In this manner they hoped to secure non-intrusion, and nullify the evil effects of patronage. The power of judgment was thus transferred from the Church Courts to the male communicants, being heads of families; and the quality of the judgment was altered from one supported by reasons, to that of a Veto pronounced without any grounds being assigned. The majority in the Assembly which passed this law certainly believed they had constitutional power so to legislate. But not only did a large and influential minority—no less than one hundred and thirty-nine against a majority of one hundred and eighty-four—protest against it as *ultra vires*, but Chalmers himself had doubts of its legality, while he supported its adoption. After the passing of the Act, the constitutional party offered no factious opposition; they allowed it a fair trial, and in several instances it was acted upon without question. But at last, in the Auchterarder case, its competency was challenged by a patron and presentee, and the question was brought to an issue by a declaratory action in the Civil Court. The patron asserted that

his civil right, secured by statute, had been infringed, and the presentee that his privilege as a licentiate of the Church to be taken on trial by the Presbytery had been denied. On the question of law thus submitted to them, the civil courts—first the Court of Session and then the House of Lords—decided that the Veto Act was *ultra vires*. The ecclesiastical majority then professed themselves willing to give up the temporalities, but refused to take the presentee on trial, or to proceed in any way with his settlement. In all this, however, the State never interfered, and the Courts of Law pronounced their decision only because it was asked regarding the proper interpretation of a statute. No one sought to fetter the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Courts as to the fitness or unfitness of the presentee for the benefice, or as to the validity of the objections which the people might bring against him. All that was insisted on was that the Presbytery—and the Presbytery alone—was bound to try the suitability of the presentee and that it was illegal to accept the simple Veto of 'heads of families being communicants' as a sufficient bar to induction.* The dominant party in the Assembly, however, would not listen to this reasoning. They claimed spiritual inde-

* Even the Act, 1690, c. 23, which is appealed to in the Free Church Claim of Rights as if it were the very charter of the liberties of the Church, while it vests patronage in the heritors and elders—giving them the right to propose a minister to a congregation for their approval—expressly requires disapprovers "to give in their reasons to the effect the affair may be cognosced upon by the Presbytery of the Bounds, at whose judgment and by whose determination the calling and entry of the particular minister is to be ordered and concluded." The Veto Act, however, conferred on the people the right to reject a presentee without any trial and without assigning any reasons.

pendence, and absolutely refused obedience to the Civil Court.

The next step irretrievably involved both parties. This was taken in the well-known Marnoch case. The Presbytery of Strathbogie, acting on the injunctions of the General Assembly, but contrary to the judgment of a majority of their own number, and notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, refused to take a presentee on trial. Upon this the presentee complained to the Civil Court. Before this tribunal the majority of the Presbytery appeared and stated they were satisfied that by the laws of the Church they were bound to take the presentee on trial, but that they were restrained by an order of the superior Ecclesiastical Court. The Court of Session, however, told them that such an order was *ultra vires*, and ordered them to proceed. Their own convictions as to their duty being thus confirmed by a judicial sentence, they —unfortunately without waiting to throw the responsibility on the Assembly—took the presentee on trial, and having found him duly qualified, inducted him. For this act of disobedience to their injunctions the General Assembly deposed the majority of the Presbytery. The constitutional party, on the other hand, who were in a minority in the Assembly, accepting the decision of the Civil Court as a confirmation of what they had themselves all along maintained to be the law of the Church, felt themselves bound to treat the ministers, who had been deposed for obeying that law, as if no ecclesiastical censure had been passed. They appealed,

in short, from the decision of the dominant majority to the obligations which the statutes establishing the Church imposed. Matters thus came to a dead-lock, and both sides found themselves in a position from which it was almost impossible to retreat.

(*b*) Another proceeding of the same General Assembly of 1834 led even more decidedly to a similar conflict—for by the law then passed affecting Chapels of Ease, a formal right had been given to Ministers of *quoad sacra* or non-parochial churches, to sit in Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies. The theory of Presbyterian parity, and some precedents which had not at the time been challenged, lent countenance to the Act. But its legality was disputed by the parishioners of Stewarton, in 1839, and, after trial, the Court of Session found it unconstitutional and incompetent. As Presbyteries are Courts which possess jurisdiction not only in matters spiritual, but in civil matters,—such as the building and repair of Manses, Churches, and the examination of schoolmasters—it was evident that any parishioner or heritor or schoolmaster, as well as minister, was entitled to object to any one sitting as a member of the Court who had no legal right to do so. The Non-Intrusion party, however, once more claimed supremacy for the General Assembly. The Church, and the Church only, they said, had the right to determine who should sit in her Courts; but the Court of Session held that it was a violation of the law of the land as well as of the constitution of the Church itself, to allow any minister to act as judge in a Presbytery who was not the minister of a parish, and issued interdict accordingly.

Confusion thus became worse confounded. With the view of reconciling parties, measures were proposed in Parliament for the settlement of ministers, in which the utmost latitude was given to the liberty of the people to object. One point alone was stipulated,—the Church Courts must decide whether the objections to the presentee were good or bad, and their decision was to be final. But even this was not satisfactory. Nothing short of such a *liberum arbitrium* must be given to the people as has been commemorated in the song—

> "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell."

The extreme party had taken their position, and it was not easy to recede from it. The 'Ten Years' Conflict' waxed louder and fiercer as it approached its lamentable close. A Convocation of the Free Church party was held to mature measures for the final separation. Deputations were appointed to visit every parish whose minister was of the opposite party, and to stir up the people so as to prepare them for secession. The language used by these deputies was not unfrequently of the wildest and most reprehensible description. The choice they put before the country was 'Christ or Cæsar.' Motives of the most mercenary description were too often attributed to the ministers who dared to abide by the Establishment. There was kindled, especially in the North Highlands, a fanaticism the intensity of which would now appear incredible. It was, in short, a period of untold excitement.

Norman Macleod was for a long time unwilling to be dragged into the controversy, and pursued his parochial duties with increasing earnestness, without entering into the strife which was raging around him. He was unfitted alike by temperament and by conviction for being a 'party man,' and until nearly the end of the conflict his sympathies were not greatly roused by the action of either side. He felt that the High Churchmen or 'Evangelicals' were, on the one hand, exaggerating the importance of their case, for he had seen noble types of Christianity in England and Germany under forms and conditions widely different from what were pronounced in Scotland essential to the existence of the Church. His common sense condemned the recklessness with which the very existence of the National Church was imperilled for the sake of an extreme and, at the best, a dubious question of ecclesiastical polity. In whatever way the dispute might be settled, his practical mind saw that nothing was involved which could hinder him from preaching the Gospel freely, or interfere either with his loyalty to the Word of God, or with the utmost liberty in promoting the advancement of Christ's kingdom. His whole nature was opposed to what savoured of ultramontane pretensions, however disguised, and knowing how easily 'presbyter' might become 'priest writ large,' he was too much afraid of the tyranny of Church Courts and ecclesiastical majorities, not to value the checks imposed by constitutional law. He was, moreover, repelled by the violence of temper, the unfairness of judgment, and the spiritual pride, displayed by so many of the

'Evangelicals.' He had known and loved too many excellent Christian men among the so-called 'Moderates,' not to be shocked by the indiscriminate abuse which was heaped on them.

On the other hand, he had such reverent love for Chalmers, the leader of the 'Evangelicals,' and for many of the eminent men associated with him, that he was for a time led to sympathize with their side, without adopting the policy they advocated. Although he afterwards perceived the inconsistency of the utterances of Chalmers in this controversy with the whole of his previously declared opinions on Church and State,* yet there was a boldness displayed by the party at whose head was his old teacher, and a warmth and zeal for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, which appeared, to his eyes, in favourable contrast with the proverbial coldness of the 'Moderates.'

He did not, however, publicly commit himself to a side, nor did he, indeed, carefully examine the question, until the thickening of the storm compelled him to do so. A speech delivered by Mr. Whigham, then sheriff of Perth, opened his eyes to the true nature of the issue set before the Church. He went home to Loudoun, shut himself up in his study, plunged into the history and literature of the controversy, and fairly thought out for himself the conclusions which determined his line of action.

In April, 1843, a small section of the Church, known by the sobriquet of 'The Forty,' or 'The Forty Thieves,' attempted to take a middle course between extremes. They refused to identify the

* "Third Crack about the Kirk," *passim*.

principle of Non-Intrusion with the Veto Act, or with its spirit, and were ready to accept as a compromise such an arrangement as afterwards became law through Lord Aberdeen's Bill, by which the utmost freedom was declared to belong to the Presbytery to decide on the suitableness of each presentee to the particular circumstances of the parish to which he had been nominated by the patron. They equally differed from the extreme 'Moderates,' who were content with existing law, and who did not desire any further popularising of the Church. 'The Forty' would undoubtedly have been content had patronage been done away altogether, and the bone of contention for ever removed.

Shortly after the declaration of 'The Forty,' Norman intimated to Dr. Leishman, its leader, his wish to append his name, expressing the characteristic hope that 'The Forty' would soon become another '45, to revolutionise the policy of the Church.

At last the war came to his own door, and he was roused to a public defence of his principles. A deputation had been sent to his parish, for the purpose of promoting secession, and of driving the people from his ministry. He at once addressed his parishioners on the disputed question with such effect, that their loyalty was secured almost to a man. He next wrote a pamphlet suited for the common people. It was in the form of a dialogue, conducted in pithy Scotch, and entitled, 'A Crack about the Kirk.'* Its wit and clearness of statement at once attracted attention, and it passed rapidly through several editions.

* See Appendix B.

The first 'Crack' was speedily followed by two others, which were hardly so racy in style, though perhaps quite as powerful in argument.

About the same period he found himself placed in a position of painful responsibility. The case which had determined the non-eligibility of Chapel Ministers to sit in Presbyteries had been that of Stewarton, in the Presbytery of Irvine. He was moderator of the Presbytery when the election of commissioners, to sit in the ensuing General Assembly of '43, was to take place. As moderator it was his duty to keep the actings of the Presbytery in due form; and as the decision of the Court of Session satisfied him that the ministers of Chapels *quoad sacra* had no legal position in the Ecclesiastical Court, he declared his determination not to admit their votes, and intimated that, should they insist on retaining their seats at the meeting of Presbytery, he would then separate, with all such members as should adhere to him, and constitute the Court from a roll purged of the names of all not legally qualified. 'A circumstance had come to his knowledge,' he said, 'since the last meeting that materially weighed with him in the step he was about to take at this juncture. It had been declared by the public organs of the Non-Intrusionists,* and he heard it stated frequently in private, and never heard it contradicted, that it was the intention of the party which was about to secede, not to retire merely as a section of the Church, but, by gaining a majority in the Assembly, to declare the connection between Church and State at an end, and,

* *Vide* the *Presbyterian Review*, April, 1843.

moreover, to excommunicate those who remained in the Church as by law established. He would by all constitutional means, and at all hazards, do all that in him lay to prevent the venerable Establishment to which he was attached from being annihilated, and himself and his brethren from being held up to their people as excommunicated ministers. And to attain this object he felt it necessary for the members of Presbytery to send none but legally qualified commissioners to the next Assembly, and he saw no other possible course for accomplishing this than separating from their *quoad sacra* brethren. He would go further, perhaps, to evince his love and attachment to the Church of his fathers than by merely giving up a stipend; and to separate from his brethren with whom he had associated in the Presbytery, was as sore a trial as any he had yet met with. . . . . While he gave the utmost credit to his brethren on the opposite side for the sincerity of their intentions, he claimed the same credit from them for his conduct in this matter, as being dictated by a conscientious sense of duty.' He accordingly separated with those who adhered to him, and the first split in the Church took place.

He was a member of the famous Assembly of '43, and used to recount the strange vicissitudes of that eventful meeting. He gives some reminiscences in letters and journals, but they are meagre compared with those to which his friends have frequently listened. 'The sacrifices,' he often said, 'were certainly not all on one side.' With indignant energy he portrayed the trial it was to the flesh to keep by

the unpopular side and to act out what conscience dictated as the line of duty. If it was hard to go out, it was harder to stay in. It would have been a relief to have joined the procession of those who passed out amid the huzzas of the populace, and who were borne on the tide of enthusiasm,—greeted as martyrs and regarded as saints, in place of remaining by the apparent wreck of all that was lately a prosperous Church. The heart sank at the spectacle of those empty benches where once sat Chalmers and Welsh and Gordon, and such able leaders as Candlish and Cunningham; while the task of filling up more than four hundred vacant charges, and reorganizing all the foreign missionary agencies of the Church, which had in one day disappeared, was terribly disheartening. There was no encouragement from the outside world for those who began with brave hearts to clear away the wreck. Scorn and hissing greeted them at every turn, as men whose only aim was 'to abide by the stuff.' One unpopular step had to be resolutely taken after another, and the impolitic legislation of the last ten years reversed. Unless there had been in his mind a deep sense of duty, Norman Macleod was the last man in the world to undertake the dreary task which for many a day was assigned to him and to his brethren. But he did not hesitate. Although his heart was burdened by its anxieties, he took his place from that day onward as a 'restorer of the breach,' and was spared to see that the labours of those who endeavoured in the hour of danger to preserve the blessings of an Established Church for the country had not been thrown away.

And the history of both Churches has since then amply vindicated the position taken by the party which was then ready to move for reform without disruption. The policy of 'The Forty' has been practically followed by the Church for several years past, and it is that, on the one hand, which has led to the gradual removal of the difficulties affecting Chapels of Ease, by erecting them into Endowed Parishes *quoad sacra*, and which, on the other, has obtained from Parliament a total repeal of the Law of Patronage. The problems which disturbed the Church have thus been settled by patient and devoted labour, conducted in a spirit of toleration and charity towards others, and with an honest endeavour after reconstruction on a sure and national ground.

It is not too much to say that to many minds the history of the Free Church has presented a marked contrast to this. In spite of her great energy, they believe that she has failed to solve the difficulty she herself raised as to the relationship of Church and State. In the Cardross case, her claim to spiritual independence within her own denomination was judicially denied. May it not therefore be questioned whether, after little more than thirty years' existence, she does not really find herself without a logical position between Voluntaryism and the Establishment?

Norman Macleod made two speeches during the memorable Assembly of 1843—the first being in reference to a motion of Dr. Cook for rescinding the Veto. A distinguished minister of the Church, who was then a student, records the deep impression which this speech made. The courage and Christian en-

thusiasm of its tone, he says, inspired confidence in the hearts of many who were almost despairing, and for his own part greatly confirmed his loyalty. When he heard it he exclaimed, 'There is life in the old Church yet,' and gave himself anew to its ministry. Only a condensed report remains of this speech, but the following extract gives some idea of its bearing:—

'Difficult as the task is which those who have left us have assigned to us, I, for one, cheerfully, but yet with chastened and determined feelings, accept of it. I do so, God knoweth, not for my own ease and comfort. If I consulted them, or any selfish feeling, I would take the popular and easy method of solving all difficulties, by leaving the Establishment; but I am not free to do so. I glory in declaring that this is not a Free Presbyterian Church. We are not free to legislate beyond the bounds of the constitution; we are not free to gratify our own feelings at the expense of the good of the country. Neither are we free from the weaknesses and infirmities of humanity—its fears, despondencies, and anxieties. No! we are bound, but bound by honour, conscience, and law—by the cords of love and affection—to maintain our beloved Established Church, and, through it, to benefit our dear fatherland. And I am not afraid. By the grace of God we shall succeed. We shall endeavour to extinguish the fire which has been kindled, and every fire but the light of the glorious Gospel, which we shall, I hope, fan into a brighter flame. And the beautiful spectacle which was presented to us on Sabbath evening in the dense crowd assembled here to ask the blessing of God on our beloved Church,

enabled me to distinguish amid the flames the old motto flashing out, 'Nec tamen consumebatur.' We shall try to bring our ship safe to harbour, and if we haul down the one flag 'Retract! No, never!' we shall hoist another, 'Despair! No, never!' And if I live to come to this Assembly an old man, I am confident that a grateful posterity will vindicate our present position, in endeavouring, through good report and bad report, to preserve this great national institution as a blessing to them and to their children's children.'

To the REV. A. CLERK, Ardnamurchan.

LOUDOUN MANSE, *February 18th*, 1843.

"How thankful ought you to be for your lot being cast in a parish which is known only to a few sea-fowl, to Sir John Barrow, or the Trigonometrical Survey! No convocationist can find you out—no *Witness* or *Guardian* newspaper has any conception where you are—no Commission would know where to send for you if they wished to depose you. The Church and State may be severed during your life ere you hear of the dissolution, or suffer by it. Happy recluse! fortunate eremite! Pity a poor brother who is tossed on the sea of Lowland commotion. He needs both pity and sympathy.

"To be serious—for this is too serious a time for joking—I am most anxious to give you an account of my personal adventures in this troublous time, and to lay before you, for your kind, candid, and prayerful advice, the position in which I may very soon be placed. You know how earnestly I have tried to keep out of this Church question. Not that I was by any means indifferent to its importance, for it is connected with the question of the age (as it has been the question of ages gone by, viz., the relation of Church and State, and their mutual duties), and which, in one form or other, is discussed over Europe. Neither was I indolent in acquiring information on the subject, as my extensive collection of pamphlets, my Church history notes, my

underlined Books of Discipline, Acts of Assembly and of Parliament, my repeated conversations with men of *both* parties, and my own conscience, can testify. But my *heart* does not sympathize with controversy. I hate it. It is the worst way of getting good. It is at best a sore operation; rendered, perhaps, necessary by the state of the body politic—but nevertheless a sore operation; and I hate the cutting, flaying, bleeding, connected—I fear, inseparably—with all such modes of cure. Besides, whatever opinion I might have of their system of Church and State government, I really do not like the *animus* of the Edinburgh *clique*. There is a domineering, bullying temper about many of them, a sort of evangelical method of abusing, and a conscientious way of destroying a man's character and making him have the appearance of being evil, which I loathe. The cold, gentlemanly Moderate, in spite of his many faults, is more bearable to my flesh and blood than the loud-speaking high professor, who has as little real heart for religion as the other. I would rather —— than —— or ——. The one may be a Sadducee, the other looks like a Pharisee. I would sooner have the glacier than the volcano. Pardon me, Archy, for saying this, but I am heartily vexed with what I have lived to see done under the cloak of Evangelism. I now begin to understand how the Puritanism of Charles I.'s time should have produced libertinism in the reign of Charles II.—aye, and the persecution too. Well, I am digressing from my theme. I said that I wished to keep out of this *row*, and to do my Master's work and will in my dear, dear parish. I hoped to be let alone to win souls quietly in this sweet bay where we only felt the pulse-beating of that great ocean which was roaring and raging outside. But no! The country must be raised and excited, and my parish, of course, did not escape. When absent at Kilninver, I heard that B. of L. and W. of B. had been making arrangements for a meeting, both in Newmilns and Darvel. The evening came—B. was unwell, and W. alone arrived. The place of meeting was the Secession Church in Newmilns (contrary to Mr. Bruce's mind), and the Cameronians' meeting-place in Darvel. I went to the first meeting, at

seven o'clock. Newmilns, you know, has nearly two thousand inhabitants, besides the country round. There were about a hundred in church; of these, sixty were Chartists, and the rest Dissenters and Churchmen. W. spoke for an hour—very tamely and very lamely, I thought, but was perfectly civil. If you only heard his arguments! The gist of the first part of his speech was this:—The Church ought to obey the Bible—the Bible says, 'Beware of false prophets;' 'Try the spirits,' &c. These are commands, duties which must be performed, and necessarily imply liberty and power on the part of the Christian people to judge. The *ergo* was the amusing thing from these premises—*ergo*, the Church passed the Veto Act! which gave the privilege to the male heads of families to object! He went on thus until he came to that which a sausage has—the end, and then said that if any elders or communicants present wished to sign their names to certain resolutions they would have an opportunity, and mentioned how successful he had been in other parishes. I could stand this no longer, but sprang up—to the visible astonishment of W.—and told the people if they had any confidence in me not to give him one name, and I would take an early opportunity of satisfying them that the question was a much more difficult one than it was represented to be by Mr. W———. He said nothing, but gave the blessing!—for what, no one knew, for he did not get one name! In Darvel, however, he got twenty or so. Well, on Sabbath, after explaining my position, I intimated a meeting with my people upon the Tuesday following. I had been reading hard for weeks on the subject, and had the facts at my finger ends. The evening came, and the church was crammed with all sects and parties. I do believe I never had a greater pressure on my soul than I had before this meeting. I did not so much possess the subject as the subject possessed me. Between anxiety to do right, and a feeling of degradation that I should be looked upon by even one Christian brother as inimical to the Church of Scotland, not to speak of the Church of Christ, I was so overcome that during the singing of the Psalm—

'Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,'

I wept like a very child. I spoke, however, for three-and-a-half hours, and not a soul moved! Never did I see such an attentive audience.

"The result has been most gratifying. Of ten elders not one has left me! This is singular, as I believe only two in the whole town of Kilmarnock have refused to join the Convocation. The people are nearly unanimous, or, at all events, are so attached to me personally that they are about to present to me a gold watch and an address from all parties. I would be very ungrateful to God if I were not both gratified and humbled by this proof of my dear people's good-will to me.

"So far all has been well in my parish. But here comes a row in the Presbytery, which I greatly fear will be followed by more serious consequences. I am Moderator. You know, of course, the decision in the Stewarton case. At the first meeting after that decision, when the Interlocutor from the Court of Session was laid upon the table, it was moved that the names of the minister and elder affected by it should be struck off the roll. A counter-motion was made and carried, that the business of the Presbytery be suspended, and the case referred to the Commission for advice. Against this finding we all (*i.e.*, the 'Moderates') protested. At that meeting the 'Moderates' had a minority of the lawful members of court. But at next meeting we are satisfied that we shall have a majority among the lawful members, *i.e.*, exclusive of all the Quoad Sacra ministers. What is to be done? 'A question to be asked.' At a private meeting, by the advice of counsel, it was proposed—and, I fear, agreed to—that I should insist on the legal roll only being read when the vote is taken regarding the admission of the ministers Quoad Sacra to the court—that, in the event of a legal majority agreeing to dismiss them, we should adjourn the meeting for a few minutes, then constitute the court anew, and, if any Chapel minister insisted on remaining in spite of our decision, to turn him out. This is, in all truth, decided enough.

"The reasons for it are:—

"1. By thus forming ourselves into a legal Presbytery by the vote of a legal majority, we are enabled to stop the appeal to the House of Lords on the Stewarton case—the decision on which by the Court of Session we know there is not the slightest chance of being reversed—and which we know there is no intention of following out, the appeal only being to gain time—but which is throwing obstacles in the way of those members in other presbyteries who, but for the appeal, would form themselves into constitutional courts.

2. We would thus send moderate men (in the right sense of the word) to next Assembly. This is of great consequence, as it is understood—the *Aberdeen Banner* makes no secret of it—that the Assembly may declare the Church severed from the State and hold as schismatics all who differ from that dictum, authoritatively uttered by the Assembly. Now we wish to have a set of decent fellows to be presided over by the Commissioner. These are the reasons for our movement, in addition to the more obvious one that all our proceedings, *quoad civilia* at least, are *de facto* null and void as long as these ministers are with us.

"On the other hand, will not this step settle the question as to whether both parties can remain together any longer? 1. We separate. 2. The Commission meets and suspends us. 3. We deny the right of a body illegally constituted to do so. 4. We send Commissioners to the Assembly. 5. Our party receives them, the other party rejects them. 6. The receiving party appeals to the Commissioner as to which is the Established Church, and then comes the split—and all this by my vote and determination as Moderator!!!

"Is this not a fix for a quiet-living man like me to be placed in? Is it not enough to make a man's hair grey? What is to be done? 'I would,' as Sir John says, 'you would practise an answer.'

"Our meeting is on the first Tuesday of March. Send me your opinion, as a Christian man, before that. How do you think I can best discharge my duty to the law, the Church, my people, and to myself, and consequently to God?

You observe I take for granted the principle—on which you need not argue—that in any question relating to the privileges granted by the State to the Church, neither the Church, on the one hand, nor the State, on the other, is the judge; but a third party, namely, the Civil Courts, whose duty it is to say what the Statute Law is. Therefore, I hold their decision in the Stewarton case right *de jure*. At the same time I will use every effort to get the ministers of Quoad Sacra churches legally into the Church. The decision just makes us fall back to what we were before '34.

I have some thoughts of splitting the difficulty in the Presbytery by asking leave to withdraw from the Court, protesting against all consequences which may follow from letting these men in; and if the other party do not agree to this, then to run my big jib up and bear away for another Presbytery. I am satisfied that a great mass of the community is sick of this business. The people feel no practical evil—and no nation was ever yet roused to revolution by a mere theory. Had it not been for indulgences and such like practical evils Luther would not have had material with which to begin the war, though, after it was once begun opinions could keep it agoing. If the Covenanters had not been shot and bayoneted, no theory regarding Church or State would have made them sleep in moss-bogs or fight at Drumclog.

"What did you think of C. of C. saying, 'The Lord Jesus Christ will have left the Church when we go'! One of the Rothesay ministers, I am told, said the other day, that the Devil was preparing a cradle in hell for the opposition! Yet I daresay, in a century after this, we shall have some partisan historian writing whining books about these persecuted, self-denying, far-seeing saints, and describing all who oppose them as lovers of the fleece, dumb dogs, and all that trash."

To his sister JANE:—

"I am very *dowie* and cast down—not because I am alone, for I love the bachelor life every day more and more, and

delight in the independence with which I can rise, eat, read, write when I like!—but this Church of ours is going between me and my sleep.

"There was a private meeting of our party the day before yesterday at Irvine. All that was done was strictly private but most important; and only think of this—just think of it—that I, Norman Macleod, shall certainly be OBLIGED to make THE move which will beyond a doubt first separate the Church into two parts!! This is in confidence. It is making my head grey. As Strong says, I am this moment the Archbishop of Canterbury. My simple vote as Moderator will decide the game one way or another. In short, the hurricane is only beginning. The explosion is to come, and *I!!!* must fire the train. Well, I think I will get enough of acting now, and no mistake. Suspension, and anathemas loud and deep from the *Witness*, are all before me as possibilities. You can fancy my cogitations, my working out of problems. David Strong came here and spent yesterday with me. He went away to-day. We had a delightful walk together. He goes with us, and we feel as one. I gave a great blowing up to ——, who said with a sneer when he heard me express my many difficulties, 'Oh, it is quite plain that Macleod does not like it!' 'Like it!' I said, turning round on him like a tiger, 'let me assure you, sir, that I look upon it as one of the sorest trials that has ever come my way, and that I would give a year's stipend and ten times more to get quit of it.' All the others backed me."

To the SAME:—

EDINBURGH, *Thursday Morning, Half-past Seven, May*, 1843.

"The day has come, beautiful in the physical world, but thundery and ominous in the moral one. All the 'Convocationists' are going out. They have been unanimous. No vote is to be taken on any point. They lodge a protest and walk. The excitement is prodigious. I am very sad, but in no way frightened. Many are acting from fear of public opinion as much as anything else. . . ."

To the SAME:—

Thursday Evening, May 18, 1843.

"They are off. Four hundred and fifty ministers and elders, one hundred and fifty members. Three have gone since the Queen's letter was read. Welsh's sermon was the *beau idéal* of one. Everything in their conduct was dignified.

"God bless all the serious among them. The row is only beginning. I am to protest against the Strathbogies. I am lighter than in the morning, though very *dowie*. I think we MAY, by God's blessing, survive. An immense crowd in the New Assembly. Welsh, and then Chalmers, moderator. The procession was solemn, I am told. Some sad, but others *laughing!* The contrast between the old and the young was very striking.

"P.S.—They are out of the Church."

"I take my stand for Constitutional Reform. *We are at our worst.* IF we survive this week we shall swim. How my soul rises against those men, who have left us to rectify their blundering, and then laugh at our inability to do so."

To the SAME:—

Tuesday, May 23.

"I have but five minutes. The Strathbogie case is over, thank God! I think we may swim. It was to me a terrible night. I spoke till half-past twelve P.M. I voted twice yesterday against my old friends. I could not help it. I followed my own judgment. Great gloom, but not despair. Four hundred and fifty have this day for ever abandoned the Church."

To the SAME:—

Thursday.

"No one but a member of Assembly—and of such an Assembly as the present—can understand how difficult a thing it is to command quiet time and quiet thoughts, so as to be enabled to write a legible and interesting letter. I am unfit for the task.

"We are going ahead slowly; our disagreeable work is now nearly over. We yesterday reached zero, when the whole Free Presbyterians formally resigned their status as parish ministers. I believe I intensely realise the position of our Church, which some of the Aberdeenshire 'Moderates' do not. The best temper prevails in the Assembly upon the whole, but upon our weak side there is a general gloom when contemplating the awful task before us of filling up four hundred and thirty vacancies, in the face of an agitation conducted by four hundred and thirty sworn, able, energetic enemies. I look forward to five years as the period of reaction. We shall have, 1, fearful religious excitement or hysterical revivals, the women and ladies leading; 2, starvation from the effect of voluntaryism; 3, ecclesiastical tyranny; 4, a strong united combination of all Dissenters against 'all the Establishments of this country,' to borrow ——'s words; and when these features of this secession begin to manifest themselves then, but not till then, will the tide fully turn.

"I wait in hope and with patience. I am ashamed at the cowardice and terror of many of our ministers. I feel the secession deeply, but I am possessed with a most chivalrous and firm determination to live and die fighting for this bulwark of Protestantism, this ark of righteousness, this conservator of social order and religious liberty, the dear old Kirk.

"May God help us, and then I will not fear what man can do. I trust that posterity will vindicate our doings. It is for future generations we are now suffering. —— has tried to cut up my speech, but he must have known that I never meant what he alleges. But there is, I grieve to think it, a great want of honour amongst a certain set of these men. I am just informed that I am to be offered an Edinburgh church. This will put a finish to my troubles. I dare not think of the subject. I hope I have one feeling—a desire to sacrifice myself for my country; but whether will I do most good, in Loudoun, dear Loudoun, or here? As to the living, poor as it is, and much as I have to pay, I could bear with it."

To the SAME :—

May 27, 1843.

"I am at present, I begin to suspect, rather a black sheep among the 'Moderates,' because I dare to have a mind of my own, and to act as a check, though a fearfully trifling one, on their power. Another day is coming; and, come what may, there shall be one free Presbyterian in Scotland who will not give up his own understanding or conscience to living man.

"I intend to give my farewell speech on Monday. We have been as cold as ice and looking as if we were all to be shot. The Free Church is carrying it on most nobly. They know human nature better than we do. But defence never has the glory of attack. I leave all to posterity, and am not afraid of the verdict. I saw a tomb to-day in the Chapel of Holyrood with this inscription, 'Here lies an honest man.' I only wish to live in such a way as to entitle me to have the same *éloge*.

"My Father is off. My soul is sick."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*June* 2*nd*, 1843.—I have returned from the Assembly of 1843, one which will be famous in the annals of the Church of Scotland. Yet who will ever know its real history? The great movements, the grand results, will certainly be known, and everything has been done in the way most calculated to tell on posterity (for how many have been acting before its eyes!); but who in the next century will know or understand the ten thousand secret influences, the vanity and pride of some, the love of applause, the fear and terror, of others, and, above all, the seceding mania, the revolutionary mesmerism, which I have witnessed within these few days?

"It was impossible to watch the progress of this schism without seeing that it was inevitable.

"To pass and to maintain at all hazards laws, which by the highest authorities were declared to be inconsistent with and subversive of civil statutes, could end only in breaking up the Establishment. So Dr. Cook said. So Dr.

McCrie said in his evidence before the House of Commons. The Procurator told me that when the Veto Law was first proposed, Lord Moncrieff gave it as his opinion that the Church had power to pass it; that he was unwilling to go to Parliament for its approval until it was certain that its approval was necessary, but that should this become apparent, then unquestionably the Church ought to apply for a legislative enactment. This advice was not taken, and all the subsequent difficulties have arisen out of the determination to force that law.

"The event which made a disruption necessary was the deposition of the Strathbogie ministers for obeying the interpretation of statute law given by the civil court, instead of that given by the Church court. The moment one part of the Church solemnly deposed them, and another as solemnly determined to treat them as not deposed, the Church became virtually two Churches, and their separation became inevitable.

"Thursday, the 18th, was a beautiful day; but a general sense of oppression was over the town. Among many of the seceding party, upon that and on the successive days of the Assembly, there was an assumed levity of manner —a smiling tone of countenance, which seemed to say, 'Look what calm, cool, brave martyrs we are.' There were two incidents which convinced me that the old and soberer part of the seceders had a very different feeling from the younger and more violent, regarding the magnitude and consequence of this movement. I was in St. Giles's half an hour before Welsh began his sermon; two or three benches before me —— and ——, with a few of this *hot* genus omne, were chattering and laughing. During the singing of the Paraphrase old Brown (dear, good man) of St. John's, Glasgow, was weeping; but —— was idly staring round the church. So in the procession some were smiling and appeared heedless, but the old men were sad and cast down. Welsh's sermon was in exquisite taste, and very calm and dignified; but its sentiments, I thought, were a century ahead of many of his convocation friends. His prayer at the opening of the Assembly was also beautiful. The Assembly presented a

stirring sight. But still I was struck by the smiling of several on the seceding side, as if to show how light their hearts were when, methinks, they had no cause to be so at the beginning of such a great revolution. The subsequent movements of the two Assemblies are matters of history. The hissing and cheering in the galleries and along the line of procession were tremendous.

"Never did I pass such a fortnight of care and anxiety. Never did men engage in a task with more oppression of spirit than we did, as we tried to preserve this Church for the benefit of our children's children.

"The Assembly was called upon to perform a work full of difficulty, and to do such unpopular things as restoring the Strathbogie ministers, rescinding the Veto, &c. We were hissed by the mob in the galleries, looked coldly on by many Christians, ridiculed as enemies to the true Church, as lovers of ourselves, seeking the fleece; and yet what was nearest my own heart and that of my friends was the wish to preserve this Establishment for the well-being of Britain. While 'the persecuted martyrs of the covenant' met amid the huzzas and applauses of the multitude, with thousands of pounds daily pouring in upon them, and nothing to do but what was in the highest degree popular; nothing but self-denial and a desire to sacrifice name and fame, and all but honour, to my country, could have kept me in the Assembly. There was one feature of the Assembly which I shall never forget, and that was the *fever* of secession, the restless nervous desire to fly to the Free Church. No new truth had come to light, no new event had been developed, but there was a species of frenzy which seized men, and away they went. One man (——, of ——) said to me, 'I must go; I am a lover of the Establishment, but last autumn I signed the convocation resolutions. All my people will leave me. I never will take a church left vacant by my seceding brethren. If I do not, I am a beggar. If I stay, I lose all character. I must go;' and away he went, sick at heart; and many I know have been unconsciously led step by step, by meetings, by pledges, by rash statements, into a position which they sincerely lament but cannot help. There are many un-

willing Latimers in that body. This I know right well. It amuses me, who have been much behind the scenes, to read the lithographed names of some as hollow-hearted fellows as ever ruined a country from love of glory and applause. But there are also many others there who would do honour to any cause.

"What is to be the upshot of this?

"1. The first rock I fear is fanaticism in Ross-shire and other parts of the country, such as has been witnessed only in America. I have already heard of scenes and expressions which would hardly be credited. (*Nov.*—The riots in Ross-shire show that this has been fulfilled!)

"2. A union with all the Voluntaries to overthrow the Establishments of this country.

"3. Ecclesiastical despotism on the part of the laity and influential clergy.

"4. The consequence of this will be, the retiring of the more sober-minded from their ranks.

"5. Action, excitement, and perpetual motion are absolutely necessary to the existence of this Free Church; and it is impossible as yet to foresee whether it will blow up itself, or blow up the whole British constitution, or sink into paltry dissent.

"I hope it will also stir up the Establishment and purify us, make us more self-sacrificing and self-denying than ever, and so all these disasters may advance the Redeemer's glory.

"*Aug.* 14.—What an important period of my personal history has passed since I wrote my last Diary! Since the division in the Presbytery of Irvine until this moment the troubles in the Church, the writing of pamphlets, the disruption, the Assembly, the preachings, the attending meetings, the refusing of parishes, has altogether formed a time long to be remembered.

"Let me try and jot a mere table of contents.

"1.—PUBLIC LIFE.

"1. I was Moderator of the Presbytery when it separated on the business of the ministers of Quoad Sacra churches.

I moved to retire, probably never as a presbytery to meet again! I did this, after much hesitation and many deep and, I hope, prayerful anxieties, (1) Because I believed that it was law. (2) Because while it was the law, as stated by the courts of the country, which I conceive were alone competent to do so, and so the condition on which the Church was established, it did not interfere with the law of Christ, as I see nothing in the New Testament which makes it necessary for ministers to rule in Church courts. The preservation of the Establishment I felt to be more necessary. (3) It was the avowed intention of the High Church party to get the majority in the Assembly by means of the *Quoad Sacras* (the appeal to the Lords being a sham, and as such dropped immediately after the commissioners were elected), and then, as the Assembly of the National Church, to dissolve the connection between Church and State, excommunicating those who might remain.

"In these circumstances I saw only one path open for me, *i.e.*, to form ourselves into a separate Presbytery, and send proper commissioners to the Assembly.

"2. I was a member of the Assembly. It is now a matter of history.

"The 'Moderates' were too much blamed. I opposed them. I could do so. I was a free man, but they were pledged. They could act only as they did in treating the Strathbogie deposition as null and void, *i.e.*, wrong—being on wrong grounds—and in rescinding the veto. I believe the Act of '79, respecting the admission of ministers of other Churches to our pulpits, was restored for this reason, viz., had this Act not been restored, and had a weak brother in the Establishment been asked for the use of his pulpit by a Free Churchman, he must either have given it or refused it. If he did the first, it would have been made the lever for overthrowing the interests of the Church in that parish. If he did the last, he would be held up to the scorn of the people as a coward or a tyrant. Nothing is more ludicrous than ——'s assertion that by this Act the Church has excommunicated Christendom! Why, he and his party were in power nine years while the existing law was the law of the Church!

"The last Assembly saw the Church at its lowest ebb. The reforming party was represented by our poor fifteen. They alone by vote and dissent opposed the 'Moderates,' and formed a kind of nucleus for a strong party. We are now as Dr. Thomson was twenty years ago. But the limits of the powers of the Establishment are better defined. We have already received a lesson not to reform beyond these limits; but I believe next Assembly will exhibit a strong party determined to popularise the Church as far as possible within these limits, and, if possible, to extend them. For my own part, I think it is a principle, a political necessity, to make the Church acceptable to the people, as far as Bible principle will permit. I rather think the struggle against patronage is to be renewed, and that twenty years will see its death. The question will soon be tried—a republican Church Establishment or disestablishment. I would sooner have the first. If we attempt to recede we shall be crushed like an old bandbox.

"The reason why I can conscientiously remain in the Church is simply because I believe I have spiritual liberty to obey every thing in God's Word. I know of no verse in it which I cannot obey as well as any seceder can. This suffices me.

"During this controversy I published two small *brochures* entitled 'Cracks about the Kirk for Kintra Folk.' The first sold well. It went through eight editions one thousand each, the second through four. They did much good.

"Since the disruption I have been offered the first charge of Cupar, Fife; Maybole; Campsie (by all the male communicants); St. John's, Edinburgh; St. Ninian's, Stirlingshire; Tolbooth, Edinburgh; and the elders and others in the West Church, Greenock, have petitioned for me. As yet I have refused all but the last two. These have only come under my notice last week.

"I shall ever bear on my heart a grateful remembrance of the kindness and deep Christian affection shown to me by the people here. When I nearly accepted Campsie, I found many whom I thought rocks, sending forth tears, and gathered fruit from what appeared stony ground. God has, I believe, blessed my ministry. Now, all this

and ten times more than I can mention occurred just as I had made up my mind not to go to Campsie.

"*Oct.* 16*th.*—I was elected on the 16th of September to the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, unanimously. On the 17th of the same month the Duke of Buccleuch's Commissioner, Mr. Scott Moncrieff, came here and offered me the parish of Dalkeith.

"On the very day of my election to Edinburgh, I went to see Dalkeith; and on my return home I sent a letter accepting it. One reason among others for preferring Dalkeith to Edinburgh is, that I prefer a country parish to a town because I am in better health, and because the fever and excitement and the kind of work on Sabbath days and week days in Edinburgh would do me much harm, bodily and spiritually.

"But why do I leave Loudoun—dear, dear Loudoun? Because

[Here follows a blank page, and on it this entry:—

'1845.—Reviewing this, I find this page blank. Why, I cannot tell; perhaps hardly knew. But I know I was convinced that I ought to accept Dalkeith, and I do not repent as far as Dalkeith is concerned—but, poor Loudoun!"

To Rev. Wm. Leitch:—

July 21, 1843.

"I have been fearfully occupied of late. Indeed I am sick—sick of books, pamphlets, parsons, and parishes. Would we had an Inquisition! One glorious auto-da-fè would finish the whole question!

"As to *the* question, I think we are now at dead ebb in the country, and that for the time to come the tide will change, and in a century or so—such is the genius of restless Presbyterianism—it will begin to ebb again. Our ecclesiastical maxima and minima seem to alternate or oscillate every hundred years or so. I hate—by the way—above all things a Presbyterian revolution. There is always something Chartist or fanatic about it. The

jus divinum being stamped upon every leading ecclesiastic, everything in the civilised world must be overthrown which stands in the way of his notions being realised. I think the present Establishment has indirectly saved the monarchy."

To his sister JANE :—

KIRKTON (CAMPSIE), *Saturday Night*, 1843.

"I am very, very low. I have preached in that place to-day, and have been in the Manse. Manse and glen are sleeping in the pale moonshine. I am oppressed to the earth with thoughts and feelings. The voices of the departed are ringing in my ears. I have suffered more than I can tell. It is horrid; dearest, I never could live here!"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cambridge :—

LOUDOUN MANSE, *August* 30, 1843.

"Oh, for a day of peace—one of those peaceful days which I used to enjoy when a boy in the far west. Such days are gone, fled. I cannot grasp the sense of repose I once felt—that feeling, you know, which one has in a lonely corry or by a burnie's side far up among the mountains, when, far from the noise and turmoil of mortal man, and the fitful agitations of this stormy life, our souls in solitude became calm and serene as the blue sky on which we gazed as we lay half asleep in body, though awake in soul, among the brackens or the blooming heather. Could Isaak Walton be a member of a Scotch Presbytery or General Assembly?—he who 'felt thankful for his food and raiment—the rising and setting sun—the singing of larks—and leisure to go a-angling'? Dear old soul! 'One of the lovers of peace and quiet, and a good man, *as indeed most anglers are.*' Isaak never would have been a member of any committee along with —— —— and Co. That is certain. Don't be angry, dear John! Do let me *claver* with you, and smile or cry just as I feel inclined. We shall slide into business and gravity soon enough.

". . . . As to Non-intrusion, unless history lies, we have guaranteed to us now more than we ever acted on

for a hundred years, and as much as the Church, except during a short period, ever had. We can reject a presentee for any reason which we think prevents him from being useful; and this is all the power the Church ever had. Simple dissent was never considered as itself a sufficient reason for rejecting a presentee.

"As to spiritual independence. In spite of all the Court of Session can do, or has done, there is not a thing in God's Word which I have not as much freedom to obey in the Church as out of it. I cannot lay my hand on my heart and say, 'I leave the Establishment because in it I cannot obey Christ, or do so much for His glory in it as out of it.' I thank God I was saved from the fearful excitement into which many of my friends were cast during May. I have been blessed in my parish.

"Banish the idea of my ever ceasing to love you as long as you love truth. You know my latitudinarian principles in regard to Church government—old clothes. I value each form in proportion as it gains the end of making man more meet for Heaven. At the same time I cannot incur the responsibility of weakening the Establishment—that bulwark of Protestantism—that breakwater against the waves of democracy and of revolution—that ark of a nation's righteousness—that beloved national Zion, lovely in its strength, but more beloved in the day of its desolation and danger."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Dec.* 3, 1843, *Sabbath Night, past Eleven.*—The last communion Sabbath is over which I shall ever enjoy as minister of this parish. The congregation is dismissed—whither, oh whither? How many shall partake of the feast above?

"I can hardly describe my feelings. I felt as if I had been at the funeral of a beloved Christian friend, where I had experienced deep and unfeigned sorrow, but mingled with much to comfort and cheer.

"I thank a gracious God for the support He has given. And though I wept sore and had a severe day, I did not

repent of the choice I had made. Dear, dear Loudoun has been an oasis during these five years. But 'I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were,' and I only pray God that my vows made this day may be performed, that my sins may be forgiven, and that I may ever retain a lively sense of the mercies I have received.

"There is a Church here, by the grace of God. Oh, that God may keep it by His power, and send a pastor according to His mind to feed it.

"*Dec.* 16*th, Sabbath night, eleven.*—This has been a solemn, yet a calm, peaceful, and I hope a profitable day for myself and the people. My last Sabbath in Loudoun as its minister! What a thing it is to write the last leaf of the book of my ministry, that has been open for nearly six years!

"The parting with my evening congregation quite overcame me. I had a good *greet* in the pulpit when they were all going out, and I hope my prayers for forgiveness and acceptance were heard and answered.

"The coming home at night with dear Jane (beloved companion—more than sister—of all my sunshine and shade) was the most affecting of all. The night was a dusky moonlight. About a hundred Sabbath-school children had collected round the church gate, surrounded by groups of women, and all so sad and sorrowful. As we came along, some one met us every twenty yards who was watching for us; and I shall never forget those suppressed sobs and clutchings of the hand, and deep and earnest 'God bless you!' 'God be with you!'

"How many thoughts press upon me! The sins of the past. Thou knowest! The mercy and love of God. The singular grace shown to me at this time. The good effected by me—by such a poor, vile, sinful worm. The gratitude of my people for the little I have done. The fear and trembling in entering on a new field of labour; the awful passing of time; the coming Judgment!

"*Dec.* 13*th.*—The last night in my study in my dear Manse of Loudoun, the scene of so many anxieties and communings—of sweet intercourse, of study, of sinful and unprofitable thoughts!

"I have had three days of the most deeply solemn and anxious scenes I have ever witnessed in this world! Oh, what overwhelming gratitude and affection! Let me never, never, never, O God, forget what I have seen and heard!

"I have done good—more than I knew of. May the Lord advance it, and bless the seed; may He keep the beloved young Christian communicants, the rising Church. The Good Shepherd is always with them, and they will be fed as He pleases."

CHAPTER IX.

DALKEITH, DECEMBER, 1843—JUNE, 1845.

THE town of Dalkeith, which formed by far the most important part of his new parish, had then a population of 5,000. Its principal streets are chiefly occupied by prosperous shops and the houses of well-to-do tradesmen; but the 'wynds' behind these, and the miserable 'closes' which here and there open from them, consist mainly of the dens of as miserable a class as can be found in the purlieus of Edinburgh or Glasgow. There were well-farmed lands in the country district of the parish, and one or two collieries with the usual type of mining village attached to them. There were in the town numerous churches belonging to various denominations, from the Episcopal chapel to the representatives of the chief forms of Presbyterian dissent. But still the charge which devolved upon the parish minister was a heavy one. Two churches belonged to the Church of Scotland, but only one of these was then open for worship; and the parish, which has since been divided, was of great extent. The old parish church, now beautifully restored, but at that time choked with galleries, rising tier above tier behind and around the pulpit,

was a curious example of Scotch vandalism. There was, however, something of the picturesque in the confused cramming of these 'lofts' into every nook and corner, and bearing quaint shields, devices, and texts emblazoned in front of the seats allotted to different guilds. The Weavers reminded the congregation of how life was passing 'swiftly as the weaver's shuttle,' and the Hammermen of how the Word of God smote the rocky heart in pieces.

The characteristics of his new charge were very different from those of Loudoun. He was aided and encouraged in his work in Dalkeith by many in every rank of life, and he formed life-long friendships with families remarkable at once for their culture and religious warmth. But the working men of Dalkeith did not show the keen intellectual interest in public questions evinced by the weavers of Newmilns and Darvel, nor were they possessed of their intellectual enthusiasm and love of books. The prevailing tone of mind was solid, dull, and prosaic. There was, besides, a stratum of society low enough to be appalling. The very names of some of the 'Vennels' in the town,—'Little Dublin,' and the like,—indicated the character of their inhabitants. In such haunts there was to be found an amount of poverty, ignorance, and squalor, easy to reach so long as the question was one of almsgiving, but which it appeared almost impossible to reform.

Yet the missionary labour among the lapsed classes of Dalkeith, on which he now entered, formed useful training for his future work in Glasgow. In Dalkeith he made his first efforts in the direction of that congregational organization, which was subsequently

developed with such success in the Barony. He held special week-day meetings to impart information to his people respecting missionary enterprise at home and abroad, and established associations for the systematic collection of funds in support of the work of the Church. He also sought to utilise the life and zeal of the communicants by giving them direct labour among their poor and ignorant neighbours. He personally visited both rich and poor, and opened mission stations in three different localities, where regular services were held on Sundays, and sewing and evening classes were taught during the week. He formed a loan-fund to help those who were anxious to help themselves, and although often disappointed, yet experience, on the whole, confirmed his belief as to the benefit of frankly trusting working-men with means for providing for themselves better houses and better clothes. Drunkenness was, as usual, the root-evil of most of the misery, and he strained every effort to grapple with its power. He did not join any temperance society, but in order to help those he was trying to reform, he entered with them, for a considerable period, into a compact of total abstinence. The results of these experiences he afterwards gave to the public in a tract entitled "A Plea for Temperance."

The seat of the noble family of Buccleuch is near the town of Dalkeith, and the town in many ways depends on the Palace. The gates of the Park stand at the end of the Main Street, and lead into a wide demesne, affording to many families unlimited walks through forests of oak and beech, stretching for several thousand acres along the picturesque banks of the

Esk. Few noblemen realise more fully than the Duke of Buccleuch the responsibilities attached to property, or are more anxious to discharge faithfully the duties of their high station. His generosity, his chivalrous honour and lofty tone of mind endear him personally to all Scotchmen. Yet, even with so favourable an example, Norman Macleod perceived the grave practical evils attending that alienation of the nobility and gentry of Scotland from the national religion which has become of late years so prevalent. The causes that have mainly produced this result are easily discovered. It is natural that among men educated in England, and accustomed to the liturgy of her venerable Church, many should find the bald simplicity and extempore prayers of the Church of Scotland distasteful. The forms of worship which are so dear to the mass of the people, are unedifying to them. Nor is it to be wondered at if the cheap and ugly barns, which the heritors of Scotland have frequently erected as parish churches, should so offend the tastes of these heritors themselves as to drive them away from the ungainly walls. The ecclesiastical disputes too, which have recently torn Scotland asunder, have perhaps repelled not a few, and made them seek the peaceful retirement of a communion which has not been identified for centuries with any national movement. However this may be, the great Earls and Barons who used, by their presence, to give an importance to the deliberations of the General Assembly scarcely second to that of the debates of Parliament, have now few representatives on her benches, so that those of the clergy who have struggled

under many difficulties to increase the usefulness, elevate the tone, and improve the services of the Church, have been left without that support from the higher classes to which they naturally deem themselves entitled. And Norman Macleod deplored the division which had grown up between the nobility and the people for reasons besides those which affect the stability of the national Church. He saw that what absenteeism was doing in Ireland in subverting the loyalty of the masses was, in a smaller degree, yet unmistakeably, being accomplished in Scotland. 'The aristocracy do not know what they are doing,' he used frequently to say; 'they are making themselves the most powerful instruments for advancing democracy and of ruining the influence of their own order.' He felt, with more than his usual warmth, that those loyal attachments which spring up when common sympathies and associations unite class with class, and which are so much calculated to sweeten the atmosphere of social and political life, are severely checked, when those who ought to be leaders in all that affects the deeper life of the people, live as foreigners and aliens, and by refusing to worship with their Presbyterian countrymen, throw discredit, not merely on the National Church, but on the national faith. Pecuniary or political support, however largely accorded, cannot counterbalance such personal alienation.

From the proximity of Dalkeith to Edinburgh he was able to study the working of the committees entrusted with the control of the various agencies of the Church, and to lend his aid in reconstructing her missions. The impressions produced by this

experience were not encouraging, for while he entertained a profound personal respect for the good men who guided the business of the Church, he groaned aloud over the want of power and enthusiasm. He soon learned that there were causes for the slowness of progress lying deeper than faults of management, and his lamentations passed from the committees in Edinburgh to the indifference of many in the ministry, and of the Church at large. Morning, noon, and night his thoughts turned towards the revival of the zeal and the development of the resources of the Church. "I am low—low about the old machine—no men, no guides, no lighthouses, no moulding master-spirit." Consumed with anxieties, he was glad when the opportunity was offered of making himself useful in Church business. The first work assigned to him, as well as the last, was in connection with the India Mission. He was sent in 1844 to the north of Scotland along with Mr. Herdman* to organize associations for the promotion of female education in Hindostan.

To his sister JANE :—

DALKEITH, *Friday, December* 15, 1843.

"Well, it is all over!—I am now minister of Dalkeith; and may God in His mercy grant that it may be all for His own glory! I received a most hearty welcome, and was rejoiced to get hold of not a few hard, horny fists, and also the trembling hands of some old women. There is work for me here, I thought, and some usefulness yet by God's grace."

* Now the Rev. Dr. Herdman, of Melrose, who was, in 1872, appointed his successor in the management of the Indian mission.

From his JOURNAL:—

DALKEITH, *December* 16, 1843.

"I was yesterday inducted into my new charge. Another change—another great waterfall in the stream of time.

"I am weary of controversy and strife, and I shall devote my days and life to produce unity and peace among all who love Christ. I pray that God may make me more useful and holier now than I have ever been before, that I may be the means of saving others."

"*Dec.* 31*st*, *Sabbath.*—The first Sabbath in my new parish and last night of the year. In an hour, forty-three with its solemn changes will have passed, and the unknown forty-four have begun. The grate before which I sit was in Campbeltown; I was toasted before it the night I was born. O time! O changes! My head aches!"

August 5, 1844.

"I have been very busy; my catechism* will be out this week, and will be only three-halfpence; it is, I think, simple and good. I am very anxious to write a tract to leave in sick-rooms, both for the use of the sick and, what I think is much wanted, for the use of those around the sick who may wish to be of service to them, but who hardly know what to do. I would point out passages of scripture for them to read, and give short comments upon these passages and a few simple prayers."

To his sister JANE:—

INVERNESS, *August*, 1844.

"I feel that in all the congregations I have addressed, and in all the meetings, there is little—very little real life! A great amount of coldness; at least, I think so. To form Missionary Associations is like giving good spectacles to those whose eyes are nearly out; they will not cure the disease. The 'eye-salve' must first be applied before

* A Catechism for Churchmen, on the Doctrine of the Headship of Christ, which he published after the "Cracks about the Kirk."

much good can be done! hence, what we need is preaching the gospel. This is an apparent truism; but, alas! truisms are what people attend to least. On Tuesday I went to Elgin. The weather this week was magnificent; the air clear and bracing; the Moray Firth 'gleaming like a silver shield;' the great line of precipice of old red sandstone, which forms a rocky wall to Caithness, all clear and well-defined. Held our meeting at one; about fifty ladies present, and several of the clergy. Formed the Association. Sermon at night tolerably well attended. Saw Patrick Duff's fossils from the old red; beautiful, very beautiful. Fish with the scales glittering as if the fish were caught yesterday.

"Next day found the coach full. A fair in Forres. Got a lift in a Free Churchman's gig. Had much talk with him, and could not blame the man; but blamed the clergy, old and new. Reached Nairn at twelve. John Mackintosh came down to the inn. He is mad about Germany and the Germans; he even smoked. Dined at Geddes, after forming an Association. Thursday was a glorious day. John and I drove off by the coach to Inverness. Had a good meeting. Our mission is now nearly over. I am very thankful I have come; thankful for the encouragement given by the clergy and the people, and thankful for having been enabled to preach the truth."

To JOHN MACKINTOSH:—

DALKEITH, *October*, 1844.

"Geddes is now one of the bright points in the world which lies in darkness, to which my spirit will often turn for light; but not your intellectual light, though of that there is abundance, but heart-light. I am every day hating intellect more and more. It is the mere gleaming of a glacier—clear, cold, chilly, though magnificent; and then——— 'Come, no more of this, an' thou lovest me, Hal.' I detest essay letters; but I love a smoke, and I love thee, dear John, and thy house, and even Ben Wyvis, and all the happy group that showed it to me; and I love all that loves me down to my

devoted cat; and when any do not love me, I pity them for their wanting so large an object for their affections; and so I wish, above all things, to bear about with me a heart which I would not have shut by sin or by vanity, and always open, dear John, to thee. Well, I had such a day and night with Shairp! I went to Houstoun. We talked—and you know my powers in that sort of wordy drizzle—we talked the moon down. We talked through the garden, and along the road, and up the avenue, and up the stair, and in the drawing-room, and during music, and during dinner, and during night, and, I believe, during sleep; certainly during all next morning, and even when one hundred yards asunder, he being on the canal bank, and I in the canal boat. What a dear, noble soul Shairp is! I do love him. Would that our Church had a few like him. We want broad-minded, meditative men. We want guides, we want reality, we want souls who will do and act before God; who would have that disposition in building up the spiritual Church, which the reverential Middle Age masons had when elaborately carving some graven imagery or quaint device, unseen by man's eye, on the fretted roof of a cathedral—they worked on God's house, and before God!"

To the SAME:—

DALKEITH, *October*, 1844, half-past nine A.M.

"'There is poetry in everything.' True, quite true, Emerson—thou true man, poet of the backwoods! But there is not poetry in a fishwife, surely? Surely there is; lots of it. Her creel has more than all Dugald Moore's tomes. Why there was one—I mean a fishwife—this moment in the lobby. She had a hooked nose. It seemed to be the type, nay the ancestor, of a cod-hook. Her mouth was a skate or turbot humanised; her teeth, selected from the finest oyster pearl; her eyes, whelks with the bonnets on—bait for odd fish on sea or land; her hands and fingers in redness and toughness rivalled the crab, barring him of the Zodiac. Yet she was all poetry. I

had been fagging, reading and writing since 6 A.M. (on honour!)—had dived into Owen, was drowned in Edwards, and wrecked on Newman—my brain was wearied, when suddenly I heard the sound of 'Flukes!' followed by 'Had—dies!' (a name to which Haidee was as prose). I descended and gazed into the mysterious creel, and then came a gush of sunlight upon my spirit—visions of sunny mornings with winding shores, and clean, sandy, pearly beaches, and rippling waves glancing and glittering over white shells and polished stones, and breezy headlands; and fishing-boats moving like shadows onward from the great deep; and lobsters, and crabs, and spoutfish, and oysters, crawling, and chirping, and spouting out sea water, the old 'ocean gleaming like a silver shield.' The fishwife was a Claude Lorraine; her presence painted what did my soul good, and as her reward I gave her what I'll wager never during her life had been given her before—all that she asked for her fish! And why, you ask, have I sat down to write to you, beloved John, all this—to spend a sheet of paper, to pay one penny, to abuse ten tickings of my watch to write myself, like Dogberry, an ass? Why? 'Nature,' quoth d'Alembert, 'puts questions which Nature cannot answer.' And shall I beat Nature, and be able to answer questions put to me by John—Nature's own child? Be silent, and let neither of us shame our parent. Modesty forbids me to attempt any solution of thy question, dear John. Now for work. My pipe is out!"

To his sister JANE:—

DALKEITH, 1844.

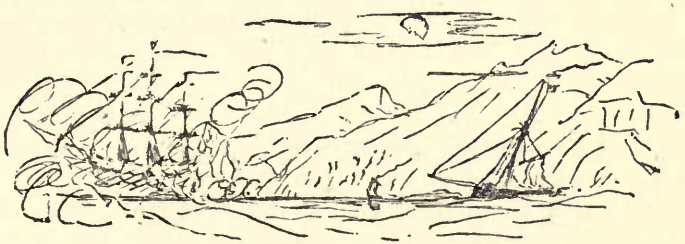
"I have been horribly busy. As for next week, I cannot see my way to the end of it. I am to be at the top of my speed, and no mistake. I have got a beautiful third preaching-house in a close, so that I have the three best points in the town occupied, and I will clear the way for a missionary. I am going to develope one of my theories regarding the best method of teaching the lower orders, by getting pictures of the life of Christ, the Lord's

Prayer, and Ten Commandments printed in large type, and hung up on the walls. I have more faith in the senses than most Presbyterians.

"Need I assure E—— of the impossibility of my saying anything like what is reported of me! No—I said the fightings of '*all* sects and parties were disgusting infidels even,' and so prejudicing Christianity in their minds.

"I am very jolly because very busy. Breakfast on bread-and-milk every morning at eight; dine at two jollily."

Letter *to* the late SIR JOHN CAMPBELL, of Kildalloig, on the birth of a son and heir.



"*Officer of the Watch.* The commodore is signalling, sir.

"*Captain.* What has she got up?

"*Officer.* No. 1, sir. 'An heir apparent is born.'

"*Captain.* Glorious news! All hands on deck. Bend on your flags. Stand by your halyards, Load your guns! All ready fore and aft?

"All ready, sir.

"Hoist and fire away!

"Three cheers!!!

"Load. Fire! Three cheers!!!

"Load again. Fire!

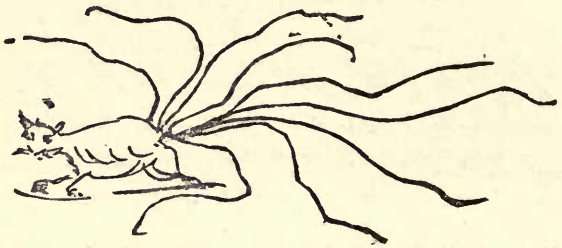
"Three tremendous cheers!!!

"For the Laird of Kildalloig!

"It is impossible to do justice to the sensation which was created in every part of the ship. The vessel herself made one of her best *bows*, and for once ceased to look *stern*. The sails, though suffering much from the *bight* of a rope, for which the doctor had stuck on them a number of *leeches* and recommended wet *sheets*, nevertheless 'looked swell' and much pleased as the

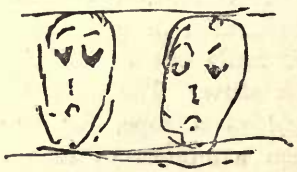
top gallants said sweet things into their *lee earing.* The royals, though rather high and complaining of the

truck system, waved their *caps.* The chain-cable sung 'Old King *Coil,*' while the best-bower cried *encore!* (anchor). The *capstan* began to make love to the *windlass,* who was thought to be a great *catch,* but who preferred the *caboose* on account of his *coppers.* The *boatswain* took the ship round *the waist,* but got it *pitched* into him for his impertinence. He said it was all *friendship.* The *binnacle* was out of his wits



with joy—quite *non-compass.* The wheel never *spoke;* he had more *conning* than any in the ship, and was afraid of being *put down,* or getting *hard* up. The *cuddy* gave a fearful bray. The *cat-of-nine-tails* gave a mew which

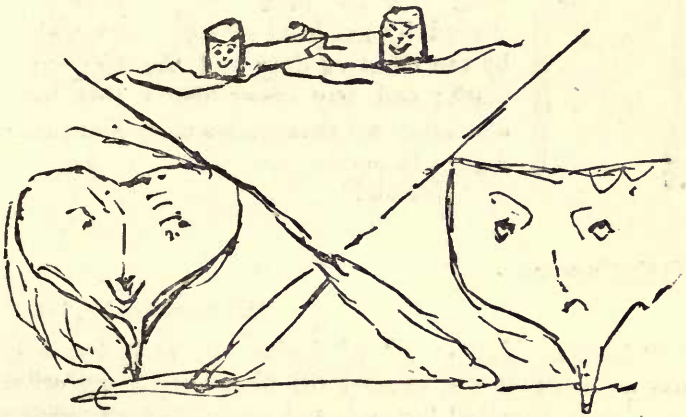
was heard a mile off, and scampered off to the *best-bower,* which was embracing the *cat-head* and sharing its *stock* with it. The *life-buoy* roused up the *dead lights,* who rushed and wakened the *dead eyes,* who began to weep tears of joy. The *shrouds* changed into wedding gar-



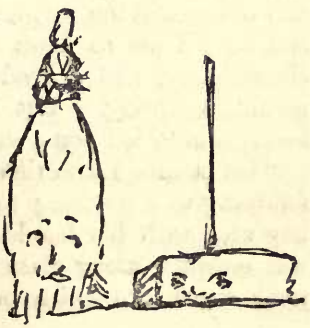
ments. The two *davits* said they would, out of compli-

ment to the laird, call themselves after the two *Johns.* The *companion* got so in love with marriage that he swore he would not be cheated by a mere name, but get another companion as soon as possible. The long-boat sighed for a punt, and began to pay his addresses to the cutter. The launch got so jealous that he kicked the *bucket;* while the *swab* declared he would turn cleanly, and try and earn a good character so as to get spliced to a *holy-stone.*

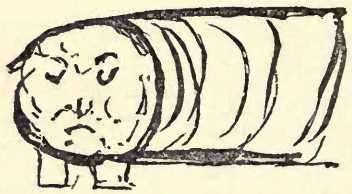
The guns offered their services to all hands, and promised



that they would marry all and sundry *can(n)onically,* and each give a *ball* on the occasion. The *block-heads* alone were confused, but even they said they would contribute their *sheaves.* The very *man-holes* spoke lovingly of the fair sex; and the *false keel* for once spoke truth, saying he never saw such fun, but that he would be *at the bottom* of all this mystery.



"What the effects of all this might have been no one can tell if all the above marriages had taken place; but just as all parties were ready for being spliced (the *marling-spikes* acting as curates), it was found every gun was deep in *port*. But in the meantime the captain summoned all on deck and gave the following short but neat speech:—



"'My men,—Fill your glasses! Drink a bumper to the health of the young Laird of Kildalloig. May he swim for many a long year over the stormy ocean on which he has been launched. May neither his provisions nor cloth ever fail him. May he ever be steered by the helm of conscience, and go by the chart of duty and the compass of truth; and may every breeze that blows and every sea that dashes carry him nearer a good haven!'

"Hurrah!"

To his MOTHER:—

DALKEITH, *Sunday*, 1845.

"After working very hard during the week, I rose to-day at half-past six, studied till nine, taught my school till eleven, preached forenoon and afternoon long sermons, had baptisms, slept for an hour, preached for an hour to fifty outcasts in the wynd, was my own precentor and clerk, and here I am as fresh as a lark—a pulse going like a chronometer, and a head calm, and clear and cool as a mountain spring. But my chief reason for writing you to-night is to tell you a story which has amused me.

"On coming home this evening I saw a number of boys following and speaking to, and apparently teasing, a little boy who, with his hands in his pockets and all in rags, was creeping along close by the wall. He seemed like a tame caged bird which had got loose and was pecked at

and tormented by wild birds. His cut was something like this. I asked the boys who he was. 'Eh! he's a wee boy gaun' about begging, wi'out faither or mither!' He did seem very wee, poor child—a pretty boy, only nine years old. I found him near my gate and took him in. I asked him to tell me the truth. He said his father was alive—a John Swan, in Kirkaldy; that his 'ain mither' was dead; that he had a stepmother; that 'a month and a week ago' he left them, for they used to send him to beg, to drink the money he got, and to thrash him if he brought none in; and that they sent him out one evening and he left them. He got threepence from a gentleman and crossed in the steam-boat to Leith. He had heard that he was born in Kirkhill near this, 'and that his mither lived there wi' him when he was a bairn.' He reached a stable, and there he has been ever since, begging round the district. Poor infant! Jessie, my servant, once a servant in some charitable institution, was most minute in her questionings about Kirkaldy; but his answers were all correct and very innocent. Well, a few minutes after, Jessie came in. 'What,' said I, 'are you doing with the boy?' 'Oo, I gied him his supper, puir thing, and am making a shake-down for him; and, ye see, I saw he was verra dirty, and I pit him in a tub o' water, and he's stannin in't ee' noo till I gang ben. That's the way we used to do in the Institution. Eh! if ye saw the boys frae the Hielans that used te come there! Keep me! I couldna eat for a week after cleannin them; and wee Swan is just as bad. I wadna tell ye hoo dirty he is, puir bairn! I couldna thole tae pit him tae his bit bed yon-way. I cast a' his duds outside the door, and sent Mary Ann straight up tae the factor's for a sack for him; for ye see whan we washed them in the Institution——' 'Be off,' said I, 'and don't keep the poor fellow in the tub

longer.' I went in, a few minutes ago, and there I found him, or rather saw something like a ghost amongst mist, Jessie scrubbing at him, and seeming to enjoy the work with all her heart. 'How do you like it?' 'Fine, fine!'

But just as I wrote the above word, the door was opened and in marches my poor boy, paraded in by Jessie —a beautiful boy, clean as a bead, but with nothing on but a large beautiful clean shirt, his hair combed and divided; and Jessie gazing on him with admiration, Mary Ann in the background. The poor boy hardly opened his lips, he looked round him in bewilderment. 'There he is,' said Jessie; 'I am sure ye're in anither warld the night, my lad. Whan wer ye clean afore?' 'Three months syne.' 'War ye ever as clean afore?' 'No.' 'What will ye do noo?' 'I dinna ken.' 'Will ye gang awa and beg the night.' 'If ye like.' 'No,' said I, 'be off to your bed and sleep.' Poor child, if his mother is in heaven she will be pleased!

"If charity covers a multitude of sins, Jessie Wishart will get her reward."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*January*, 1845.—Of nothing do we stand more in need in this poor country at this moment than of a man who knows and loves the truth, and who would have the courage to speak out with a voice which would command a hearing. I think we are in a forced, cramped, fettered, unnatural state. It is notorious to every honest man, who will open but a corner of even one eye, that we have received a terrible shock by the Secession. It is very possible that had there been no Secession, the Establishment might have been in the end more irrevocably shattered, as an Establishment, by the High Church forces within, than she is or can be by these same forces acting on her from without. This is a 'may be' only; but it

is no 'may be,' but a most serious fact, that the withdrawal of these men has left us fearfully weak. In what respects?

"1. There are many parishes left with mere skeleton congregations. In some parts of Sutherland and Ross-shire, the skeleton has dwindled down to a bone—a mere fossil.

"2. The best ministers, and the best portion of our people have gone. Lots of humbugs, I know, are among them; but, as a general fact, this is true.

"3. The 'moderate' congregations will soon make 'moderate' ministers. The tone will insensibly be lowered.

"4. We have many raw recruits; and they are thinking more of the drawing-room paper and the fiars* prices than of the Church.

"5. We have no *heads* to direct us; not one commanding mind, not one trumpet voice to speak to men's inner being and compel them to hear. There are, I doubt not, many who would do right if they knew what was right to do. Like some regiments during the war, we have gone into battle with our full complement of men, and the slaughter has been so great that ensigns have come out majors and field-officers, with rank and uniform, but without talent or experience.

"But the Free Church is as crammed with error as we are, though of a different and less stupid kind. Vanity, pride, and haughtiness, that would serve Mazarin or Richelieu, clothed in Quaker garb; Church ambition and zeal and self-sacrifice that compete with Loyola; and in the Highlands specimens of fanaticism which Maynooth can alone equal. This is not so characteristic of the people as of the clergy, although it is met with among deacons, and the clever tailors and shoemakers of the party, and some of the Jenny Geddes type; but many of the people follow them because they somehow think it safer, while they follow their own kind hearts also, and love good men and good ministers of all denominations.

"I fear much that this great excitement, without

* The average annual value of grain by which the stipends of parish ministers are determined.

Christian principle, will produce reaction with sin; and that our nation will get more wicked. Alas! this is drawing rapidly on in the Highlands. The Establishment cannot save that poor country, for the mass of the clergy are water-buckets. The Free Church cannot save it, for they are firebrands.

"What should we do?

"Not lean on the aristocracy. They have but one eye, and it looks at one object—the landed interest. If they, as a body, support the Establishment, it is on much the same principle that they support guano—because it helps to make men pay their rents.

"Not on Government. Peel is a trimmer, and would for the time 'save the country.'

"Not on numbers. Holiness is power. The poorest man who is great in prayer is, perhaps, a greater man in affecting the destinies of the world than the Emperor of Russia. We need quality, not quantity!

"On missions? Good! So are spectacles, if we have eyes; so are steam-engines, if they have steam.

"We require an *Inner Work* in the hearts of clergy and people. We need life, and not mere action; the life of life, and not life from galvanism. If we were right in our souls, out of this root would spring the tree and fruit, out of this fountain would well out the living water. But until we attend to this, mere outward action will but blind and deceive.

"The next two years will be years of severe trial to the Church.

"We want earnest men, truth-loving and truth-speaking men, and so 'having authority, and not as the scribes.' We want a talented, pious young Scotland party. We must give up the Church of the past, and have as our motto the Church of the future.

"The soldering between the Free Church and Dissenters has all along been false—based on love of popularity and self-interest, and hatred to the Establishment.

"*February 7th.*—The spirit of the ecclesiastical movement will never be known; it is a noxious gas, which, however, cannot be fixed in any material substance that

will convey it to posterity. If it could be confined like chlorine, and conveyed like a bleaching powder to our grandchildren, it would bleach their faces white. You can always tell what a man says or does; but can you tell in a history his lowering look, his fidgety expression, his sneaky remarks, his infinite littleness and fierceness and fanaticism which have made up three-fourths of the man, which have given a complexion to his whole character, which have annoyed a whole neighbourhood? These things evaporate in a generation, and what posterity gets has been pickled and preserved on purpose for it—a made-up dish, spiced and peppered and tasted by the knowing hands, tried by cooking committees, and duly manufactured for the next age, and directed to be opened by those only who are ready to praise the dish and to vow that it is just the kind of thing which was common at every table in Scotland! And so, when any Fraser Tytler or Walter Scott, or any other historian, picks up the *débris* of dishes, very different, but once found perhaps in every house—'Oh! that was a chance meal, an unfortunate repast, a mere hurried lunch; not at all characteristic. Open our forefathers' preserved pots. They are in our cupboard. These are the specimens of the true viands.' 'O history, what a humbug art thou!' Once we leave the Bible, history is but bubbles on the stream, or mountains in mist."

To ROBERT SCOTT MONCRIEFF, ESQ.:—

March 11, 1845.

"The Duke has offered £70 a year to pay a missionary. This is kind and generous, like himself. But I have no missionary; and, perhaps, at present, one is not much needed, and if he were, I cannot get a man who is worth the money. In these circumstances, the £70 is of no use to the parish; but my conviction is, that the half of this sum might be judiciously used in another way. I shall explain what I mean. You know that the grand obstacle in the way of filling our church with the poorer classes is the want of clothes. This is the excuse they make. In a great many cases it is the true cause of

their neglect of ordinances. I know well, that of the hundreds here, who attend no place of worship in the world, a great per centage would, in their present state of depravity, absent themselves from public worship if they had all the clothes that their bodies could carry. There are too many drunken men and women (the worst of the two) who would pawn their clothes, and, if they could, would pawn themselves, for drink. But, I also know very many who I honestly believe would never be absent one day from the house of God, if they had the means of appearing there decently clad. There are parents who, during sickness, have pawned their clothes for food to give their children; and who, living from hand to mouth, have never been able to recover them. There are others who are industrious—women especially—who cannot from their small wages earn them. Such people attend my mission stations regularly. They have implored me to enable them to appear in church. One asks a pair of shoes, another a pair of trousers, another a shawl, another a gown; and they have done so with tears. I have twenty or thirty persons in these circumstances on my list. Now, I have assisted some of these out of my own pocket, and these persons are regularly in church. Why not employ (until we get a missionary) a part of this fund in supplying the wants of the best of such people? You, perhaps, may think that I may be deceived; possibly, I may. But as I have been for some years constantly amongst such people, I am not easily deceived. And may we not be deceived with a missionary, and lose the £70 in a lump? There is a chance of being deceived in some cases, and of losing a pound here and one-and-sixpence there; but on the other hand there is a greater chance of reclaiming people to habits of order and decency, of bringing into godly habits, parents who never have been in church since they were children, who have never been at the sacrament, and whose children are unbaptized. Is it not worth while to make the trial? Unless something like this is done, my visiting of the parish is almost mere sham. I pass through the people like a stick through water. They receive me kindly, and they are

just as they were when my back is turned. You ask me, then, what I want? I'll tell you: I want a sum of money in my own hand to try the experiment for one year. The Duke gives me £70 for the good of the parish; if he gets the good, he will not care, I am sure, how the money is expended. Let me only have the half. I will give you an account of how I spend it. I will show you the results, and I am willing to stake my stipend that a dozen missionaries, trudging about with their gaiters and umbrellas, and preaching long, dry sermons, won't do so much good at first as £35 spent in my way."

To his MOTHER:—

DALKEITH, *March*, 1845.

"Everything goes on smoothly. I have, ranged before me, a series of really beautiful coloured lithographs for my mission station. We are taught by the eye, as well as by the ear. The more ignorant we are, the less able are we to form ideas. Children in years and children in knowledge are the better of pictures; so think the Papists, who know human nature well. But they err, not in dealing with people who are children as children should be dealt with, but in keeping them children.

"There is a marked change in the town, whatever the reason may be. The police sergeant told me yesterday that the change during the last three months is incredible. Instead of ten a week in the lock-up for drunkenness, he has not had one case for a month; while the streets, formerly infested with low characters, are now as quiet as possible. This is gratifying, and should make us thank God and take courage.

"My geological lectures are over, I gave the twelfth last night; it was on the wisdom of God as displayed in the structure of the world, and I do think it must have been interesting even to those who knew nothing of the subject."

To his sister JANE:—

DALKEITH, 1844.

"I had a meeting on Monday last to petition against Maynooth; I intimated it from my pulpit. The meeting

was good. I made a long speech; was all alone. Although I believe I am the first, and, as far as I know, mine is the only parish, belonging to our Church that has petitioned, I am so thankful I followed my own sense and did it. The fact is, we have passed through a revolution, the most serious by far in our time. Sir Robert has sapped the basis of Establishments; he has capsized the principles of his party; he has alienated from him the confidence of the country, and inflicted a sore blow upon Protestantism. I declare solemnly I would leave my Manse and glebe to-morrow, if I could rescind that terrible vote for Maynooth. I cannot find words to express my deep conviction of the infatuation of the step. And all statesmen for it! Not one man to form a Protestant party!—not one! God have mercy on the country!" *

From his JOURNAL:—

"*March* 27*th.*—The connection between a right physical and right intellectual and moral state is a question of vast importance in connection with the supremacy and advancement of the Christian Church, *i.e.*, the good and happiness of man. If it be true that through bad feeding, clothing, hard work, &c., there is a retrogression of the species, or families of the species, and *vice versâ*, how important that a country, especially a Church, should attend to the physical wants of the people! I have heard it alleged that criminals, generally speaking, are an inferior race physically. Query, how much has Christianity advanced the human race by stimulating that charity that 'does good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith?' The defect of most systems for benefiting man has arisen not so much from the presence of a bad element, as the absence of a good—from a minus, not a plus—from forgetting that man is an intellectual, social, moral, active, and sentient being, and that his well-being is advanced just in proportion as all these different parts of his nature are gratified. Better drainage, ventilation, poor

* Compare with these reflections the opinions expressed in Chapter XIII., May, 1854.

laws, deal with his sentient part; and so far good. Reading-rooms, lectures, mechanics institutes, cheap literature, deal with his intellectual, and are good too. Amusements, coffee-houses, and some of the above, deal with his social, and are likewise good. The axiom, 'give the people always something to do,' deals with his active powers; the gospel and all the means of grace, with his moral nature; and as this is the mainspring of all he thinks and does, it is the most important of all; but it alone, as a system of truth separated from a system of action, which includes all reform, will not do. To preach a sermon, and refuse meat to the starving hearers, is mockery; and so says St. James. To this I add, the necessity of a living, wise and Christian agency coming constantly into contact with men.

"It is a glorious night! 'The moon doth with delight look round her, and the heavens are bare.' How wonderful is the majestic calm of nature! how awing to the spirit this steadfast and unhalting march of God's plan in nature and providence! Man's wrath stays it not; many storms disturb it not. The stars twinkle as they did on Eve or on the waters of the Deluge. How comforting to think of the Mighty Hand which is guiding all! 'Be still, and know that I am God!'

"*December* 29*th.*—During this past year I have preached one hundred and twenty-six times in my own parish, besides sermons in mission stations. Helped to found thirty Missionary Associations for the support of Female Education in India, in Elgin, Forres, Nairn, Inverness, Fort William, Helensburgh, Dunoon, Perth, Dundee, Kilmarnock, Coldstream, Hawick, Greenock, and besides delivering addresses in Largs, Glasgow, Campsie, Dalkeith, Edinburgh College, have written the 'Churchman's Catechism,' (3,000 sold)."

CHAPTER X.

1845.—NORTH AMERICA.

THE General Assembly of 1845 having determined to send a deputation to British North America, to visit the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland in these colonies, the late Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, Dr. John Macleod of Morven, and Norman Macleod of Dalkeith, were appointed deputies. They accordingly sailed from Liverpool in June, and were absent on this duty for five months. The purpose of the deputation was to preach to the many congregations which had been deprived of their clergy during the recent ecclesiastical troubles, and to explain, when called upon, the views which had determined the policy of those who had remained by the Church of their fathers. They determined not to utter a disrespectful word regarding their Free Church brethren, and while firmly vindicating their own Church, to do nothing likely to interfere with the usefulness of any other Christian body.

Their labour—travelling, preaching, and addressing meetings—was severe. As a specimen of the work which fell to him in common with the others, he records what was done during one week. 'On

Friday, I preached and travelled sixteen miles; Saturday, preached once; Sunday, preached and gave two addresses to communicants at the Lord's Table; Monday, preached again; Tuesday, travelled thirty-two miles and spoke for an hour and a half; Wednesday, travelled forty-three miles and spoke for two hours; Thursday, preached and travelled twenty-five miles!'

The following extracts are taken from the letters he wrote during his sojourn in America:—

To his sister JANE:—

On board the *Commodore*, going to LIVERPOOL, 1845.

"We had a happy dinner at Glasgow. Mother sad, until 'I calmed her fears and she was calm.' Don't you love your mother? What is she? Not a nice *body*—she is too large in soul and body for that. Not a nice *soul*—she has too much sense and intelligence for that. Not a nice woman—she has too much enthusiasm and also piety for that. A lady is not the word—for my mother's income was always small, good soul; and though she could furnish ten ladies with what is lady-like and keep to herself what would serve to adorn a minister's house, lady is not the word. *My mother!* That's it; and don't you love her? I do; and let me tell you that in these days the fact is worth knowing.

"*Liverpool, Half-past Eleven* P. M.—The Bell Buoy struck me much. As the waves rise the bell rings. I cannot tell you the effect it had on my imagination when I first heard it. The sun was setting, attended by a glorious retinue of clouds. Ships in full sail and pilot boats were sailing in relief, and crossing and re-crossing between us and the red light. I heard a most solemn and touching chime; then silence; and the *ding dong* again came over the sea. I can hardly express the strange thoughts it suggested. One could not but think

of it in nights of storm and darkness ringing its note of warning to the sailor, and its note of welcome too, and perhaps its funeral dirge. It was so on the awful 7th of January, when the New York Liner was shipwrecked on these banks; when the fine fellow of a captain got deranged as he discovered that the light-ship, his only guide, was driven from her moorings! I could not but think it was alive and cold and lonely: that it had all the feeling of being deserted on a waste of waters like what poor Vanderdecken had, who hailed every ship, but no one came to his aid; and so the bell chimed and chimed for company, but it only proved a warning to all who heard it to sail away!"

AT SEA.

"When I looked into Dr. Simpson's cabin, I saw a poor emaciated man, evidently dying of decline, in one of the berths. I spoke kindly to him, and found he was an American who had left Boston for his health, thinking a sea voyage would do him good. But he was now returning in a dying state. In the evening, the captain seeing how ill he was, removed him to a berth nearer the air. I saw him again in the evening and got into conversation with him about the state of his soul. He seemed very ignorant but teachable. He had attended a Unitarian Chapel. I promised to read with him and to come to him any hour he wished; gave him my name and told him I was a clergyman. He seemed very grateful. He said his father was alive, but his mother was dead; and she used to speak to him every day on these things. Poor fellow! Perhaps it was in answer to her prayers, that in his last hours he had beside him those who spoke to him the truth.

"*Saturday* 21*st*.—Poor —— was speechless this morning. He died at nine o'clock. I am very thankful that I did not delay speaking to him.

"*Sabbath* 22*nd*.—Rose early. The morning was breezy. The coffin was covered by a flag and placed on a plank near the port. The sailors who attended were dressed in their white trousers, and many of the passengers were

gathered round. We read together the church service for the burial of the dead. When we came to the portion of the service when the body is committed to the deep, the plank was shoved forward with the coffin on it, and one end being elevated the coffin slid down and plunged into the ocean; a splash, and his remains were concealed for ever till the day that the sea shall give up its dead.

"I read the Church of England service in the forenoon to an excellent congregation, and John preached on the text 'How shall we escape?'"

To the SAME :—

"*Friday.*—Saw icebergs for the first time in my life. The first time we sighted them they were gleaming like silver specks on the horizon; but their bulk soon became visible. Nothing could exceed the majesty and beauty of those masses coming from some mysterious source, and floating silently on the mighty ocean. We passed within two hundred yards of one. The side next the western waves was hollowed into large caves, the precipice being only about twenty feet high. The mass was of the purest alabaster white you can conceive, gleaming and glistening in the setting sun; the waves were dashing against and undermining the island; but as the sea rolled up foaming into these marble caves, it was of the deepest and purest emerald. The union of the intense green and pure white was exquisitely beautiful.

"In the afternoon the breeze increased, thick fog rolled over us. We were all solemnized by the danger of coming thump upon an iceberg, which all agreed might take place, and, if so, instant destruction would follow. A group of passengers met round the capstan under cover, and near the funnel for warmth, for the air was piercingly cold, and every man seemed to vie with the others in telling dismal stories, chiefly from his own history, of tempests and shipwrecks and vessels on fire and destruction by icebergs. The scene in the saloon was really striking. One of the passengers was playing the guitar beautifully, and it was strange to look round the group listening to him.

Men from every part of Europe—a missionary bronzed with the sun of India, Protestant clergy and Catholic, officers and merchants, all met, having a common sympathy, only to scatter and never meet again; without, were storm and mist and floating ice-islands! How like it was to each one of us, floating on this mysterious sea of life, gleaming now beneath the sun, and again tossed about and covered by darkness and storm, and soon to melt and disappear in the unfathomable gulf where all is still!

"I retired to rest with sober, and I trust profitable, reflections. There was of course the feeling of possible danger which might be sudden and destructive. I committed myself to the care of Him Who holds the winds in the hollow of His Hand. I read with comfort the 103rd Psalm. I awoke, however, in the middle of the night, and how I longed for the morning! How helpless I felt, and how my life passed before me like a panorama!

"*Saturday.*—You know my love of steam engines, and certainly it has not been lessened by what I have seen in the *Acadia*. What a wonderful sight it is in a dark and stormy night to gaze down and see those great furnaces roaring and raging, and a band of black firemen laughing and joking opposite their red-hot throats! and then to see that majestic engine with its great shafts and polished rods moving so regularly night and day, and driving on this huge mass with irresistible force against the waves and storms of the Atlantic! If the work glorifies the intellect of the human workman, what a work is man himself!

"*Sunday.*—Having kept my watch with Dalkeith time, I have had much enjoyment in following the movements of my household and my flock, following them with my thoughts and prayers; and the belief that at the hours of public prayer there were some true hearts praying for me was very refreshing.

"*Monday.*—Another magnificent day; a fine breeze and all sail set. I have had some hours of most entertaining and deeply interesting conversations: one hour or so with the bishop, in which we entered fully and freely upon all the disputed points in the Romish Church, another hour with Unitarians,—all most useful and instructive. The

passengers drank our healths with three times three. I leave the boat with regret.

* * * * * * *

"*Pictou, Friday Night.*—This has been a truly delightful day in all respects. We went to church; it is a neat building capable of holding about eight hundred. As we drew near we saw the real out-and-out Highland congregation; old men and women grouped round; one or two of them were from Mull, and asked about all my aunts and uncles. It looked like speaking to people who had been dead. But the scene in the church was most striking. It was crammed, and the crowd stood a long distance out from the doors. Such a true Highland congregation I never saw, and when they all joined in singing the Gaelic Psalm how affecting was it! John preached a splendid sermon in Gaelic, and I preached in English to the same congregation.

"*Monday.*—Yesterday is a day never to be forgotten; I do not think it possible to convey the varied, solemn, and strange impressions which were made upon my mind. The weather was beautiful. Many hundreds had remained in town all Saturday night. On Sabbath morning dozens of boats were seen dotting the surface of the calm bay, and pulling from every part of the opposite shore towards Pictou. About one thousand people crossed during the forenoon. Hundreds on horseback and on foot, in gigs, cars, carts, were streaming into town. At eleven o'clock, Dr. Simpson and I went to the church in our pulpit gowns,—I in my dear old Loudoun gown, which has covered me in many a day of solemn battle. The church could not contain anything like the congregation. Dr. Simpson preached and exhorted the first communion table, I exhorted other two, and this was all, for the Ross-shire notions of communion are prevalent here. I occupied some time in my second address in trying to remove such sinful and superstitious ideas as are entertained by many. While Dr. Simpson gave the concluding address I went to the tent;* it was on a beautiful green

* The 'tent' is a species of movable pulpit used for open-air services in Scotland.

hill near the town, overlooking the harbour and neighbouring country. When I reached it I beheld the most touching and magnificent sight I ever beheld. There were (in addition to the crowd we had left in the church) about four thousand people here assembled! John had finished a noble Gaelic sermon. He was standing with his head bare at the head of the white communion table, and was about to exhort the communicants. There was on either side space for the old elders, and a mighty mass of earnest listeners beyond. The exhortation ended, I entered the tent and looked around; I have seen grand and imposing sights in my life, but this far surpassed them all. As I gazed on that table, along which were slowly passed the impressive and familiar symbols of the Body broken and Blood shed for us all in every age and clime—as I saw the solemn and reverent attitude of the communicants, every head bent down to the white board, and watched the expressions of the weather-beaten, true Highland countenances around me, and remembered, as I looked for a moment to the mighty forests which swept on to the far horizon, that all were in a strange land, that they had no pastors now, that they were as a flock in the lonely wilderness—as these and ten thousand other thoughts filled my heart, amidst the most awful silence, broken only by sobs which came from the Lord's Table, can you wonder that I hid my face and 'lifted up my voice and wept?' Yet how thankful, how deeply thankful was I to have been privileged to see a sight here in connection with the Church of Scotland which the Highlands of Scotland, even the Lowlands, could not afford! Oh that my father had been with us! what a welcome he would have received! An address signed by two thousand has this moment been presented. Forty deputies from the Churches came with it.

"15*th*.—We reached Gareloch, fifteen long miles off, about three o'clock. When we reached the summit of a hill, we saw the church on the opposite declivity; rows of gigs and horses showed the people had come. I spoke an hour and a half on the Headship of Christ. Thank God! we said all the good we could of our opponents, and nothing bad. While John was speaking, I went out

to rest myself. I strolled for about a quarter of a mile, and stumbled on the tent, used sometimes in preaching. You could not imagine a more striking spot for a forest-preaching. It was in a forest bay. The tent was shaded by the trees, which swept in a semicircle around it. Immediately before it was a cleared knoll, capable of accommodating four thousand people, with stumps of trees and large bare stems rising over them. I was told many thousands have sat on that knoll, hearing the word; and when I visited it in quiet and silence, and pictured to myself the scene which a communion Sabbath evening would present, it made me feel how unspeakably great was the blessing of the preached gospel in the wilderness —how it truly made it bloom and blossom as the rose! And how fearful seemed the sin of being a covetous Church, grudging to send the bread of life to a poor, morally starving people!

"*Wednesday*, 16*th*.—Rose at five, and started to preach at Wallace, forty-three miles off. Another gig, with a lady and gentleman, accompanied us all the distance 'just to hear the sermon and address!' The day got fearfully hot, about 85° in the shade; it has kept at 80° ever since! The drive was the more sultry as we had to keep through forest almost the whole way. But with coat and waistcoat off, blouse and straw hat on, and a good supply of cigars, I got on jollily; the roads were so so. By clenching my teeth, and holding on now and then, the shocks were not so bad. While the horse was baiting, about twelve miles from Pictou, I walked on, gathering strawberries, which are everywhere in abundance, and keeping off a few mosquitoes by smoking. I saw a log-hut near the wood, and entered it. A man met me, evidently poor, who could hardly speak a word of English; yet he was only five years old when he left Mull! He was married, and had six children. He seemed amazed when I spoke Gaelic: welcomed me to the house. But he no sooner found out who I was than I was met by a storm of exclamations expressing wonder and delight. He told me two of his children were unbaptized; and, as the gig had come up, I left him with the promise of returning to him next day on my way home.

"We baited the horses at an old fellow's house, who came here when a boy from Lockerbie in 1786. What changes had taken place here since then! He remembered only six 'smokes,' where there are now probably forty or fifty thousand—one house only in Pictou; no roads, &c. He said he was driven out of Isle St. John, now Prince Edward's Island, by the mice, in 1813. A mice plague appeared in that year over all Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. They filled the woods and villages; they filled houses and crawled over beds, nibbled the windows of shops, ate up crops and herbage; they swam rivers; they were met in millions dead in the sea and lay along the shores like coils of hay! If a pit was dug at night it was filled by morning. Cats, martens, &c., fed on them till they died from over-gorging. Oh! it makes me sick to think of it. Yet such was one of the forms in which danger and starvation met the early settlers.

* * * * *

"*Thursday, 17th.*—We soon reached the poor Highlander's house where I was to baptize the child. The gigs drove on to an inn to bait the horses, and I entered the log-house. I gave him an earnest exhortation, and baptized both his children. They were neat and clean. It was strange to hear them talk Yankee-English, and the father Gaelic. I was much affected by this man's account of himself. He had much to struggle against. He had lost a cow, and then a horse, and then a child. Little wood had been cleared, and he was due thirty pounds for it. 'But,' he said, handing me a large New Testament, 'that has been my sole comfort.' I was much struck on opening it to find it a gift from 'the Duke of Sutherland to his friends and clansmen in America.' What blessings may not a few pounds confer when thus kindly laid out. The tears which streamed down that poor man's face while he pointed to that fine large printed Testament would be a great reward to the Duke for his gifts, had he only witnessed them as I did. The poor fellow accompanied me on the road, and parted from me with many prayers and many tears. It is this parting with individuals and congregations every day,

never to meet again, which makes our mission so solemn and so mingled with sadness. As a congregation dismisses, you can say with almost perfect certainty, 'There they go; when we meet next it will be at Judgment!'

* * * * *

"*Charlotte Town.*—Stalking up the town we met some Morven men. The following conversation amused me as exemplifying a strong Churchman. A great rough fellow, a teetotaler (?), was the speaker. His name was Campbell.

"*Campbell.* 'Is my Uncle Donald alive?'

"*John.* 'No. He is dead.'

"*C.* (very carelessly). 'Aye, aye. Is my Uncle Sandy alive?'

"*J.* 'No; he is dead too.'

"*C.* 'Aye, aye' (but no mark of sorrow), 'and what are his children doing?'

"*J.* 'Indeed, they are the only Free Churchmen in the parish!'

"*C.* (opening his eyes and lifting up his hands), 'Save us!—is that possible!' The death of his uncles was evidently a joke in comparison with the horrible apostasy of his children.

"*Tuesday.*—This has been a very strange day; but that you may understand it, I must give you a little biography. There was a man, McDonald, a missionary some twenty years ago, in the braes of Glen Garry. I believe, chiefly from his having been given to intoxication, he was obliged to resign his mission, and came to Cape Breton, and staid for a year or two. After suffering great mental distress, he became a perfectly sober and steady man. He began preaching among the Highlanders. His preaching had great effect. He separated himself from the other clergy, because he thought them careless and bad. His sect became stronger and stronger. Many wild extravagancies attended the 'revivals' under him, crying out and screaming-fits of hysteria, which were attributed to extraordinary influences. The result, however, has been that three thousand people, including fifteen hundred communicants, adhere to him; he has

eight churches built and twenty-one prayer-meetings established; no lay-preaching; elders in all the churches; sacraments administered. He keeps all a-going, and has never received more than £50 a-year on an average. He is laughed at by some, ridiculed by others, avoided by the clergy; but all admit that he has changed, or been the means of changing, a thousand lawless, drunken people into sober, decent godly livers. This man, then, ordered all his churches to be put at our service, and sent an invitation through his elders for me to preach. Of course I will preach wherever I am asked—in a popish church, if they will let me. The worse the field the more the need of cultivation. I reached the church about twelve; McDonald, with his snow-white locks, surrounded by a crowd, met me. 'I rejoice,' he said, taking off his hat, 'to see here an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland. I bless God for the day. I appeal to you, my people, if I have not preached the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, if I have not kept you from Baptists, Methodists, and every sect, for the Church of your fathers. Welcome, sir, here.' I said we would talk after sermon. I entered the humble wooden kirk; it was seated for about three hundred, and was crammed by a decent and most attentive audience; twelve elders sat below the pulpit. McDonald, with a strong voice, led the psalmody,—he and his elders standing. After service, I went with him to a farm-house. He gave me all his history, and we discussed all his doings. I frankly told him my opinions. He has had a hard time of it. 'Often,' he said, and his lip quivered with emotion, 'have I, on a communion season, preached, and served tables, for eight hours in that church, no one with me, and no food eaten all the while.' He seems now to feel the loss of not being in fellowship with the Church, and the responsibility of leaving so many sheep without a shepherd; and, if any good minister came to this neighbourhood, he is anxious to be readmitted. When I parted from him, he burst into tears, thanking me for my 'kindness and delicacy to him,' and rejoicing in my having been with him. His people, they say, are very proud of it. Well, I would fain hope a real work has been done here. If there have been extravagancies,

how many such were at Kilsyth and other places; and surely better all this folly, with such good results, than cold and frigid regularity with no results but death. Better to be driven to the harbour by a hurricane that carries away spars and sails, than be frozen up in the glittering and smooth sea. There are many things connected with McDonald's sect I don't approve of. Two of his elders came to Charlotte Town to bid me farewell I gave them many frank, and, I thought, unpleasant advices. But to my surprise, when parting, the old men put their arms about my neck, and imprinted a farewell kiss on my cheek. . . .

"*Boston.*—I have been actually three days in Boston. Do you not think I am now well entitled to give a sound opinion upon American manners? I have lived in one of her hotels, heard two of her preachers, seen two of her Sabbath-schools—I have driven in her cabs and omnibuses, visited her jails and lunatic asylums, smoked her cigars, read her newspapers, and visited Lowell, and may I not be permitted to *guess* what sort of people they are? I was prepared upon Saturday to pronounce a judgment on the whole nation; but, happening to be wrong in my first opinion, I shut up my note-book. I had mounted the box of a coach; the driver sat on my left hand; he said he always did. Just as I had noted the great fact that 'all drivers in America sit on the left side of the box,' I thought I would ask what was gained by this. 'Why, I guess,' replied Jonathan, 'I can't help it; *I'm left-handed.*' I learned a lesson from this: to beware how I generalise.

"Our visit to Boston was a very agreeable one. I had ready access to men from whom I received much information. There is a Sabbath-school Union in Massachusetts, which I visited on Sunday, examining their books, &c., and I shall bring home with me all that is better in their system than in our own. On Monday, along with Mr. Rodgers, I visited the American Board of Missions. On the way to it I had a good deal of conversation with him on Voluntaryism. I was struck with one remark. He said, 'Our forefathers, having suffered from the tyranny of Prelatists, went to the other extreme of too great ecclesiastical freedom. You

were wise in having kept your Books of Discipline and Confession of Faith.' The American Board interested me much. There is a large building appropriated exclusively for missionary machinery. In the upper floor there are three rooms—two of these are for the library, consisting of volumes of history and accounts of the different countries where their missions are; in short, every book that can be of any use or interest to a missionary. In the other room, there is a very interesting museum of objects of natural history from the different parts of the world where their missionaries labour; and what is more interesting, *pagan spoils*, gods from the South Seas, scalps and tomahawks, &c. I was struck with the many little evidences of extensive missionary operations—a large room being filled with boxes directed to the missionaries in different parts of the world, and a large press kept for holding communications from different missionaries.

"*September* 1st.—I am now fourteen miles from La Chute. One of the most striking features of Lower Canada is its Popery and Frenchism. One feels much more in a foreign country here than in the States. The houses are French, the same as we see in Normandy. There are many beautiful large handsome churches, gay crosses by the wayside, nunneries and colleges. The riches of the church are immense. Popery is to me the mystery of iniquity. It awes me by its incomprehensible strength. If I could to-morrow believe that it is possible to believe on the authority merely of the Church, and that private judgment were not my duty, I would turn Papist. It is so sweet to the carnal heart to be freed from responsibility. But only think of that system—with its priests and fine churches and colleges everywhere! Why, two hundred years ago, the Jesuits had in Quebec, in the midst of forests, a college like the College of Glasgow. The savage Indian must have heard their matins, as he prowled on the trail of an enemy. While I conversed with my intelligent friend Singras in his room, I could not help expressing my wonder, and I am sure he was sincere as he offered up, with sparkling eyes, a prayer for my conversion, and asked me to allow him to pray for me.

If I am wrong, O Protestant! pardon my heretic heart, which must believe that many a sincere and spiritual soul knows and loves God, even when the follies and infirmities of old Adam make him sing hymns to the Virgin or adore the sacrifice of the mass. But I did not say this to Singras, but prayed God to bless him and make him a Protestant.

"But I must resume my travels. There are beautiful fields between Eustache and La Chute. It was at Eustache the rebels made their last stand. They fortified the church. It was burnt by our troops, and one or two hundred burnt or shot. A Yorkshireman's account of the battle to me was this:—'The lads tried to cross the ice, intending to attack the volunteers. They didn't ken the right uns were oop oonder t' tree. Weel, as thea rebels gied across, the right sodgers fired a ball. Gad! it scored the ice as it hopped along, and over that score none o' t' rebels wad gang for life, but ran back tae d' choorch, where they were boorned—hang 'em!'

"*Perth, Sabbath Evening.*—I have had the hardest week's work I ever had. I have gone about ninety miles sailing, and a hundred and twenty-seven driving, often in lumber waggons without springs, over the worst possible roads—have held fourteen services, and now, after having preached three long sermons to-day, I am, thank God! well and happy.

"I have seen much, and enjoyed myself. I have had peeps into real Canadian life; I have seen the true Indians in their encampment; I have sailed far up (one hundred and fifty miles above Montreal) the noble Ottawa, and seen the lumber-men with their canoes and the North-westers on their way into the interior, some to cut timber, and some to hunt beaver for the Hudson Bay Company; I have been shaken to atoms over 'corduroy' roads, and seen life in the backwoods; and I have been privileged to preach to immortal souls, and to defend my poor and calumniated Church against many aspersions.

"*Perth, Monday Evening.*—A journey of twenty-four miles is ended, and I have spoken two hours and a half. This angry spirit of Churchism which has disturbed every fireside in Scotland, thunders at the door of every shanty

in the backwoods. I went to Lanark to-day to front it. The roads were fearful; my hands are sore holding on by the waggon; but such a delicious atmosphere, not a cloud in the sky, and so fresh and bracing. The delightful September weather is come; the air is exhilarating almost to excitement. Then, in going through the forest, there is always something to break what would at first appear to be intolerable monotony. There are tall majestic trunks of trees which draw your eye upwards till it rests on their tufted heads, far up in the sky; or the sun is playing beautifully among the green leaves, or some strange fire suddenly appears; or you catch glimpses of beautiful woodpeckers, with gay plumage, running up the tree, and hear the tap-tap-tap, like a little hammer; or you see a lovely pet of a squirrel, with bushy tail and bright eyes, running a race with you along the fence, stopping and gazing at you, then running with all his might to pass you, then frisking with its tail and playing all kinds of antics; or you halt and *listen* to the intense silence, and perhaps hear an axe chop-chop-chop,—the great pioneer of civilisation; and then you suddenly come to a clearance, with fine fields, and cattle with tinkling bells, and happy children, and pigs, and perhaps a small school, and maybe a church, and almost certainly meet a Scotchman or a Highlander, who says, 'Gosh bless me, am bheil shibse mac Mr. Tormoid.' If you see a miserable shanty and lots of pigs, expect to hear 'Erin go bragh.'

"*Markham, twenty miles from Toronto, 20th September, Saturday Night.*—I preach to-morrow in Toronto. What a variety of opinions are here congregated! Churchmen and dissenters of all kinds, as at home. I always preach the gospel, insisting in every place that to believe this and live is all in all; that the whole value of Churches consists in their bringing the living seed, the word, in contact with the ground, the heart; that the Church itself is nothing but as a means towards effecting the end of making us know, love, and obey God. I try to bring men into the Church of Christ, and make the question of the Church of Scotland a secondary matter. In explaining the Church question (which, along with the sermon, occupies perhaps three or

four hours) I avoid all personalities, all attacks, and give full credit to my opponents; and I think I have not said a word which I would not say if these opponents were my best friends, and were sitting beside me. Indeed I know that a Free Church preacher was (unknown to me) present at one of my longest addresses, and that he said he could not find fault with one expression. I am thankful for this. You know how I hate *Churchism*, and that is one reason why I think this Free movement so dangerous. But one of the saddest feelings is that experienced at parting. I have generally ended my address by such a sentiment as this: 'Yet all this is not religion; it is only about religion. My sermon was on the real work. The true battle is between Christ and the world—between believers and unbelievers; that was the battle which I have been fighting while preaching. But this painful and profitless combat is between Christian brethren. The Church controversy is a question on non-essentials, on 'meat and drink.' But 'the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' I have seen many on their dying beds. I never heard any rejoice that they belonged to this or that Church; but if they were glad, it was because they were in Christ. It is almost certain that, when you and I meet next, it will be in the presence of Christ Jesus. If we are glad then, it will not be because we have been in an Established or Free Church, but because we are in the Church gathered out of every nation. And if on that day I can look back with joy to this day's work, it will not be because of what I have said upon the Church of Scotland, but to what I have said about Christ Jesus.' Yes; these partings are sad and solemn! But the satisfaction is great to have told the honest truth in everything. We part always with good-will, and with many kind wishes and prayers.

"The little Manse is always affecting to me. It is generally a small wooden house; no carpets—poor, poor. O honest Poverty! let me never contemplate thee but with a tearful eye of sympathy and love. Who would laugh at poor S—— with his little school, broken up by the Free Church, and his wife and bairns looking poor and sad?

Who would smile but in love at M——, with his old housekeeper, Kirsty, and his half bottle of port, which he said 'should be sound (looking at the glass between him and the light), but it had been six months drawn, and *perhaps* had been spoiled?' Who would despise poor ——'s 'study,' albeit there was in it but few books, an old chair, and rickety table? Yet he himself was there, with a large head and heart, and fit to minister to any Church on earth. Who would laugh, though he had only a tin teapot and no ewer to the basin? Honest souls! your reward is little in this world; and most blameable will we at home be if we do not assist you, the pioneers of civilisation in the forest!

"I shot the Long Sault rapid. A noble sight. The St. Lawrence, the king of streams, becomes compressed between rocky islands and a rocky shore. The result is a wavy, foaming current—roaring like a big burn after a spate. Away goes the large steamer, four men at the wheel forward, and four men at the tiller astern; down she whirls, the spray flying over her bows, and she going seventeen miles an hour. She cannot stem it, but she shoots it nobly. It is a fine sight to see the majestic stream, crossed and angry and plunging and foaming like a pettish brook. The brook can be opposed; but what power will stem the fury of the St. Lawrence?

"*Saturday, 16th.*—This day's sail was 'beautiful exceedingly.' It was through the Lake of the Thousand Isles. I had, from reading 'Honison's Sketches of North America,' when a boy, a vision of beauty and glory and undefined grandeur connected with this same lake. Like most things which appear fair to the fancy, the reality did not come up to the dream, but still it was very beautiful.

"From Kingston we proceeded by steam to Toronto, up the bay of Quintè to Belleville. This bay is one of the fair scenes in Canada. The moon rose in glory and majesty, and I was loth to quit the deck for the confined crib in the small cabin. While walking on the upper deck, I heard a number of voices joining in a Gaelic chorus. I went down and there found a dozen Highlanders. After they were finished, the following conversation took place, I speaking in high English.

"'Pray what language is that?'

"'Gaelic, sir.'

"'Where is that spoken?'

"'In the Highlands of Scotland.'

"'Is it a language?'

"'It's the *only* true *langidge*. English is no *langidge* at all, at all.'

"'It must be banished; it is savage.'

"'It's no you, or any other, will banish it.'

"'Pray let me hear you speak a sentence of it. Address a question to me.'

"'*Co as a thanaig thu?*' (*Where do you come from?*)

"'*Thanaig mis as an Eilean Sgianach!*' (*I come from the Isle of Skye.*)

"'*O, fheũdail! 'Se Gäel tha am.*' (*Oh goodness! He is a Highlander!*)

"These men had never been in Scotland. They were all Glengarry men, and were of course rejoiced to meet me.

"The number of Highlanders one meets, and of those, too, who are from the old homes of Morven and Mull, is quite curious. At Toronto there came to see us, first, three men from Mull who had been forty years in Canada, and could speak hardly a word of English; but each was linked some way to my grandfather's house, and they laughed and cried, time about, telling stories about the 'water-foot' of Aros. Then came an old servant from Campbeltown—'Ochanee! ochanee!'—remembering, I believe, all the shirts I had when a boy. Then a man from Morven entered. 'Do I know your father? Tormoid Og! It's me that knows him.' My uncle found a woman, near Lake Simcoe, who was longing to see him. When he entered she burst into tears. She had on a Highland plaid and a silver brooch. He thought he knew the brooch. It was Jenny M'Lean's, the old hen-wife at Fiunary, given her by my uncle Donald before he died; and this woman was Jenny's sister! It is like a resurrection to meet people in this way. And these form the strength of the country. As long as the old stock remains, all is sound and well. Old associations, the old church, the old school, the simple manners, the warm attachments

of a time almost vanished from Scotland, survive here. May they not be blasted by the fierce fire of Churchism, which is annihilating the social habits of Scotland, and converting her peasantry into bigots, and her loyal people into fanatic democrats!

"At —— I met old Dr. M——. He had a frightful stammer. I asked how they spent the Sabbath, having no Minister? He said, 'I t-tried to col-col-lect the pe-pe-people to hear a ssss-sermon; but, after reading one, s-somehow or other they did not c-come to hear me again! It was t-too b-bad!' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon!*

"In crossing the Lake, I saw on the horizon a light feathery cloud of a peculiar shape. It was the spray of the Falls of Niagara!

"This is my last letter from America. God be praised for all his mercies to an unworthy sinner. I shall give you my next journal *vivâ voce.*"

On their return from America, the deputation received a hearty welcome from the Church, and the thanks of the Assembly were accorded to them for the manner in which they had fulfilled their duty. Crowded meetings were held in Edinburgh and Glasgow, to receive their account of the Colonies. The effects of their visit were long felt in Canada, and many pleasing tokens occurred in after years of the deep and lasting influences produced by the presence and teaching of the deputies.

* He used to tell another story of this good old gentleman. They were driving together through the forest on a frightfully hot day, and the Doctor in a tremendous heat, from the conjoined labour of whipping his horse and stammering, began to implore Norman Macleod to send them a minister. "We d-d-don't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-s-ermon *like what you g-gave us yourself to-day!*"

CHAPTER XI.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AND TOUR IN PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA.

THE excitement caused by the Disruption had not yet calmed down, for the animosity of party spirit still burned with a heat almost unparalleled even in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Those who had once been intimate friends passed one another without sign of recognition, and family life was embittered by parents and children, brothers and sisters, taking adverse sides on the Strathbogie case, or on the powers of the Civil Magistrate.

This reigning spirit of intolerance stirred the keener feelings of Norman Macleod far more than the questions which divided the rival Churches. However decided his views may have been as to the merits of the controversy, he cared infinitely more for the maintenance of just and kindly feelings between Christians, than for anything in dispute between ecclesiastical parties. He did not grudge the success of the Free Church, and he lamented the conduct of those who refused sites for her churches. But he protested with utmost vigour against the spirit of intolerance which was too often displayed by the

Church of the Disruption, and on some occasions he spoke and wrote in strong terms against its bigotry. 'I am not conscious of entertaining any angry or hostile feeling towards the Free Church as 'a branch of Christ's Catholic Church.' I desire that God may help all its labours, both at home and abroad, for advancing that 'kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' I respect many of its ministers and I enjoy the friendship of many of its members. I admire its zeal and energy. I have no sympathy with the alleged attempts to embarrass any of its ministers—or the ministers of any Church on earth—when seeking accommodation for themselves or their adherents. My remarks are directed solely against that proud and intolerant spirit which says to the Church of Scotland, 'Stand back, I am holier than thou,' and which has corroded so many hearts formerly kind and loving. I detest Church controversy; it is rarely profitable to writer or reader; it is apt to darken our minds and injure our best affections. Let these men, in one word, love Christians more than Churches, and the body of Christ more than their own, and they will soon discover that separation from a Church, and protesting against a Church, are quite compatible with union with that very Church, on the ground of a common faith, and co-operation with it for the advancement of a common Christianity.'

He was, in truth, utterly weary of ecclesiastical strife, and when, during his visit to America, he heard of the proposed formation of the Evangelical Alliance, he hailed with delight a project which not

only harmonized with his own deepest feelings, but promised to have a specially beneficial effect in healing the divisions of Scotland.

The Alliance was then in the freshness of its youth, and when he came home he threw himself with his whole heart into the movement. The narrowness of spirit, which afterwards repelled him from its ranks, had not, as yet, displayed its presence.* He was profoundly touched by the atmosphere of Christian brotherhood which prevailed at the preliminary conference held in Birmingham, and he was still more impressed by the imposing assembly of delegates from all parts of the world which met afterwards in London. He had already seen much of the world, but he had now the privilege of becoming acquainted with some of the most eminent representatives of home and foreign Churches, and gained such an insight into the vital principles and character of these Churches as only contact with living men could give. By means also of the Evangelical Alliance he established a friendly relation with many of the great missionary bodies of England, and, on their invitation, went for several years to London to attend the May meetings, or to preach the annual sermon in connection with some of their societies. His influence increased as his power became known, and his own faith and courage were mightily strengthened by the enlarged sympathies he gained from co-operation with other Christians.

* See Chapter XVI. May 25th, 1863.

To his MOTHER :—

DALKEITH, *6th March*, 1846.

"I am not lazy or careless—far less indifferent; but writing letters is uncongenial to me. I fancy that when I say, 'we are all well, and love you, and are always thinking of you and speaking of you,' that I have said all that is required; and that the state of the weather, the health of dogs and cats, and the jog-trot adventures of every day, cannot merit a record on paper. There are a thousand things I would like to say—not to write—that abominable scratch, scratch, scratch! that heavy, lumbering bread-and-butter style of conveying stories and facts which need the eye, the voice, the grace notes and touches which give them life! It is after all but another edition of Laura Bridgman, a speaking from the tip of the fingers, and giving glimpses of thought.

"Now here I am with yards of paper before me, and 6,000 people round me—a romance in every close, a tale in every family requiring volumes and not pages. Jane will tell you what a coach-horse life I lead, and how difficult it is for me to get time to pour out my heart, though full to the brim, into yours, which I verily believe would never be so full as to make you call 'stop,' though all your children were to write to you by the steam press.

"But what news can I give you? 'Can I not tell what is doing in the house?' Yes; but are you serious in saying you wish to hear? 'Yes, quite serious.' Then, if so, you have little to think about. But, as far as I know, the following is the state of the house :—

"As to the attics, one is locked up, and in the other your youngest son slept last night under the influence of a lesson in Latin and a plate of porridge. In the next floor, one bedroom is cold and empty. Another room was occupied last night by your firstborn. As you may like to know how he passed the night, I'll tell you. Having resolved to be abstemious in his eating—'Why now are you that?' My dear mother, a man's liver is the better of it. It keeps him cool, makes him sleep well, and wake light and hearty. Well, having resolved to be abstemious,

I took one and a half Welsh rabbits to my supper—the cheese (being next to milk) was laid on thick. I was soon asleep. 'Did you dream?' No. 'No nightmares?' No. 'What did you do?' Sleep, according to an old habit.

"Lower floor—study occupied by your son, one pipe, a dog and cat, books, &c. Other rooms empty. Cellars—rubbish, broken glass and starved rats.

"Are you wiser now? 'And what is doing outside?' My dear, that outside is a big word. The sky is blue; the birds are singing; carts are passing on the road; men and women are drinking; some crying; some starving; some dying. That word has tolled me back to being! I can be merry no longer. I was laughing beside you, but now I am in real life. I see sad scenes, and hear sad things, and my heart is not light. So I shall not write anything more to-day—but my sermon."

To his MOTHER:—

DALKEITH, *June 3rd*, 1846.

"I cannot let my birthday pass without saying God bless thee—for my birth and up-bringing—and the unceasing love and goodness which has beamed upon me from your heart and which has gladdened my life on earth, and next to the grace of God has helped to prepare me for the life in Heaven which I hope, through the mercy of God in Christ, to share with yourself, and perhaps with all who have shared our domestic joys."

To his Sister JANE:—

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE CONFERENCE AT BIRMINGHAM,
4 *o'clock, Wednesday, April.*

"I have been in two 'Sessions' of the Conference, and I take half an hour's breathing time to write to you my first impressions. You ask how I liked it? I reply that it was one of the happiest evenings I ever spent on earth. Never in any company had I the same deep peace and joy, and the same broken-heartedness for sin. Oh! what a prayer was that of Octavius Winslow's! It stirred my deepest feelings, and made the tears pour down my cheeks.

How I wished that you could have been there! And then to see so many on their knees—and to hear the 'Amens' of acquiescing, sympathising, and feeling spirits! I would have gone ten times the distance to have enjoyed all I did.

"About 120 are present to-day. Candlish, Guthrie, Hamilton, are there, but I have not yet spoken to any. I am more afraid to-day. I fear that they are growing too fast outwards. As long as we deal with God, we seem omnipotent in Him and through Him, but our attempts at work professedly for Him seem to me highly dangerous as yet. I pray God that all may go on well. The prayer and praise are glorious. It has developed in me an affection which hitherto I have only manifested but partially—very partially—and that only in words—because of a lack of opportunity,—I mean, love to ministerial brethren. I feel like a man who had brothers—but they had been abroad—and he had never seen them before. I feel too, how much knowing the brethren comes from seeing them; 'the brother whom he hath seen' increases love to Him who is unseen."

To his Sister JANE:—

Conference at London, Wednesday, May 25th.

"Everything goes on pleasantly and well. The Frees honest fellows, are not here. They are a loss, for they have good heads for business.

"Bickersteth, dear man, is in the chair, and Bunting, noble man, is now speaking. Angel James is about to follow, and Dr. Raffles has finished. It is mere chat, like a nice family circle, and I hope that our Elder Brother is in the midst of it."

To ELIZABETH PATTERSON.*

At Sea, on his way to London, 6 P.M., *Wednesday, August.*

"How rich is that grace which can not only give peace to ourselves, but also make us share His own joy in giving

* Among the many members of his flock in Dalkeith who encouraged him in his work, there was one who, unable herself to take an

good and happiness to others! None but He could make you, a weak creature, without hands or feet or tongue, stretched on a bed of pain—able not only to be an example to us of faith and patience, but an inexpressible strength to us, as you have many a day been to me. Well, dear, His own work, whatever it be, will be perfected in you, and by you; and then, but not till then, He will perfect you in Himself. But as long as you can please and glorify Him more on earth than in Heaven, you will, I am sure, be content to stay; and I hope we shall all be taught by your meek compliance with His will to comply with it too, when He takes you hence or takes us. He Who has hitherto so wonderfully helped you, is able surely to help you to the end. The Hand which holds all the ocean I see around me, which sustains this blue sky over my head, can uphold and sustain your weak body, for it is more precious than all this big world. It is a redeemed body. The mountains may depart; His love never! Every drop of the ocean will be exhausted; His love never! The Heavens will depart like a scroll, but they who do His will shall abide for ever! Let us praise Him! May He be with you day and night!"

active share of duty, yet perhaps really strengthened him more than any other. Elizabeth Patterson had been an invalid and a sufferer for several years before he came to the parish, and during the eight years of his ministry there, she was only once or twice out of bed. She required the constant care of her widowed mother and her loving sisters. She was frequently so weak when he visited her, that she could not speak but in a whisper; yet that always expressed kindness towards others, or meek resignation to the will of God. She seemed to forget herself in the interest she took in Christ's kingdom, caring for the good of the poorest child in Dalkeith as well as for the advance of religion over the earth. It was no wonder that such a character drew forth his sympathies. He often spoke of the comfort and strength he got from witnessing her faith and courage, and from knowing that she and her family, and her good friend Mrs. Porteous, were 'instant in prayer' on his behalf. Often, after a weary day's work in filthy closes, he would find refreshment and gain new hopefulness at the bedside of this holy sufferer. She and her family afterwards went to St. Andrew's, but until the time of her death in 1863, he kept up his friendship with her, and sometimes went from Glasgow to visit her on her weary sick-bed.

To his Sister JANE:—

LONDON, *August.*

"The Alliance has been formed. Such a scene of prayer, shaking of hands, and many weeping!

"I met a man this morning with a towering forehead, having 'the harvest of a quiet eye,' and 'a most noble carriage.' I was introduced to him, and he said, 'I know your name, and I am glad to have seen your face.' I replied, 'Sir, I have long revered you, and now rejoice to grasp your hand.' Then we for a short time discoursed about our Church, and when, in explanation of our position, I said, 'I fear I must call the Free Church the party of Presbyterian Puseyism,' he seized my arm, and said, 'You have taken the words out of my mouth. I wrote to the King stating the same thing. I think they are making the Church an idol.' Who was this?—Bunsen."

LONDON, *August 4th*, 1845.

"I have just time to say that our Alliance goes on nobly. There are 1,000 members met from all the world, and the prayers and praises would melt your heart. Wardlaw, Bickersteth, Tholuck, say that in their whole experience they never beheld anything like it. I assure you many a tear of joy is shed. It is more like Heaven than anything I ever experienced on earth. The work is done, a work in our spirits which can never be undone. The Americans have behaved nobly. I am appointed chairman of one of the future meetings for devotion, an honour to which I am not entitled except as representing my Church. I would the whole world were with us! No report can give you any idea of it. I am half-asleep, as it is past midnight. I have to meet Czersky at breakfast at eight."

To his MOTHER:—

"My mind and heart are almost wearied with the excitement of this time. Meetings every day—conversing, smoking with Germans, French, Americans, &c.—all

in love and harmony. Tholuck, Rheinthaler, Barth, Cramer, from Germany; Monod, Fisch, Vernet, from France; Cox, Kirk, Skinner, Paton, Emery, De Witt, Baird, from America. It would take hours to tell you my news."

From his JOURNAL:—

September, 1846.

"What an eventful year has this been to me! In June, 1845, I crossed the great Atlantic, and returned home in safety in November. Since then I have had much to do with colonial matters. I have received, with my colleagues, the thanks of the Assembly. I have visited Birmingham as a member of the Evangelical Alliance. I have been thrice in London—once to address five meetings on our Missions, and once as a Member of the Select Committee of the Alliance, and the third time attending the Alliance itself. I have, besides, written four articles for a Magazine, spoken at four public meetings in Scotland, and I have not neglected my own parish. I trust I may now have some time to devote my whole energies to this home work, and to publishing religious tracts. I have gained more than I can express by intercourse with the world. In America, and at the Alliance, I have mingled more with other minds—got hold of more—than during my whole lifetime.

"What has been done by the Alliance?

"1. Brethren have met and prayed together; they have become acquainted and learned to love one another. Is this not much? If the tree must grow from within—if Love is to be the fountain of all good to the Church and the world—is this not much? Is it not almost all? Was not every one at the Alliance melted by the harmony and love that prevailed? What holy and happy hours were these! Often was that room in Birmingham and London felt to be the house of God, the gate of Heaven!

"2. Was it not much to have agreed upon a basis, and to have presented to the Papist so much harmony upon cardinal doctrines? All who had any dealings with the Popish Church felt this.

"3. May not a louder voice now speak to the world than has spoken for a time?

"The happiest and proudest day I ever spent was the day I presided in London over the Evangelical Alliance."

To PRINCIPAL CAMPBELL, of Aberdeen:—

DALKEITH, *September*, 1846.

"I received your *brochure* yesterday. I do not quite agree with you in some points. I think there may be all the *one-ness* which Christ ever intended to exist in the Church, without that kind of visible unity which you seem to contend for. The grand problem is how to obtain the greatest amount of one-ness in essential doctrine—in affection—in work—with the greatest amount of personal and congregational freedom as to government and worship. We may begin by assuming that denominations must exist. Let us try to give the *disjecta membra* unity. Find the unknown quantity *x*, which is to be the bond of union. Here they are:—legs, arms, heads, eyes, ears, scattered about. What form of body will unite them, leaving to each his individuality? Heaven alone knows; I don't. In the meantime we must do what we can.

"I preached the anniversary sermon for the Wesleyans in their large chapel in Edinburgh. Such a crowd! Long before the hour every crevice was choked. Up the pulpit stairs, and filling all the passages. As Southey says of the rats,

> 'And in at the windows, and in at the door,
> And through the walls in hundreds they pour,
> From within and without, from above and below,
> And all at once to the Bishop they go.'

"I am the first Established minister who has preached in their church."

The death of his old teacher, Dr. Chalmers, deeply moved him, and, when addressing the Lay Association of the Church of Scotland, he took the opportunity of

paying a tribute to the memory of this great and good man—'whose noble character, lofty enthusiasm, and patriotic views will rear themselves before the eyes of posterity like Alpine peaks, long after the narrow valleys which have for a brief period divided us are lost in the far distance of past history.'

To his MOTHER:—

June, 1847.

"Another third of June! and another, and another—it may be—until there is no son to write and no mother to write to, and the passing birthdays of time are lost in the new birth of an endless day.

"You would be grieved for dear old Chalmers. I am sure you will sympathize with what I said about him at our public meeting on Tuesday. I was grieved that later differences prevented, I think foolishly, any notice being taken of his death in our Assembly. The motives for our doing so might have been, perhaps, misunderstood. There is a great power at work, called Dignity, which sometimes appears to me to be like General Tom Thumb, the dwarf, acting Napoleon. I may be misinterpreted, too—I don't care. A man's head—at least mine—may deceive a hundred times a day—a man's heart never! I never felt the rightness or wrongness of any thing strongly, without its really turning out to be the right or the wrong I thought it was. Dear old man! He is among congenial minds for the first time—he never breathed his own native air till now—never felt at home till now. I intend going to his funeral. I hope the Free Church will have the taste not to attempt to make it sectarian—Chalmers belonged to Scotland. I am just going to write a funeral sermon on him. I feel he is a father and brother a thousand times more than men whom I address as 'Fathers and Brethren.'

"This is a glorious day. The hawthorn is bursting into wreaths of snow; 'the birds are busy in the woods'; the butterflies are *glinting* among the bushes; and everything is lovely.

"Is my father with you? I need not say that he is inseparably connected with you in my thoughts to-day, for I am sure a kinder father no children ever had. I am thankful that he fixed upon the Ministry for me. I declare I do not remember a day when I thought it possible that I could be anything else than a Minister—nor do I remember any other profession which for a moment I ever wished to adopt—unless in school, when I once desired to be a bandmaster; at another time, a Ducrow galloper on horses; and, lastly, and more especially, a Captain of a man-of-war!

"My dear, I remember long ago, when there was a minister of the name of Macleod in Dalkeith."

To Mr. James M'Pherson, Loudoun:—

Dalkeith, *June 30th*, 1847.

"I do not feel that I am separated from my beloved, tenderly, deeply beloved flock, who have either left Loudoun for Heaven, or left the Establishment for another branch of Christ's visible Church. I feel we are united by bonds far closer than we understand; bonds which Christ has cast around us, which He will lovingly keep around us, and which He will not let the world or ourselves sever. And oh! how I long for His coming; when we shall all be together again; when we shall know even as we are known, and be for ever with Himself!"

From his JOURNAL :—

"*July* 4, '47.—I never felt more overwhelmed by work than during the five weeks which preceded my Communion. I was concerned for the Assembly, that it should do God's will. I was convener of the committee appointed to select and send off a deputation to the Colonies, which are ever present to me. I had public sermons to preach in Glasgow and Edinburgh. I had to speak the truth, and fitting truth, at the Lay Association and Female Education Meetings. The Evangelical Alliance was coming. I was to speak there. Then there were preparations for the Communion, and a great deal of sickness in the parish. At home, my own dear brother, George, was ill, and my mother and I going, in thought, to the graves at Campsie. In short, I never had such a pressure upon me. I could have wished to bury my head in the grave.

"To add to this, on the Wednesday before my Communion, ten minutes after leaving our Session meeting, good Mr. Bertram, my elder, fell down dead! It was, indeed, a very trying time; yet I had much inward peace. I felt as if outside of the house there were wind and storm, which beat into the ante-chambers; but that there was within a sanctuary which they did not and could not reach. I experienced a strange combination of great trouble and perfect peace. And how graciously has God brought me through all! The Assembly was very good; its debates calm and truthful, its decisions, as far as I can see, just and righteous. The deputation to America was selected after much correspondence. I am since vindicated for having proposed and carried their appointment. They have received an enthusiastic welcome, and they themselves acknowledge that their mission was needed. My public sermons were well received, and I hope did good. I spoke as I wished, *i.e.* the truth which I desired to communicate to the Lay Association, and at the meetings for Female Education in India, and of the Evangelical Alliance. I was, at home, able to strengthen and comfort dear Mrs. Bertram. I never had a more peaceful and delightful Communion. My dear George is recovering. Oh, how my prayers have

been answered Thou, God, knowest! I have passed through all this in peace. I thank God. For I do feel that His supporting grace can alone enable one to meet the sorrowing burden of humanity. The flesh would say, fly, hide thyself, partake not of those cares and troubles. But this is not the voice of the Spirit. The Spirit of Jesus would have us carry the care, and the anxiety, and the sorrow of the world, all the while giving us His peace—that peace which He had even when He wept at Bethany and over Jerusalem, and went about doing good, and mourned for unbelief.

"Faith in an eternal life with God, must, I think, arise necessarily out of love to Him here. Did I only know that David loved God, I would, without further evidence, believe that he had full assurance of life beyond the grave."

"To me the greatest mystery next to the mystery of God's will is my own! It is of all truths the most solemn to recognise the possession of a responsible will—which because it is a will *can* choose, and because of sin *does* choose, what is opposed to the will of God.

"The existence and influence of Satan are not more mysterious than the existence and influence of bad men. Evil is the mystery—not evil agents and evil influence. Considering all things, perhaps, a Demoniac in the synagogue, a wicked Judas in the Church, is a greater mystery than Satan.

"The great difference between the law and the gospel is, that the latter brings a power into operation for producing that right state of mind—love to God—which the law commands but cannot effect.

"Christ is the living way, the eternal life, as He gives to us His own life and Spirit. To be as He was is the only way to the Father.

"God is surely revealing Himself to all His creatures. I cannot think that there is even a Bushman in Africa with whose spirit the living God is not dealing. The voice of God is speaking though they may not hear it; yet they may hear it, and so hear it as to know the living and true God.

"St. Paul said that God had appointed the bounds of men's habitations that they might seek after Him. This implies that to find Him was possible.

"I will never agree to the sensuous philosophy which insists on all teaching coming through materialism. Education is to lead out, to draw out, what I may already possess.

"God has made us for joy! Joy is the normal state of the universe. This only makes Christ's sorrow more terrible. Man's joy and God's joy must be one. 'Ye shall be as gods.' Yes; but not by the Devil's teaching.

"What dreadful suffering must Christ have endured from want of human sympathy! How alienated is man from God, when Peter and the apostles were so alienated from Christ. 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me,' but none else!"

The movement in favour of a reformed Church, inaugurated in Poland by Ronge and Czersky, was at this time awakening much interest among Protestants. Both Ronge and Czersky had been present at a meeting of the Alliance, and as some members of that body were anxious to obtain reliable information on the subject, Norman Macleod was asked to accompany the late Dr. Herschell of London on a visit to the principal congregations of the new communion.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO PRUSSIAN POLAND AND SILESIA IN AUGUST, 1847.

To his FATHER:—

"During my short stay abroad I intend to address all my letters to you, in the hope that they may contain something interesting, which may, perhaps, induce you to bear with that peculiar hieroglyphical character which I generally use in writing, and which, through your excellent example, I have studied from my earliest infancy. I must

begin at the beginning—whether or not I shall continue to the end is another question.

"At York we visited the Castle and all its horrors—saw old and young confined in stone courts, hard stone under foot, hard stone on every side, stone and iron surrounding them during the day and night, and we in sunshine and breeze, with joy above and around us. Saw the condemned cell, with its iron bed and cold walls, the only view being through thick bars, upon a small green spot with rank grass, surrounded by walls, where the wretched occupant must be laid on the day of his execution, along with those who have gone before him to the same sad spot. A burying-place which contains the bodies of those only who have been executed is a sad and solemn sight.

"From this we passed to the Minster once more. And what a change from the cell and the graveyard, and the cut-throat Museum, to that gorgeous pile of pinnacle and tower, with its long-drawn aisles and stained windows, 'red with the blood of kings and queens,' and quaint device and carved imagery, and full of glorious anthems and chanted prayers! A very shadow, I thought, of that state of grandeur and glory into which the gospel brings us—out of the horrid prison and condemned cell, and graveyard without hope."

* * * * * *

"I pass over the many interesting conversations held in Berlin with Neander, Uhden, Kuntze.

"We obtained, however, little information from them regarding the present state of the Reform movement. All parties seemed indifferent to it. All parties rejected Ronge. Sydow called him '*ein ausgeblasener Narr*,' and despised both the man and his opinions, and considered them only a little better than Popery.

"Saturday morning we posted sixty-two miles, to Schneidemühl, where we arrived the same evening about eight o'clock. We found Czersky waiting for us.

"Upon Sabbath morning, at ten, we went to his church. As we entered the people were singing one of Luther's hymns, with—as is usual in German churches—loud and harmonious voices, led by an organ and a tolerably good

choir. About 120 were present. The passages and all round the altar were strewed with flowers, which we learned afterwards was a token of gladness at seeing us amongst them.

"When the psalm was nearly concluded Czersky entered. He was dressed in priest's garments; in a long black cloth gown, which came down to his toes and was buttoned in front, and over this a jacket of white muslin beautifully worked, with wide sleeves, and coming down to his waist. He knelt and prayed in silence before the crucifix, and then preached.

"We held a conference with the elders at Czersky's house, in the morning. About twelve were present. The chief objects of the meeting were to ascertain their state of mind towards Czersky, and above all to exhort them upon certain points which, we believed, required the advice of neutral parties in whose good-will perfect confidence could be placed. Mr. Herschell and I spoke our minds fully.

"Though our conference lasted nearly two hours, we were listened to throughout with the utmost patience. Not a word was spoken unless we asked a reply. When these replies were given, Czersky seemed anxious that we should hear the opinions of his elders as well as his own. These opinions were most satisfactory. From this meeting, and from a private conversation which I had with Czersky during a short walk in the fields on Sabbath, as well as from familiar intercourse with him on the following days, I am convinced that there is perfect confidence placed in him by his people, and that he is a most simple-hearted, sincere man. Though he will never be a great leader, he will prove a true witness; and if he cannot attack, he certainly will resist error. After the meeting we remained and took tea with himself and his wife. We were much struck with the humble and poor house in which he lives. Everything indicated a man who had not at least made money by his change.

"Our Sabbath evening's work was closed by a call upon the old Lutheran minister, who was just retiring to rest. He received us very kindly, was frank and full of good

humour; and while he deplored the number of churches in the town instead of one (his own), he bore the strongest testimony to Czersky, declaring him to be, in his opinion, a simple, honourable, upright, pious man. This was most satisfactory.

"Having determined to take Czersky with us to Posen, we all met next morning in the hotel, and were early on our way, by courier post with four horses. We had a journey of sixty miles before us. The day was scorching. Our road lay along flat plains or through forests, and poor Polish villages. It was so sandy and rough that we could not make sometimes more than six miles an hour. The whole of this day's journey reminded me of America, more especially when our road lay through the forest.

"Post is, in many respects, an abler man than Czersky. He is an able speaker, has read and thought much, and is as firm a believer in positive Christianity as Czersky. Family worship is common among his people. His congregation numbers about 740, old and young.

"The results of our inquiries into this movement in Poland may thus be summed up:—

"1. Numbers: There are fifteen Christian Catholic congregations in Poland, each numbering upon an average 300 souls, old and young. The numbers in four principal stations are, respectively, Posen 745, Schneidemühl 400, Bromberg 600, Thorn 400. Post has sometimes 1000 in summer.

"2. All the clergy in Poland are for positive Christianity, and will have nothing to do with Ronge.

"3. They are not yet united, but wish to form a Presbytery.

"4. This movement should be helped and strengthened. The people and ministers are poor. They could get on better by joining the Established Church; but they desire church freedom, and they think that they are in a better position to act as a Mission, having reference to the Church of Rome, than if they were to become absorbed in the State Church.

"We left Posen on Thursday morning, and slept that

night at Lissa, half way to Breslau. We reached Breslau in the evening of Friday.

"We determined to drive out next day to Hünen, to see Dr. Theiner, whom all parties acknowledge to be the most learned and able man connected with this movement. He was out walking when we arrived. His old servant, however, went for him, while we sat beneath the shade of some orange-trees in the little flower-garden.

"By-and-by we saw approaching, with quick steps, a man of the ordinary size, upwards of fifty, with a long German surtout, a cap with large scoop, spectacles, and his long hair, sprinkled with grey, flowing behind. He ushered us into a large room, which, in its thorough confusion, reminded us of Neander's—chairs and tables, covered with books, and the whole room as if it was the temporary receptacle for a library hastily carried into it, along with some furniture, during a fire. The first look of Theiner filled me with confidence and affection; the large manly brow, the twinkling black eyes and gentle smile, every feature expressive of eagerness, thought, tenderness, and simplicity. He gave us his opinions fully and frankly. He spoke of Ronge with unmeasured terms of contempt as '*ein nicht würdiges elendes Geschöpf.*' He spoke of Czersky and Post with the greatest respect, declaring his conviction that they were honest men. His own position now was one of literary activity.

"In the evening of Sabbath I heard Ronge. After reading a few cold, formal prayers, he commenced his sermon. His delivery is lifeless, without fire in eye or action; hesitating, uninteresting. One was puzzled more and more to discover what the elements were in this man which could rouse the populace.

"I expected to have met Ronge according to appointment in the evening, but he sent an apology by his friend, Dr. Beusch, with whom we had a very long conversation and dispute. His opinions, like those of Ronge, are ultra-rationalistic—or rather, pantheistic; and it was hardly possible to get a common standing ground. The whole system seemed to be a mixture of socialism and Deism gilded with the morality of the

Bible, and having a strong political tendency towards communism.

"Such is Ronge-ism. It is bad, but who is to blame? Popery first. It is evident that the whole of this false system is a reaction from Popery; that it has been moulded into its present form in the conscious presence of Popery. The materialism of the one has given birth to the anti-symbolical and attempted spiritualism of the other. What the result is to be no one can tell. It cannot stand as it is. It must advance to Quakerism and Spiritual Pietism, and end in Socialism, or its serious people be absorbed in a deeper and more evangelical movement. There does not appear to be connected with this part of the movement one man capable of giving it a good direction. One has only to hope that the Bible and hymn-book may help to save some of the poor people, who, I doubt not, are better than their ministers.

"I have now, within two years, seen the practical working of various Churches, and come into contact with the clergy of various denominations. I have seen the war of weak sects in the backwoods and lonely settlements of the Colonies, and voluntaryism in its poverty and in its grandeur in the United States. I have watched well the temper and tendency of the Free Church in Scotland, especially in the Highlands. I have met in the freest and most friendly communion, for days together, the Dissenters of England at the Evangelical Alliance. I have examined the workings of Episcopacy during a year's residence in England. I have seen Popery in every part of Germany from Vienna to Berlin, in France and Belgium, Ireland and America. I have examined into the German Church, and the result of all has been to deepen my attachment to my own Church—to fill me with unfeigned gratiude to God for the Protestant Evangelical Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland. It is Protestant, without any toleration of Popish error within its bosom. It is Evangelical, and equally removed from formal orthodoxy, or canting methodism, or icy rationalism. It is Presbyterian, and in possession of a free and vigorous government which occupies a middle point between the power of one bishop

or of one congregation. It is Established, and so now dependent for its support on the people, while, for the discharge of all the functions of a Christian Church, independent of civil government by virtue of her constitution. What want we then? Nothing but the power of the living Spirit of God, to enable ministers, elders, and people to use the high talents God has given us for the good of Scotland, of the Christian Church, and all to the glory of God. 'If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!'"

CHAPTER XII.

LAST YEARS AT DALKEITH.

1848—1851.

AS this Chapter must embrace the close of his ministry in Dalkeith, it affords a fitting occasion for forming an estimate of the influences which then affected his views and character. It was a time of mental growth more than of literary or public work. He had more leisure for study than he ever afterwards possessed. His travels in America and on the Continent, and his intercourse with representatives of almost every variety of Church, had enlarged his sympathies, and given him a living grasp of the questions at that time affecting Christendom. His spiritual life also, chiefly from the care with which he cultivated devout habits, became higher and more even in tone.

The two men who had most influence on his opinions were Thomas Arnold, and his own relative, John Macleod Campbell. Arnold's Life had just been published, and the manliness, the healthy common sense, the unswerving truthfulness and Christian faithfulness of the great Head Master of Rugby, touched him profoundly; while the struggle which the book

recounted against the sacerdotal pretensions of the 'Young Oxford' school, on the one hand, and against the narrower section of the 'Evangelicals,' on the other, had more than a historical interest for him; for these two extremes, under different outward forms, were equally loud-voiced in Scotland, and in Arnold's writings he found a copious armoury for the defence of his own position at home.

John Macleod Campbell was in many respects a contrast to Arnold. If the latter was clear and trenchant, the former was meditative, abstract, profound, almost to obscurity. Even when Norman was a student, Campbell used to have long and earnest conversations with him in his lodgings. He was then Minister of Row, and involved in those controversies which issued in his lamented deposition—an act almost barbarous in its intolerance, and by which the Church deprived herself of one of the greatest theological minds, as well as one of the holiest characters she ever possessed. The intimacy between the two cousins had of late years become closer, and it continued to deepen to the last hour of their lives. Campbell had a greater influence on Norman's views than any other theologian living or dead, and was reverenced by him as being the most heavenly-minded man he ever knew. There was no one at whose feet he was more willing to sit and learn. Campbell's influence was not, however, so positive and direct then as it afterwards became. His great work on the Atonement was not yet published. A little book, called 'Fragments of Exposition,' written partly by him and partly by his friend, the late thoughtful and

accomplished Professor Scott, of Manchester, was the chief contribution Campbell had as yet made to the theology of the day. But his conversation was rich in suggestive ideas, which had a great effect in determining the tendency of Norman's theology.

There was one style of teaching which was especially characteristic of his later ministry in Dalkeith, and of his earlier time in the Barony. He felt that the metaphysical and doctrinal preaching which was still prevalent in Scotland, had led men to deal with abstractions, ideas, names, rather than with the living God; and so he tried to produce a greater sense of the personal relationship of the Father, Son, and Spirit. The dealings of an earthly father with his child were continually used to illustrate what the Heavenly Father must, in a far higher sense, feel and do; and he evermore pressed his hearers to entertain the same trust and confidence towards Christ, as would have been proper and natural had He been present in the flesh. Such tender thoughts of the Father and the Son found fullest expression in his prayers, which, while most reverent, were so real that they sounded as if spoken to One visibly present. Their perfect simplicity never degenerated into familiarity. Their dignity was as remarkable as their directness. These views had also a marked influence on his character. What the Personal Christ must love or hate became the one rule of life. This divine love inspired a deep 'enthusiasm of humanity.' He seemed to yearn over men in the very spirit of Christ—so patient, considerate, and earnest, was he, in seeking their good.

His sermons at this time conveyed the impression of greater elaboration than those of his later years. One remarkable characteristic was the restraint he put on the descriptive faculty with which he was so richly endowed. He could very easily have produced great popular effect by indulging in pictorial illustration, but he held this in strict subordination to the one purpose of impressing the conscience; and even then, the touches of imagination or of pathos, which so often thrilled his audience, were commonly limited to a sentence, or a phrase.

There were other men, besides Arnold and Campbell, who more or less influenced his views at this time. There was Struthers, the author of 'The Sabbath'—a rare specimen of the old Scotch Covenanter, stern but tender, of keen intellect and unbending principle, and full of contempt for the nineteenth century. Norman took great delight in exciting Struthers to talk on some congenial theme, to describe, with shrill voice and pithy Scotch, the good old days, to denounce with indignation the degeneracies and backslidings of modern times, to anathematize Voluntaryism as practical Atheism, and declare Sabbath schools 'the greatest curse the Almighty ever sent to this covenanted land —undermining family life and destroying the parental tie.' If there was exaggeration, there was also good sense in many of Struthers's reflections, especially as to the past and present of the working classes. He had been himself an operative for many years, and his remarks on questions affecting the working classes were not lost on his hearer. In contrast to Struthers there was John Campbell Shairp, now the well-known

Principal of St. Andrew's, who, recently returned from Oxford, and full of enthusiastic memories of the men and the opinions then influencing the finer minds of the University, made Norman feel as if he had personally known Newman, Stanley, Jowett and Clough. Shairp, with his keen sympathetic temperament, was, moreover, so saturated with many of the new views, and so earnest in his search after truth, that he stimulated his friend to study many subjects in which he would otherwise have taken little interest. John Mackintosh also, his deep-souled and dearest friend, then preparing, after his Cambridge career, for the ministry of the Free Church, was a frequent visitor at the Manse, and by his conversation, as well as by his letters when travelling in Italy and Germany, inspired the very atmosphere of poetry and literature which he was himself breathing.

To this list the name of another must be added, who touched more closely on his life as a minister of the Church of Scotland. Ever since the Disruption Norman had mourned the deadness of the Church, and deplored the lack of men fit to guide its councils or quicken its life; but in Professor James Robertson, he found one who had both head and heart to be a Church leader. With a keen intellect, great power as a debater, and a singular grasp of principles —an enthusiast in philosophy as in theology—he was, withal, simple as a child towards God, true and loving towards man, and heroic in the self-sacrificing devotion with which he laboured for the Christian welfare of his country. He was a patriot more than a churchman; and, in supporting him, Norman felt he

was following no narrow ecclesiastic, but one who had regard to the good of the nation as the grand aim of a National Church, and whose warm heart beat with a courageous and generous faith. Robertson was just beginning his appeal to the Church and country for the endowment of 150 parishes. His aim seemed Utopian to the timid minds of many, who could not believe that the Church, so recently shattered, could be roused to the accomplishment of such a work; but to others, the boldness of the proposal was one of its chief recommendations. Norman and he became attached friends. Long were the hours of friendly discussion they enjoyed, lasting far into night, when the conversation would range from criticism of Fichte, of whose philosophy Robertson was an enthusiastic admirer, to questions of expediency touching some 'overture' to the Assembly. Robertson was the only man Norman ever regarded as his ecclesiastical leader.

From his JOURNAL:—

"What precise relation does revelation without, bear to revelation within—the book to the conscience?

"Is anything a revelation to me which is not actually a revealing—a making known to me, or, in other words, which is not recognised as true by me?

"Do I believe any spiritual truth in the Book, except in so far as I see it to be true in conscience and reason? Is my faith in the outward revelation not in exact proportion to my inward perception of the truth uttered in the letter?

"Wherein lies the difference between assenting to the Principia of Newton, because written by a great mathematician and not because I see them to be true, and my assenting to the Bible, because written by inspired men and not because I see how truly they spoke?

"Whether do I honour Newton more by examining, sifting, and seeing for myself the truth of his propositions, or by merely taking them on his word?

"Can any revelation coming from without, be so strong as a revelation from spirit to spirit? Could any amount of outward authority be morally sufficient to make me hate a friend, or do any action I felt to be morally wrong while apprehending it to be wrong? It might correct me as to facts which depend entirely upon testimony and not upon spiritual truth.

". . . I have just received some merry thoughts from a blue-bell, which out of gratitude I record.

"How long has that bell been ringing its fragrant music, and swinging forth its unheard melodies among brackens and briars, and primroses and woodroof, and that world of poetic wild scents and forms—so many—so beautiful—which a tangled bank over a trotting burn among the leafy woods discloses? Spirits more beautiful than fairies behold those scenes, or they would be waste. That bell was ringing merrily in the breeze when Adam and Eve were married. It chimed its dirge over Abel, and has died and sprung up again while Nineveh and Babylon have come and gone, and empires have lived and died for ever! Solomon, in all his glory, was not like thee.

"What an evidence have I in this blue drooping flower, of the regularity and endurance of God's will since creation's dawn! Amidst all revolutions of heaven and earth; hurricanes and earthquakes; floods and fires; invasions and dispersions; signs in the sun, moon, and stars; perplexity and distress of nations; nothing has happened to injure this fragile blue-bell. It has been preserved throughout all generations. The forces of this stormy and troubled earth, which have rent rocks, have been so beautifully adjusted from age to age, that this head, though drooping, has not been broken, and this stalk, though frail, still stands erect. This is 'central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation.'

"The blue-bell swung in breezes tempered to its strength centuries before the children of Japheth spied the chalky cliffs of Dover. It has been called by many a name from

the days of the painted warrior to the days of Burns ; but it has ever been the same. It will sing on with its own woodland music to all who can hear its spirit song, until time shall be no more. The blue-bell may sing the funeral knell of the human race.

"If there be no enduring spirit in man, no flowers of immortality more lasting than the flowers of earth, verily all flesh is more worthless than grass.

"*April.*—It is curious to compare old and new maps, and to mark the progress of discovery. The blank space of ocean is followed by a faint outline of a few miles of coast, marking the termination of an intrepid voyager. Then further portions of the same coast are laid down at intervals as supposed islands. Then, by-and-by, those portions are connected, and the outline of a great continent begins to be developed. The 'undiscovered' passes to the region of the known and familiar. Then follow the exploring of bays, the tracing of rivers, and the inland discoveries of mountain, plain, wood and pasturage, until at last we have an Australia mapped into settlements, dotted with towns and villages, divided into bishoprics and parishes, inhabited by old friends as prosperous emigrants, issuing its newspapers, and becoming an important member of the great family of man. Thus is it with the Bible. What progress is being made in the discovery of its meaning ! How much better acquainted is the Church of Christ now with its spirit, its allusions, its inner and outer history, than the same Church during any former period ! What a far more true and just idea of the mind of Christ, as manifested in and by the Apostolic Church, have we now than the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries possessed ? Distance has increased the magnitude, extent, the totality and grandeur in the heaven-kissing mountain range. Individually, I find in daily study of the Bible, a daily discovery. What was formerly unknown becomes known, and what seemed a solitary coast becomes part of a great whole, and what seemed wild, and strange, and lonely, becomes to me green pasture and refreshing water—the abode of my fireside affections. And surely I shall read the Bible as an alphabet in Heaven. It was my first school-book here, and I hope it

will be my first there. What! shall I never know the Spirit which moves the wheels, whose rims are so high that they are dreadful?

"The only true theory of development is the development of the spiritual eye for the reception of that light which ever shineth."

"*Craufurd Priory, May* 11*th.*—I leant against a great tall pine to-day. The trunk moved as the top waved in the wind. The many branched top with its leaves, useless, albeit, was dependent on the rooted stem; it 'moved all together, if it moved at all.' But was not the stem dependent on the top also? Had the top been cut off, how long would the stem have been of becoming rotten? Let the people beware how they brag about the roots, and the dependence of the uppermost branches upon them. All is a goodly tree. May it only be the planting of the Lord! That so being it may bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

". . . . Christ's love is not His life, death, resurrection, ascension, promises. It is that in which they all live, move, and have their being; and my faith in His love is a higher thing than faith in anything whereby He manifests it. It is faith in Himself—in what He is, and not merely in what He does."

The political disturbances on the Continent during 1848 had, of course, great interest for him; but he was struck still more by the outburst of discontent at home, as revealing a condition of society for which the Church of Christ was in a great measure responsible. His impressions on this subject were deepened by what he saw when he was in Glasgow during a serious riot. Suddenly the leading thoroughfares were swept by a torrent of men and women of a type utterly different from the ordinary poor. Haggard, abandoned, ferocious, they issued from the neglected

haunts of misery and crime, drove the police into their headquarters, and, for a while took possession of the streets. In this spectacle Norman recognised the sin of the Churches which had permitted the growth of such an ignorant, wretched, and dangerous population. There was no horror perpetrated during the first French Revolution that he did not believe might have been repeated by the mob he saw in Glasgow; and although the Chartist movement was connected with a very different class of the community, it also suggested serious thoughts as to the future of the country, and the duty incumbent on the Church.

"*April*, 1848.

"The Chartists are put down. Good! Good for jewellers' shops and 'Special' heads; good, as giving peace and security. Each one upon Kennington Common might have spoken Bottom's intended prologue for Snug in his character of Lion. 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. *I am a man as other men are;* —and there, indeed (quoth Bottom), let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.' But this same Snug, the joiner, though no lion, is still a man as other men are—and so is each of the 10,000 or 20,000, or, according to common computation, 200,000, Snugs on Kennington Common—each a man like other men, each having a body finely fashioned and tempered, which in rags shivers in the cold, while the 'Special' goes to his fireside, with triumph draws in his chair, saying, 'the scoundrels are put down;'—a body that can gnaw from hunger, and has not perhaps tasted food for twenty-four hours, while my respected and rather corpulent friend, the good 'Special,' growls that he will be kept from dinner, and can only take a hurried lunch in the club, John taking charge of his baton. Nay, honest Snug has a heart;

his friend Nick Bottom, the weaver, has his Thisbe at home, whom he loves, and though he is an ass, his wife loves him as much as Titania ever did his namesake. Does the 'Special' love Mrs. Smith and the young Smiths, more than these do Mrs. Snug and Mrs. Bottom, and the young Snugs and young Bottoms? The Nell of the one and the Joan of the other think more of these same scoundrel Chartists than of all the world beside. Each dot in that huge mass on Kennington Common is the centre, the only one, perhaps, of household admiration. Daddy Special, thou art a good kind soul of a father and a husband—thou wouldst not crush the cat's paw with thy baton—didst thou know poor Snug and Bottom thou wouldst not show thy family the way to break their heads. These are men like thyself, not lions. They are men, and so responsible and immortal beings. It is this which makes the heart bleed, and which makes us hear with anxious spirit the news of all that these men wish, say, try, and accomplish, and all that is done to put them down.

"We demand from them patience while starving—do we meet their demands for bread? We demand from them obedience to law—do we teach them what they are to obey? We demand from them love of man—have we taught them the love of God? What is the nation to do for these men, who made the nation anxious, and the Exchange of the world oscillate—and the hero of a hundred fights put on his armour? Here in the midst of us is a mighty power, felt, acknowledged—what is doing to make it a power for good? Put down! It is the putting down of a maniac, not his cure; and what if the maniacs increase and obtain the majority, and put down the keepers? Special! what hast thou ever done for thy brother? Ay—don't stare at me or at thy baton—thy brother, I say! Now don't get sulky; I am not ungrateful to thee, nor am I disposed to fraternise with Duffy and O'Connor, though I call Snug and Bottom brothers. But, I ask, hast thou ever concerned thyself about thy poor brother—how he was to be fed and clothed—or if neither, how he was to endure? How he was to be taught his duties to God and man—and, if not, how he

was to be a loyal subject to Queen Victoria, and a supporter of the Bench of Bishops? Honestly, friend—hast thou ever taken as much thought about him as thou hast taken in thy kindness about thyself and myself, in defending us on the 10th? Hast thou ever troubled thyself about healing his broken heart as thou hast about giving him a broken head? And yet thou art not a bad man, but a good, kind soul. But, friend, we are all forgetful, and all selfish!

"Selfish! This lies at the root of the whole evil, as it lies at the root, indeed, of all evil. That a great evil exists in the present state of our country is certain. Where shall we see such poverty and ignorance, with their results of misery and discontent and readiness to attempt anything to get quit of both, as in our free and Christian country? Everywhere the same—every town, every village, has its ignorant and wretched men. The bees who fly about the hive, and buzz and sting, and die in the snow in winter, during some momentary sunshine, are few in comparison with those who remain torpid and dying from cold and exhaustion in the unknown and unseen cells. The ignorance of masses of our people is unknown to all but those who, like myself, come into contact with them. I can, at this moment, mention four parents who came to me for baptism, who were as ignorant as heathen, never having heard of Jesus Christ, and knowing nothing of God or immortality. Everywhere pest and canker—spreading, deepening, increasing—and, unless cured in God's way, punishing—terribly and righteously punishing—in God's way. Principle and self-interest prompt the same question—what shall we do?—where is the cure?

"Is the cure less taxation? How this, when thousands of your most dangerous men tax themselves 70 per cent. for drink! Is the cure high wages? Ask the manufacturer if his safe men and true men are generally among those who have high wages. Is the cure school instruction? But what security of any good have we in mere intellect without God? More churches? Get your men first who will enter them.

More ministers? Neither can cure poverty, and ministers must be good and wise. Suffrage? Humbug.

"Not one of these is itself sufficient, but all are good when taken together. We must have schools, and any schools better than none, any education better, infinitely better than none. But not to dwell upon what all admit and feel, yet I would ask, why is not each factory compelled to have its large school and its large church? Both to be for the workmen. Let the Church be threefold—Popish, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian, and let there be no fixed minister, but let the clergy in the town take time about in the evenings too, and none admitted but in working clothes.

"Yet there is to me a more excellent way, and that is love! The true and only cure seems to me to lie in the personal and regular communion of the better with the worse—man with man—until each Christian, like his Saviour, becomes one with those who are to be saved; until he can be bone of their bone, sympathize, teach, weep, rejoice, eat and drink with them as one with them in the flesh. The world will not believe because it cannot see that Christianity is true, by seeing its reality in the marvellous oneness of Christ and people.

"The world, if ever it is to be reformed by men and through men, can only be so by the personal intercourse of living men—living epistles, not dead ones. Love, meekness and kindness, forbearance, unselfishness, manifested in human souls, uttering themselves by word, look and deed, and not by mere descriptions of these sentiments or essays upon them, can alone regenerate man. The living Church is more than the dead Bible, for it is the Bible and something more. It is the Bible alive. It is its effect, its evidence, its embodiment. God has always dealt through living men with men, and He Himself deals with them through a Personal Spirit. When Christ left the world He did so that He might for ever dwell in it in His people.

"Neither money nor schools nor tracts nor churches can ever be substituted for living men. It is this we want. It is this the lanes and closes want. Not ministers merely going their rounds, like policemen, with black

clothes and white neckcloths ; not elders taking statistics, or deacons giving alms, or ladies tracts—all good (what should we have been without these, the only salt hitherto!); but we want Christians, whether they be smiths or shoemakers, or tailors or grocers, or coach-drivers or advocates, to remember their own responsibilities, their immense influence for good, and to be personal ministers for good. The separation outwardly of society is terrible. Only see the old and new towns of Edinburgh! What a type of British society! It used not to be so. In the old town and in the olden times, families of different grades used to live in the same tenement, and poor and rich were thus mingled together in their habitation and in their joys. So is it now in many villages, and in many parts of the country. But generally there is a wide separation, bridged over by tracts, or societies, or money (sparingly); but not by the living Church of Christ. The full heart and the full mind do not meet to empty themselves (thereby becoming fuller) into the void heart and the void mind. We have words on the philosophy of life, instead of life itself. We are selfish, I say, and willing to pay for it rather than to part from it. We subscribe for volumes of music instead of breathing forth, in the habitations of sad and bad men, 'the still music of humanity.' When shall we learn to imitate, or rather to share, the love of Him who was love itself, who, 'knowing that all things were given Him of the Father, that He came from God and went to God,'—what then?—Oh marvellous condescension, because marvellous love,—'girded Himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet!'

"The question in regard to elevating man is not so much what is good for him, as how the good is to be given to him. What he should have must correspond to what he needs. As an animal and in the body he needs food and clothing, air and light, and water and exercise; as a social being he needs society; as a sentient being he needs things pleasing to the senses; as an active being he needs something to occupy him; as a moral being he needs God over all and in all, blissful and blessing. Let all man's wants be met. But the link between the supply and the

demand (or the soul which should demand), is the man who has already found the supply. If the question ever arises between the animal and the immortal, the first must yield. I hate giving in to the principle that hunger entitles a man, not to our sympathy and our charity, as men and Christians; but entitles him to be anything or nothing, a thief or seditious. 'A man's life is more than meat.'"

To J. C. SHAIRP, Esq., Rugby, who had sent a Review of "Struthers's Autobiography":—

May 12*th*, 1848.

"As to Struthers, I fear you have missed the man. He is so completely a formation in an old structure of society, or rather an old organism in one, so thoroughly Scotch, so thoroughly antique, that unless you had been familiar with the genus, you could not classify him. I rejoice in his crudities about kirks. The very oddity of the garments which encase his Old Mortality soul delights me. The feature which I wished you to delineate was that manly independence, that godly simplicity of the peasant saint, which is so beautiful. Just read again his early days as a herd, his first day of married life, his first entrance into Glasgow, and then remember how true the man is. He is a genuine *man*, and as perfect a specimen of a class of Scotchmen passing away (and soon to be driven off the road like the old coaches by steam) as the pibroch is a specimen of old music, or the small bog myrtle of a Highland scene."

To the SAME:—

CRAUFURD PRIORY, *May* 11*th*.

"I have not written to your friend, Mr. Temple, because I found I could not receive him at my house with any comfort or satisfaction. I came here for change of air, and propose returning home the end of the week, in order to attempt a little Sabbath duty before going off to 'summer high,' upon the Western Hills for a few weeks. I have run away from the General Assembly to which I was elected a member, preferring to drink in the spirit of solitude,

and to feast my inward ear upon 'unheard melodies,' rather than to sit, 'dusty and deliquescent,' listening to the debates of my most worthy and orthodox, but still prosy and cock-sure-of-everything, brethren. All this lengthy explanation is to account for my apparent heathenish want of *Temple* service and unkindness towards your friend.

"I have found it very good to have been withdrawn for some time from outward work. What I have lost in body doing, I have gained in soul being. I have felt how considerate and loving it was in Christ to have asked His disciples to go with Him and 'rest awhile,' because so many were coming and going that they had not time even to eat. In this struggle between the unseen and seen—God, and things apart from or out of God—it is good to be outwardly separated from the seen and temporal, as a means of being brought more into contact with the unseen and eternal. I have not had such enjoyable Sabbaths for a long time. Such peace and repose was unearthly. We ministers in Scotland cannot always enjoy our Sabbaths. We have too much giving and too little receiving. The only way to get good for ourselves is to preach peacefully, without attempt at fine things, and in the sight of God and for His glory. Two books I read during my sickness—your friend Stanley's 'Apostolic Age,' and the last edition of Hare's 'Guesses at Truth.' This last rather disappointed me. It did not, as a whole, send me far on, nor did it come up to my idea of what the Hares could have done under the cover of a title which left such a mighty field for vigorous speculation. I was delighted with Stanley. The style perhaps is rather too intensely artistic. But it is a well put together, manly, fresh, truthful book. I have no doubt of his success in seizing the features of the old giants. I was charmed with his idea of each apostle becoming a guiding star to different times, or different ages finding their wants supplied by one more than the rest. I am satisfied, and have been for some time, that this is the age of St. John. Unless the Church gets wholesome spiritual food given to it, its next development will be mysticism. Nothing outward in government, creed, or mode of worship can satisfy the increasing hunger in the Church; all are seeking something

which they find not, yet know not hardly what they seek. I think that something is unity. But of what kind? Nothing can satisfy but one :—unity of mind with Christ, and so with one another. I hope the breakings up in Protestantism may lead to it. The breaking up of fleshly unity (*i. e.* anything apart from God) often leads to spiritual unity. Each part being driven to God (in its conscious weakness) for that strength, and good, and peace, and joy, earth has failed to give, becomes thereby more united spiritually to every other part so doing.

"I dare say you do not understand me, for really I have no brain, and no patience either to think or write. I ought not to attempt it. I only wish you were beside me, that I might *splutter* out my thoughts about the re-action which the *outwardness* of our orthodoxy is producing, and which the worst kind of Germanism, and the pantheism of Emerson, are meeting and dissecting, but which St. John's Gospels and Epistles can alone so meet, as to sanctify and save. But my brain, John, my brain!

"I am wearied, I can write no more. The day is lovely. John Mackintosh is here enjoying himself much. We are with my brother John, in Craufurd Priory. The trees are scattering their blossoms in the breeze; the leaves are transparent; the bees and birds alone disturb the silence of the woods. I have had a short enjoyable lounge on mossy sward. I seldom think when walking. I am, as Emerson says, 'a transparent eyeball.'

"A great study of mine during my sickness has been that mighty deep—Christ's temptation—taken in connection with the history of the first temptation, the history of the Israelites, Christ's own history, and the history of the Church—and of each Christian."

An illness, brought on by overwork, compelled him to give up preaching for a time. He went for change of air to his father's house at Shandon, on the picturesque banks of the Gareloch, and there, in his rambles by burn and brae, thought out those views of

the temptation of Christ which were afterwards published.

From his JOURNAL:—

"*Shandon, May.*—How beautiful is everything here! It is a very world of music and painting. In the melody of the birds, in the forms and beauty of the landscape, in the colouring of the flowers and dressing of the trees, there seems a vindication of the pursuit of the fine arts. They are God-like; but how demon-like when the artist recognises nature no longer as the 'Art of God,' but as the art of Satan for satisfying the soul without God; then Eden is Eden no longer—we are banished from its tree of life.

"How many things are in the world yet not of it! The material world itself, with all its scenes of grandeur and beauty, with all its gay adornments of tree and flower, and light and shade—with all its accompanying glory of blue sky and fleecy cloud, or midnight splendour of moon and stars—all are of the Father. And so, too, is all that inner world, when, like the outer, it moves according to His will—of loyal friendships, loving brotherhood—and the heavenly and blessed charities of home, and all the real light and joy that dwell, as a very symbol of His own presence, in the Holy of Holies of a renewed spirit. In one word, all that is true and lovely and of good report—all that is one with His will, is of the Father, and not of the world. Let the world, then, pass away with the lust thereof! It is the passing away of death and darkness—of all that is at enmity to God and man. All that is of the Father shall remain for ever."

To his sister JANE:—

SHANDON, *May*, 1848.

"I have been yearning here for quiet and retirement. I got it yesterday. I set off upon a steeple-chase, scenting like a wild ass the water from afar. But heather, birch, and the like, were my water in the desert. I found all. I passed through the upper park and entered a birch wood. I traced an old path, half trodden—whether by men or

hares I could not tell. It led me to a wee burn. In a moment I found myself in the midst of a poem; one of those woodland lyrics which have a melody heard and unheard, which enters by the eye and ear, goes down to the heart, and steeps it in light, pours on it the oil of joy, and gives it 'beauty for ashes.' This same mountain spirit of a burn comes from the heather, from the lonely home of sheep, kites, and 'peasweeps.' It enters a birch wood, and flows over cleanest slate. When I met it, it was falling with a chuckling, gurgling laugh, into a small pool, clear as liquid diamond. The rock shelved over it and sheltered it. In the crevices of the rock were arranged, as tasteful nature alone can do, bunches of primroses, sprouting green ferns, and innumerable rock plants, while the sunlight gleaming from the water danced and played upon the shelving rock, as if to the laughing tune of the brook, and overhead weeping birches and hazels, and beside me green grass and wood hyacinths and primroses. All around the birds were singing with 'full-throated ease,' and up above, a deep blue sky with a few island clouds, and now and then, far up, a solitary crow winging across the blue and silence. Now this I call rest and peace. It is such an hour of rest amidst toil as does my soul good, lasts and will come back with a soothing peacefulness amidst hard labour.

"I felt so thankful for my creation, my profession, my country, my all, all, all. I only desired something better in the spirit.

"Pray don't smile at my burn; but when I feel in love, I delight to expatiate upon my beloved; and I am mad about my burn."

To the SAME:—

SHANDON, *May* 23, 1848.

"To-day I set off on a cruise to discover a glen about which there were vague traditions at Shandon. It was called Glen Fruin, which, in ancient Celtic, I understand, was the Glen of Weeping. Dr. Macleod, a Gaelic authority who is with us (a great friend, by-the-bye, of my mother's), says that the bodies of the dead used to be carried through the said glen, from some place to some other

place—hence weeping. Well, I set off. Behold me, stiff in the limbs, my feet as if they were 'clay and iron'—hard, unbending, yet weak; but the head of gold, pure, pure gold; though now, like Bardolph's, unfortunately uncoinable. Behold me, puffing, blowing, passing through the upper park. Bathed ere I reached the birch wood, and soon reclined near my burn, with Shakespeare as my only companion. But even he began to be too stiff and prosy. The ferns, and water, and cuckoo beat him hollow; so I cast him aside, and began creeping up the burn, seeking for deeper solitude, like a wild beast. I was otter-like indeed in everything save my size, shape, and clothes, and having Shakespeare in my pocket. Then I began to gather ferns, and found beautiful specimens. Then I studied the beautiful little scene around me, and was so glad that I dreamt, on and on, listening to that sweet inland murmur.

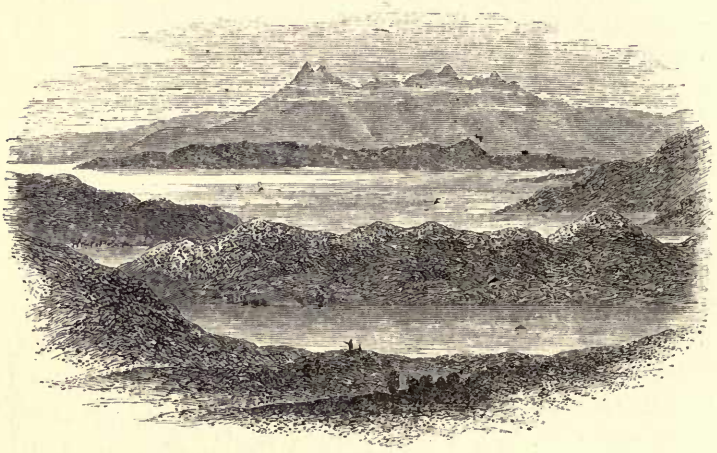
"The power of the hills is over me! Away for Glen Fruin, two miles uphill! Hard work! Alas, alas! that I should come to this! Try it! Be off! So off I went—and on and on. Green braes—there march dykes—there withered heather—there mossy. Very near the first ridge which bounds the horizon. Puff, puff—on, on! 'Am I a bullet?' On—at last—I must lie down!

"This will never do! Go ahead, Norman! Get up—get on! I do think that, on principle, I should stop! Go ahead. What's that? '*Cock, cock, ock, whiz-z-z-z*'—Grouse! That's cheering. What's that? '*Wheadleoo, wheadleoo*'—a curlew! Hurrah, we are going ahead! Another pull! The loch out of sight. Something looming in the far distance. Arran Hills! So, ahead, my boy—limbs better—steam up—the spirit of the hills getting strong—the ghosts of my fathers and my mothers beckoning me onwards. The moor getting boggy—soft—more hags—first rate! Ladies don't walk here. This is unknown to dandies. Another hill. And then—up I am! Now, is not this glorious? Before me, pure Loch Gare—and beyond the most sublime view I almost ever saw. Terraces apparently of sea and land—the sea a mirror. Vessels everywhere—the setting sun tinging the high peaks of Arran, kissing them and the hills of Thibet with the same glow, lay-

ing the one asleep with a parting kiss, and with another waking up her eastern children. There's poetry for you!

"The great hills of Arran, 'like great men,' as Jean Paul says, 'the first to catch, the last to lose the light.' Was not all this glorious? not to speak of the sea, and ships, and solitude. Do you know I never think at such times. I am in a state of unconscious reception, and of conscious deep joy. No more.

"Glen Fruin lay at my feet, with sloping green hills like the Yarrow 'bare hills,' as Billy says; but like all such hills, most poetical and full of 'pastoral melancholy.' Well,



I shall only state that I came down, in case you imagine that I am there still. And when I came down, what then? Most amiable and most literary—crammed a listening audience with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

"Now have I not much cause to thank God for all His mercies? and, dear, I have done so. I have been truly happy. My study has been the Temptation, still so full of wonders. I have not been in the least troubled about the Assembly, except so far as to make me remember it in my prayers—yes, both Assemblies, I am glad to say. These glorious scenes are in harmony only with a spirit of love.

God's reign over all men, throughout all ages, and God's reign of love in our hearts, when believed, gives peace.

"I wish to be back in time to prepare for the Communion. The scenes of beauty and the time of retirement which I have had are in perfect keeping with again hearing 'the still sad music of humanity,' in our miserable closes and vile abodes. The Lord left His glory and rest to dwell with men; and by the cross He entered into more glorious rest, were that possible."

To JOHN C. SHAIRP, Esq., Rugby:—

SHANDON, *May* 25.

"In the midst of sovereign hills silence is most becoming, and then I never can think at such times. I grow as unconsciously as plants do beneath the sun and shower. But oh! the life and joy! The man who begins to doubt anything on a mountain top except his own powers, who begins to question instead of contentedly receiving, who speaks of the authority of books and professors, who, in short, does not love and rejoice, should be pitched over the first rock, or have such a hiding given him with *weeping birch* as will send him howling to Glen Fruin ('the Glen of Weeping')! I am every day getting better. I suffered from an affection of the membrane which covers stomach, chest, and brain, and practically all creation when it (the membrane) is out of order! I am certain Hamlet's liver or membrane was affected!"

From his JOURNAL:—

SHANDON, *June* 3.

"Was there ever a period in which it was more necessary for men who love the good of our National Zion to meet together in prayer and sober, earnest thoughtfulness, to consider the state of our country and the present state of the Church, our dangers, difficulties, weaknesses, duties, comforts?

"Might not such questions be considered as bearing upon that mighty one of education: the training up of

an efficient ministry; an efficient system of Sabbath schools; the infusing a healthier life and love into our clergy; the development of Congregational, Presbyterial, Synodical, and Assembly life; the bringing forward of the intelligent laity; the best mode of dealing with the poor Highlands —with the masses in towns; what is needed in our theology in our times with reference to Germany and England; what are our duties to Dissenters, to the Church of England, to the Continent. If we only could get men to think, and think earnestly, in this terrible crisis, I should be at ease."

To his sister JANE:—

DALKEITH.

"I feel terribly my loneliness, especially as preventing me from enjoying literary society. I began pondering in my mind whether there was any one in the town who could share my pleasure in reading 'The Prelude,' and 'In Memoriam,' or have a talk with me about the tendencies of the age. Of all my acquaintances, I thought Mrs. Huggins probably the most *spirituelle*, and off I went with 'The Prelude.' I found her in her usual seat by the fireside, her face calm and meditative, her thumbs still pursuing their endless chace after each other as if each had vowed an eternal revenge of his brother. There was an air of placid repose in her time-worn features, combined with an intellectual grandeur, caught from her long residence with the late illustrious Mr. Huggins, and also a nervous twitching of the features, with an occasional lightning flash about the eye, which I have no doubt was occasioned by living near the powder-mills for thirty years. I was disappointed with her views of poetry. I read the Introduction, and the following conversation ensued:—

"'*I.*—We have here, I think, a fine combination of the poet with the poetic artist.'

"'*H.*—I wadna doot. How's yer sister?'

"'*I.*—Well, I thank you. She has been a long time cultivating the ideal under me; but her talent is small, her genius nothing.'

"'*H.*—Is her *coch* (cough) better?'

"'*I.*—Rather, Mrs. Huggins. But, pray, how do you like Wordsworth?'

"'*H.*—I dinna ken him. Whar does he leeve? In Pettigrew's Close? Is he the sticket minister?'"

To his brother GEORGE (advising him on the choice of a profession):—

DALKEITH, *November* 6, 1848.

. . . "We must assume then, that, whatever we eat or drink, or whatever we do, it must be for God's glory; or, to make this plainer, I assume that Christ has for every man 'his work'—a something in His kingdom to do which is better suited to him, and he to it, than any other. Happy is the man who finds what his work is and does it! To find it is to find our profession, and to do it is to find our highest good and peace.

"My faith is, that there is a far greater amount of revelation given to guide each man by the principles laid down in the Bible, by conscience, and by Providence, than most men are aware of. It is not the light which is defective, it is an eye to see it.

"For instance: Christ calls us outwardly and inwardly to our profession, and those two calls, when they coincide (when, like two lines, they meet at one point), determine a profession to any man who will be at all determined by the will of the Redeemer. The outward call is made up of all those outward circumstances which render the profession at all possible for us, and which render any one profession more possible than another. With this principle you are at no difficulty, of course, in determining a thousand professions or positions in society which are not possible for you, and to which, consequently, you are not called. I need not illustrate this, it is self-evident. But as in your case two or three professions may present themselves to you which appear all possible—nay, at first sight, all

equally possible—in such a predicament you would require carefully to apply the above rule, in order calmly to consider which is most possible, on the whole, for you. Among the outward circumstances which, as I have said, combine to make up this outward call, may be mentioned bodily health, the likings of friends, interest of the family, means of usefulness, &c.

"But there is also the inward call to be considered. By this I mean a man's internal fitness for the profession; and this of course makes the problem a little more complex, yet not impossible of solution. A man might put such questions as those :—

"Which profession gives the greatest scope for the development of my whole being, morally, intellectually, socially, actively? Again; am I fitted for this as to talent, principle, education? In which could I best and with greatest advantage use all the talents Christ has given me, and for which He will make me responsible, so that not one talent shall be laid up in a napkin or buried, but that all may be so employed that He can say to me, 'Well done, good and faithful servant?' This is the way of looking at the question; and I do not think it difficult to apply it practically with the assistance of God's good spirit. I tell you candidly, that, as far as I see, you have to decide between the ministry and the medical profession.

"I need not tell you which I love most. I would not exchange my profession for any on earth. All I have seen of the world in courts and camps, at home and abroad, in Europe and America, all, all makes me cling to it and love it the more. My love to it is daily increasing. I bless and praise God that He has called me to it. Would only I were worthier of the glory and dignity which belong to it! I find in it work most congenial to my whole being. It at once nourishes and gives full scope to my spirit. It affords hourly opportunities for the gratification of my keenest sympathies and warmest affections. It engages my intellect with the loftiest investigations which can demand its exercise. It presents a field for constant activity in circumstances which are ever varying, yet always interesting, and never too burdensome to be borne. It enables

me to bring to bear all I know, all I acquire, all I love, upon the temporal and eternal well-being of my fellow-men, and to influence their peace and good for ever. It brings me into contact with high and low, rich and poor, in the most endearing and interesting relationships in which man can stand to man: a sharer of their joys and sorrows, a teacher, a comforter, a guide. Do you wonder that with all my care and anxiety (which are burdens worthy of man) I should be happy all the day long? I envy no man on earth, except a better Christian. A minister of the gospel! Kings and princes may veil their faces before such a profession. It is to have the profession of angels, and to be a fellow-worker with Christ. Excuse me, if forgetting you for a moment, I have expressed the deep convictions of my soul as to what I feel this profession to be. I do not mean to say that I have no wish to influence you; I have. For I would sooner see you an officer in Christ's army—a plain Scotch minister though he be—than any other thing on earth which I can suppose it possible for you to have.

"Add to all this, the loud call for such men as you to join the Church! Oh, George, if you knew how I have looked forward to your being with me! How I have rejoiced in the prospect of seeing us three brothers carry the Banner of the Cross together in our poor but beloved country! I somehow cannot give up the hope yet. Better days are coming. They would come soon, had we more such men as you."

From his JOURNAL:—

"*November* 6.—Twenty-six cases, and eighteen deaths (no recoveries), from cholera at Loanhead. The Cholera Hospital preparing here.

"'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.' Amen.

"*December* 21.—I hear two cases have occurred here last night.

"Lord give me grace to do that which is right. My trust is in thee. Thou art my refuge, and my fortress, my God, and having Thee as my sure and unchanging good, I am not afraid of the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness,

nor of the destruction which wasteth at noonday.' Lord direct my steps! Preserve me from the vanity and vain-glory which might wickedly lead me to expose myself to danger, and from the selfish fear which would drive me from my duty. 'Lead me *in truth*, teach me,' and may I, at this trying time, be and do that which is right as Thy son and ministering servant, and whether by life or death may I glorify Thee—for living or dying I am Thine, through Jesus Christ! Amen.

"*December* 31, Sabbath night.—I am here all alone upon the last Sabbath, almost the last hour, of 1848.

"What a year of world-wonders this has been, with political revolutions in every part of Europe! In Britain, famine, pestilence, riots, and rebellion.

"It has been an all-important year to me! During the year I can say, that as far as I know, I have not for a day or at any time consciously resisted what I knew to be right, setting my heart upon evil. I do not say that I have done any one thing perfectly. Every day has disclosed manifold imperfections,—sloth, pride, vanity, ambition, shortcomings in all things—but I have been alive. To what is this owing? I rejoice to write it—let it be seen by angels and devils—to the free and boundless and omnipotent grace and infinite love of God.

"I have been reading those old diaries. May I not try (in much ignorance) to sum up some practical lessons from dear-bought experience?

1. I had inadequate views of Christ's cross. I saw a work done for me—a ground for pardon—an objective reality; but I did not see so clearly the eternal necessity of the cross *in* me, of sharing Christ's life as mine, of glorying in the cross as reflected in the inward power it gives to 'be crucified to the world, and the world to me.'

2. I was dealing too little with a Personal Saviour—had too little (or no) confidence in His love to me individually, and in His will and power to free from sin by making me like Himself.

"Light dawns, life comes! I have faith in the love of God to me, that I—even I shall be 'perfect' as my Father in Heaven is perfect.

"What have I lost by my wilful and rebellious sin! I have during these years come in contact with many thousands in different parts of the world, in the most interesting circumstances, in domestic and in public life, in sickness, family distress, and on death-beds. How much good has been lost and evil done, by the absence of that real earnestness of word, look, temper, teaching that *all*, which can only come from a soul in a right state with God, and which never can be imitated, or would be so only by hypocrisy. What good, and peace, and happiness have I lost to myself!

"There is another thing presses itself upon me. I know as surely as I know anything, that all my sin has emanated from myself, and yet I do believe God has brought more good to me in the latter end by this very life than could perhaps have been brought in any other way. I would shudder in writing this if it appeared to be the slightest excuse for my iniquities. These, I repeat it, were mine. But I think I have a glimpse of that marvel of Providence by which evil—while it is nothing but evil—is yet by infinite wisdom and love made, like a wild stream, an instrument of God.

"Let me not forget to mention three men from whom I have received unspeakable good—Thomas Arnold, Alexander Scott, and dear John Campbell.

"I go to Glasgow to-morrow. Cholera rages, but I join my family, casting my care on God. Lord Jesus, my ever-present and ever-loving Saviour, I desire to abide in Thee, to trust in Thy life, Thy grace, Thy character, Thy ways.

"Lord I am thine! for time and eternity. Amen and Amen."

The condition of the Church still weighed heavily on him. Church questions were in his eyes secondary to the grand end for which all Churches exist, the raising up of living Christians; and so day and night he pondered over the best methods for stimulating a healthy zeal. There were many clergymen in his own

neighbourhood and elsewhere, who sympathized with him in his anxieties, and with whom he frequently exchanged ideas on this subject. But as there was no organ through which the Church might address her members on questions of Christian life and work, it was resolved that a magazine should be started, containing papers for Sabbath reading, and to be sold at the lowest possible price. He thus became editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, a monthly periodical published by Messrs. Paton and Ritchie, in Edinburgh. Short sermons, papers on social and scientific subjects, biographies, missionary intelligence, articles upon parochial and church organization, and notices of books, formed the contents.

The *Christian Magazine* never attained a very large circulation; but the editor was well satisfied in having an audience of 5,000 families to which he could address himself, and there can be no doubt that the appeals made in its pages on behalf of missionary enterprise, and organized parochial work, did much to quicken a religious life which was broad and tolerant as well as earnest.

Many of the articles and stories which he afterwards wrote for *Good Words*, appeared in an embryo form in the '*Blue*' *Magazine*, as it was popularly called; but the greater portion of his contributions consisted of short, practical papers intended for the firesides of Churchmen. During the first year of the magazine (1849-50), he wrote more than twenty articles, and among these a useful series on Family Education, which was afterwards expanded into a volume.*

* "The Home School."

A series of papers on Drunkenness, which he contributed during 1850-51, was reprinted under another title.*

He was a member of the General Assembly of 1849, and spoke at considerable length on Education, the Continental Churches, India Mission, and Endowment. In his speech on the last named subject, he expressed, with great energy, his favourite idea of the Christian congregation being a society charged with the blessed mission of meeting the manifold evils of society, physical and social as well as spiritual, and urged the necessity of bringing living Christian men into personal contact with the poor, the ignorant, and the ungodly. His reflections during the disturbances of 1848, and the deep impression made on him by the Glasgow mob, found a voice for themselves on this occasion.

"The question appeared to him to lie between the needy masses upon the one hand, and those who were able to help them upon the other—between those who were poor temporally and spiritually, and those upon whom God had bestowed temporal and spiritual blessings. The object of endowed territorial work was to bring them in contact upon the field of the Christian Church. They wished the poor to meet the rich there, that the rich might assist them; they wished the ignorant to meet the well informed there, that they might receive of their knowledge. They wished the suffering, the destitute, and the afflicted, to meet the kind, and sympathizing, and Christian-hearted there, and from that union of fulness and emptiness, to enable those who have, to give to those who stand in need. Every man in that vast mass of humanity had immense

* "A Plea for Temperance."

influence, and if he could not be made great for good he might be made great for evil. The hand that could use the hammer, could seize the firebrand; the tongue that could sing praises to God, might become voluble in blasphemy and sedition. The man with a strong head and heart, but uninformed, might gather his fellow-workmen around him in hundreds and thousands—he might speak to them of the separation between man and man, with an eloquence that rung in every man's heart, because they felt it to be true; he might speak of those who were in comfort, but who did not care for those in misery; he might speak of those who were educated, but who cared not for those in ignorance; and that mass might become like a mighty avalanche set loose from its cold solitude, and descending into their valleys, crush the commercial prosperity and institutions of the country; and all the while they would feel it to be a righteous punishment, on the part of a righteous God, for their selfishness and apathy."

From his JOURNAL:—

"I call individualism the embodiment of all those theories which would throw man back upon himself, make himself the centre, and referring all things to that centre, measure all things from it. It sees no law, no rule, no end, no will beyond self. The grand text of Emerson, 'I am a man,' is (in his sense of the phrase) its expression. What is society to me? What is Luther? What is the Church, or the Bible, or Christ, or God? 'I am a man.' This is *Selbstständigkeit* with a vengeance! A man refuses to recognise or worship the personal God, and ends by worshipping himself.

"Self-destruction is the opposite of this, and expresses the essence of those systems by which the individual is annihilated. Popery is its ecclesiastical ideal, and despotism its civil. The Jesuit maxim, 'be in all things a dead man,' is the opposite pole from Emerson. If the one system deifies man, the other annihilates him, though it must in justice be added, as a professed means of ultimately deifying him. Socialism seems to me to be the

Devil's *tertium quid.* It would seek to fill up the longings in man after union in something higher or something beyond himself, and at the same time afford him the fullest out-going for his individualism. It is society sacrificed to the individual. Romanism would have the individual sacrificed to the society called the Church. These two poles are always producing each other. It is no wonder that the ecclesiastical and civil systems which would destroy the individual should produce the re-action of pantheism and republicanism, which would embody man's individualism religiously and civilly.

"What is the Christian *Tertium Quid?*

"1.—Unity with a personal God revealed in a personal Saviour. This destroys individualism in so far as it establishes personal responsibility, and places the man as a part of a system, in which not he, but a personal God, is the centre, a God Whom we ought to love and serve. Individualism cannot co-exist with the ideas of *ought* to love and serve. These destroy *Selbstständigkeit.* To recognise the existence of light, is at once to give up the notion that the eye exists for itself, and by itself, as a self-sustaining and self-satisfying organ.

"2.—Union with man through God. I say through God, because we can only find our true relationship to any point within the circle by seeing our mutual relationship to the centre, God our Creator, as the bond which unites us to man. God our Father is the bond which unites us to all His true children. The family, the neighbourhood, the citizenship, the state, are the outlets of our social tendencies to men, in God our Creator.

"The Church is specially the outlet of our social tendencies to God our Redeemer. There is here a healthy union of our individualism with socialism. The individual is preserved. His personality is not destroyed—it is developed. Free-will, responsibility, the necessity of seeing and knowing for himself are recognised. In Heaven he can say, 'I am a man.' His union with God is essential to the development of his individuality, just as light is essential to the health of the eye. The social life is also preserved. The attraction of God renders the attraction

of man necessary. The family relation appointed by God, is the school in which men are trained for the family of man. The child, in spite of himself, finds himself a brother, or son, and enters life a part of a system, to whose well-being he must contribute his portion by the sacrifice of self, and in this very sacrifice find himself enriched. The necessity of labour is another bond, and so is the necessity of living. The man must remain poor in head unless he receives knowledge, and poor in pocket unless he receives work, and poor in heart unless he receives love. And all this receiving implies giving, whether it be faith, or work, or love, in return; and thus bond after bond draws man out of himself to man.

"No wonder Pantheists and Socialists hate the personal God, the family, the Word, the Church."

To Mr. JAMES M'PHERSON (an Elder in Loudoun):—

DALKEITH, *February* 17, 1849.

"I need hardly tell you that I very sincerely sympathise with you, and with all my dear old friends who are now in the midst of such sore and solemn trials. I fancy myself among you, going from house to house. I see your faces, and know how you will all think and feel. I wish you would let me know who have been carried off. From my parish visitation book, I can recall the face and character of every one I knew in the parish, as well as I could the day I left it, and I feel anxious to know who have been removed.

"How soothing to feel that we are not lost in the big crowd, that our case is not overlooked by Him who is guiding the stars—but that His eye of love rests upon us, and that He is attending to each of us as really and truly as He did to Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus whom He loved!"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH (in Rome):—

DALKEITH, *December* 25, 1849.

"Your letter inflamed my blood and fired my brain, and unless I knew from experience that 'we may not hope

from outward forms to live the (what?) passion and the joy (life?) whose fountains are within,' I should certainly have been unhappy. Dear John, all our happiness flows from our blessed Redeemer. He divideth to each, gifts, talents, place, work, circumstances, as seemeth good to himself. Blessed is the man who can trust Him, and take what He gives, using it for the end for which it is given. So, dear John, I will not envy thee! Thine is Rome, mine is home. Thine the glories of the past, mine labour for the glories of the future without the past. Thine the eternal city with all—all—art, music, ruins, visions, ideal day dreams, choking unutterable reminiscences; a spiritual present, impalpable, fascinating;—all—all that would make me laugh, weep, scream, sing—all, and more are thine. So be it. Mine is a different lot, but both are given us by Him, to be used for His kingdom and glory;—and darling, thou wilt so use them, I am sure! The spirit of the greatest man Rome ever held within her walls, even that old tent-maker, he who after his wintry cruise came weary and careworn up the Appian way—his humble and heroic spirit will be thine! and His, too, by Whom he lived! For this day ('tis past 12 A.M.!) reminds me Christ is born, and the world of Cicero and Cæsar is not ours, but a world unseen by the eye, unheard by the ear; a world whose glories are in dim wynd and dusky tenement as much as in Rome. So, dear John, I will do His will here, and thou there, and if we be faithful, we shall have a glorious life of it together somewhere else and for ever! Yet, would I were with thee! It is my weakness; I can guide it only, change it I cannot.

"Everything in our land is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Don't believe me. I presume it is the best land on earth; but I have not moved for months from home.

"What of the Jews in Rome? Let us labour for them, but confess that their day is not yet come, nor, I think, dawned. This is my latest conclusion. Keep thy heart, dearest. Were I in your place, I believe I should be ruined; thus I see Christ's love in keeping me at home. Popery! 'The Bible without the spirit is *a sundial by moonlight.*' Well done, old Coleridge! I have long believed that

Popery will be the pantheistic re-action of the latter days. Presbyterianism in our country is a poor affair. If there is to be a Church for man to embrace taste, intellect, genius, and inspire love, veneration, awe, and if that Church is to be a visible one, our Free and Bond won't be among the number. We are sermonising snobs. But I rave and run on. Don't believe me. Short of heaven there is no ideal Church. I am sure of this, that I am right in loving Christ, and in loving Christians, and the souls of men for His sake. Beyond this twilight, farther on darkness! What are you doing now? Gazing on the moon, feasting on Christmas rites, seeing, hearing? Ah, me!"

From his FATHER:—

MOFFAT, 1849.

"It would truly give me real delight if you could go to London and act as my substitute, and in such a good cause. The poor Highlands and Isles are as worthy of your efforts as Germans or Jews or Indians, and they require it just as much. The only legacy I can leave you, is an interest, a heart-felt interest in that poor people whose blood flows in your veins. Do, my dear fellow, think of it."

From his NOTE-BOOK:—

"*A Work for* 1850.—*January* 18. It is now being impressed upon minds, slow to learn from anything but facts, that the Church of Scotland is daily going down hill. We are weak, weak politically, weak in the hearty attachment of any class—upper, middle, or lower, learned, earnest or pious—to us, as a Church; there is no State party who care one farthing for us on great, national, and righteous principles. Yet all this would not necessarily be evil if we were strong Godward. Nay, it might prove a blessing, the blessing which oft springs from a sore chastisement. But I cannot conceal from myself that we have reached the depth immediately below which is destruction, of being weak towards God in faith, love, hope, devotedness, and in simple-mindedness for His glory. I cannot

say what amount of good may exist in the Church. God knoweth how many hidden ones it may contain! and He may see many tears shed in secret, and may hear many groans for the sins of Jerusalem, and many prayers may enter His ears for her peace and prosperity. But sin can be seen. The evil is manifest, and what is bad is visible. There is sloth and an easy indifference as to the state of the Church. No searching, as far as man knows, to find out our sins. No plans, no strivings to meet difficulties and evils, to do our work as we should do. Everywhere disunion, separation, men flying from social questions which affect the body, and even the good men seeking relief in the Spiritual selfishness of personal and parish work, as if terrified to look at things within and around.

"In these circumstances the work I would propose would be a convocation of a number (however small) to inquire into the state of Zion; to seek out and apply a remedy; above all, to do the work of works, of lying prostrate before God, and asking, in earnest prayer, 'Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?'"

To MRS. DENNISTOUN:—

DALKEITH, *Sept. 4th*, 1850.

"I am here all alone—Skye my only * companion—if I except my constant friends in the book-shelves who chat with me day and night. I am very *jolly*, because very busy; not that I by any means advocate this bachelor life, for unless I looked forward to my sister's return, I would instantly advertise, my parochial visitations preventing me for some time from personally attending to this duty; I often think Falstaff's resolution was not a bad one, 'I'll turn a weaver and sing psalms! Before I lead this life longer, I'll sew nether socks, and foot them too!'

"The only defect in Skye is, that I never can get him to laugh. He is painfully grave. He seems sometimes to make an effort, but it passes off like electricity by his tail, which becomes tremulous with emotion."

* A favourite terrier.

The following bit of nonsense was sent as a quiz on some members of the home household, who were fascinated by the description of primitive life and domestic happiness in the Landes of France as communicated by a French friend.

August, 1850.

"It requires no small effort in me to write to you. It disturbs my deep repose; it ruffles my 'calm,' 'so very calm from day to day.' It causes movement of my hand and thought in my brain which are habitual to neither; but as you kindly wish me to write to you, and flatter me with the assurance that my beloved parents will not consider an epistle from me an irreverent intrusion upon their time, I shall forthwith give you a simple account of my daily habits. I go to bed about ten or half past; it depends on circumstances. I awake about eight, and lie thinking till about nine or ten. This morning I fancied that I became a poor man, and sold my books and took a little cottage somewhere, with small rooms and nice roses, and one cow and some hens; and then I just thought how sweet it would be to have mamma and papa, and all my brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces, and uncles and aunts, all to live together for a long, long time, and to lie on the grass and to feed the pigs and the little hens, and dig the garden, and make our own clothes and shoes. My uncles would make the shoes and the clothes, and all my sisters and aunts would spin, and darling George and Donald would write poetry and work in the garden and sing, and dear papa and mamma would sit in large arm chairs and give us their blessing every morning and evening, and tell us nice stories about the Highlands, and I would keep accounts and everything in order! Everything would be *within ourselves*. And then we should see all our friends and relations, quietly, comfortably, and there would be no bustle, no dirty railroads or towns—all grass and vegetables and plenty. My blessing upon such peaceful domestic happiness!

I know my venerated father will rejoice at my picture.

I am no more the wild man—

but this—

or this—

I never meddle with politics or church affairs. It does one no good I think. 'Bless me,' says I to Elizabeth Story, 'what is life worth if we cannot have peace? What is the good of all this rant and bustle?' 'It rises my nerves,' says she. 'And mine too,' says I. 'It's no wonder,' says she. ''Deed it is not,' said I. 'It would be a wonder if it didn't,' says she. 'Wouldn't it?' says I. 'In course it would,' says she. 'I would think so,' says I. 'And no one would differ from you, sir,' says she. 'I believe not,' says I. 'I would at least think so,' says she. 'I am certain of it,' says I. 'I make no doubt myself at all of it,' says she. 'Nor anybody else,' says I, and thus we spend a quiet, peaceful, calm half-hour."

or not intellectual

The beginning of this year, 1851, was marked by two events which had an important influence on his future life. On the 23rd of January he heard, with great pain, of the death of his valued friend, Dr. Black, minister of the Barony, Glasgow, and in a few weeks afterwards he learned that the congregation were anxious that he should be presented to the vacant parish. Dr. Black had on his death-bed expressed the desire that Norman Macleod should succeed him, and the people were now unanimous in petitioning Government to that effect.

To his FATHER :—

January 31*st*, 1851.

"I mean strictly to avoid all movement on my own part in regard to the Barony; nor do I wish you to move in it. The session and people know me. They are acquainted with my preaching and public character. If the parish is offered to me in such an unanimous way as will satisfy my mind that I am the choice of the parties most interested in obtaining a minister, I shall feel it my duty to accept it. If there is a canvass dividing the congregation, I shall forbid my name to be mentioned. I am willing to go or stay, as God shall see it to be best for my own good, and the good of souls."

To his MOTHER :—

1851.

"Believe me I am disciplined to be a far more peaceful man than I was. My ambition has been sobered by experience. I know what I am not and what I am. I am not a man of genius, or of power, or of learning, and can do nothing great in the world's sense; but by the grace of God I can be kind and good, and earnest and useful; and can bring the souls of dying men to their Saviour for rest and peace. If God gives me the ten talents of the Barony, I shall not receive them with fear as if He were

a hard master, but with solemn thankfulness and humble praise, hoping by His grace to make them ten talents more. So, dear, your prayers have been heard."

In the following month, and while the question of the Barony was still in suspense, the unexpected tidings reached him that John Mackintosh was dying at Tübingen. There was no man on earth whom Norman loved more tenderly, and the news overwhelmed him. All other engagements were at once thrown aside, and on the 11th of February he started for the Continent. It had been deemed advisable to remove Mackintosh from Tübingen to the picturesque little town of Cannstadt, in the neighbourhood of Stuttgart, and Norman remained there until the 7th of March, when he went for a brief visit to Dr. Barth, the famous missionary, at Calw. On the 10th he returned to Cannstadt, and bade farewell to Mackintosh on the morning of the 11th. That very evening, with a swiftness that was quite unexpected, the end came, and while Norman, in ignorance of the event, was prosecuting his journey homewards, his dearest brother had entered into rest.

From his JOURNAL :—

"*February* 7.—This has been a day of heavy affliction, for I have heard of the death-sickness of my darling John Mackintosh—my more than friend—a part of my own soul.

"This day also brought intelligence of what I was led to expect; that there is such perfect unanimity among the Barony people as will insure me the parish. But to enter it over the body of my dear friend Dr. Black, and John dying! Oh, my Father! teach me!

"My dear friend! Never, never have I known his equal, never! So pure, so true and genuine, so heavenly-minded and serene, so young and joyous, yet so old and sober; so loving and utterly unselfish, a beautiful, beautiful character; the modesty and tenderness of a gentle girl, with the manly courage of a matured Christian; knowing the world, yet not of it; mingling in it with a great broad-heartedness, yet unstained by a single spot; warm and refreshing and life-giving as the sun, yet uncontaminated by all it shone on. But I cannot utter my reverential and loving feelings towards my dearest and best; and can it be that *he, he* is dying! I feel the whole earth slipping away from me and only Jesus remaining."

"*Tuesday, February* 11.—This day I intend going to Tübingen to see my dear John. I am not conscious of any selfish motive, unless the craving desire to see, help, and comfort, and, it may be, bid farewell to my dearest friend be selfishness.

"What shall be the end thereof?"

To JOHN MACKINTOSH, at Cannstadt (written after leaving him on the Friday, March 7th, to return on the Monday morning to spend his last day with him):—

CALW, *half-past five* P.M., *Friday, March 7th*, 1851.

"Well, darling John! More for my own comfort than yours, yet also to cheer you up a bit, I embrace the first moment given me to tell you my news. Like the woman who shows Roslin Chapel, I must begin at the beginning —*i.e.*, from Stuttgart.

"I found myself at half-past nine in an *Eilwagen* with two horses, and no passenger but myself. Opposite me was an old conductor who had grown grey in the service of that mysterious Prince of *Thurn und Taxis*, whose dominions seem to be *Eilwagens* and extra posts, and his subjects *Schwagers* and conductors. My companion was most agreeable; blessed me when I sneezed, offered me *Schnapps* from his flask, and gladly took the half of my dinner from me, by way of showing his love to me. He was a thorough Swabian, and therefore I did not always understand him, but I managed by a series of nods, inti-

mating 'I wouldn't wonder,' 'I suppose so,' to impress him profoundly with my intelligence.

"The road was uphill, the day cold, and very snowy. The scenery consisted of bare white fields, with cloaks and hats of fir plantations, here and there a steeple. I passed through sundry villages, but I hardly know yet where I am. Calw is in some valley beside some river, having streets, *Gasthaüser*, and magistrates; and, it is said, four thousand inhabitants. The whole city is for the present concentrated in dear Dr. Barth. He received me with open arms, hugged me, kissed me, and did my heart a power of good in five minutes. He had an excellent dinner waiting and two friends to meet me.

"For the last hour I have been enjoying the dear man's society and examining his house, and I assure you it is worth a visit. He has a suite of five rooms, entering one into the other. The first is a bedroom; the second a sitting-room; the third his study; the fourth, a nice bedroom; the fifth a missionary museum. A more jolly ideal *housey* you never were in! Everything about it enlarges the mind, and drives one's thoughts to every part of the globe. The pictures of missionaries and mission scenes that cover the walls of the rooms, the maps, plans, books, all are enlarging to the spirit. The very clock which is now ticking beside me is itself a poem. It has in its dial one large watch surrounded by four small ones. The middle one counts German time. The others the time at Pekin, Otaheite, New York, and Jerusalem! At this moment it is a quarter to six here; five minutes to one A.M. in Pekin (the emperor snores!); half-past seven P.M. in Jerusalem (the sun is shining softly on Olivet); a quarter-past six in Otaheite; ten minutes past midday in money-making New York. (Wall Street is full of business!)

"The missionary museum is exceedingly interesting. It would take days to examine it fully. The fruits, dresses, minerals, idols, &c., are from mission stations. One little trifle struck me. It was a bit of pure white marble from the basement stone of Solomon's temple. It shows, I think, that the whole temple must have

been of white marble (which I never knew before); and if so, how pure, how glorious in the sun's rays—what a beautiful type of Christ's Church!

"Dr. Barth received a letter at dinner-time from the Bishop of Jerusalem. He keeps up a correspondence with missionaries in all parts of the world, and knows more of the men and their missions than any other man living.

"*Nine* P.M.—We have had much delightful conversation regarding missions and missionaries. Our very supper tasted of the work, for it consisted of reindeer tongue sent by the Labrador missionaries!

"And now, darling, I must stop. You know how much my thoughts, my prayers, my heart and spirit, all are with you. Every hour the parting becomes more real, more solemn. Nothing keeps up my heart but that which keeps up your own—'It is God's will—His sweet will!'

"How glorious, how intensely blessed, to feel that we are in Christ, all of us! Oh, those blessed days I have passed with you!—Heaven, in spite of all darkness. Is it memory already? It is not. I am with you, beside you, among you all. Oh, my dearest of brothers, may Jesus shine on you day and night, and may you shine through His indwelling. God bless you, dearest. Farewell."

To the SAME:—

CARLSRUHE, *Saturday Evening, half-past six, March 8th*, 1851.

"DEAREST AND BEST OF EARTHLY BROTHERS!

"I left dear old Barth this morning at ten. I do think that he and his house are the most perfect ideals of what missionary *archbishops* should be and should have. Only picture the old fellow resting his feet on a stuffed tiger from Abyssinia, giving me at breakfast honey from Jerusalem, and a parting glass of wine from Lebanon! Is it not perfect? And then his apostolic look and conversation! What a busy man he is! Besides superintending the books published by the *Calwer Verein* (most of which he has written himself), he edits five journals monthly—one for the young, of eighty pages, and four missionary journals making fifty-six pages; in all, one hundred and thirty-six pages

every month! His books have been translated into seventeen different languages. It is really most ennobling and elevating to one's spirit to see that old man, so plain and simple, yet, there in his humble house, corresponding with every part of the globe, watching day by day the spread of Christ's kingdom, visiting with his spirit and heart every scene of missionary labour, and thoroughly acquainted with them all. This is being a king indeed. Surely 'we can make our lives sublime' by doing *the* work Christ has given us. I think Barth is more of a prince, a governor, a general, than any of the reigning monarchs of Europe. He has made me feel more how grand and glorious a position in the universe a true-hearted minister may occupy. May God make me such, and 'I shall pity Cæsar.'

"Well, dear, after embracing and re-embracing, I parted very thankful. He loves you very much, and it was such a comfort to have one with me who did so, and who, with me, would thank our most gracious Lord in your behalf.

"I got into a half-open cab at ten. It was snowing and very cold, and we contemplated taking a sledge. But the *Schwager* promised he would convey me safely. The road was execrable. Nothing out of the backwoods worse. We took three and a half hours to drive twelve miles. It lay at first along a valley which must be exquisite in summer, and then passed up and over a high hill, thick with trees, which showered the snow upon us as their branches swept over the cab. Once or twice I made up my mind for a jolly good upset, but the *Schwager*, by hanging on occasionally on the up-side, preserved the equilibrium."

To ——

OFF MAINTZ, *ten o'clock, Wednesday, March 12th*, 1851.

"How my spirit lingers in that lonely room where I was last with him before five yesterday morning! It was very solemn and very memorable. The candle was in the other room, and I asked him in the dark how he was. He had passed another night of weary tossings to and fro. Yet to hear him say in the darkness, 'I wish I could sing! I should give glory to God!' I

feel that we have taken in but very partially the heaven-sent lesson taught us, in that beautiful character. But such a lesson can only be truly learned by a patient and cheerful following of Christ, seeing what He would have us outwardly do and inwardly be. To *see*, to *do*, to *be*, requires that right state of spirit which is maintained by a daily waiting on Christ and a strengthening of our faith in Him, as our only sure and our best guide in all things, as giving us in everything the best things for us, and in His own way. It is not necessary for us to impose burdens on ourselves, to whip ourselves with cords, or to cast ourselves on a funeral pile. God is rich in mercy, and He may sanctify us by what He gives as well as by what He takes away; nor is it necessary for us to pain our hearts by determining what we shall do in such and such circumstances. The Lord shuts us up to one thing: 'Do what is right; if you wish it, I will teach thee.' Each day has its own duties, and trials, and difficulties. God does not tell us to take care of the week, month, or year, but of the day or hour; not of the next possible mile of the journey, but of the certain step which must be taken for the present. We require grace to receive His mercies as much as to receive His chastisements; in neither case to doubt His love, never to think He gives the former grudgingly, or the other severely.

"I had a superb sleep last night; but, what was very odd, I started up and lit my candle the very minute (twenty minutes to five) at which John's bell had rung on Tuesday morning."

To the SAME :—

Passing the Sieben Gebirge.

"I have really had a happy day toddling down this glorious stream. The sun was bright, and things looked tolerable. I cannot say that any poetic feeling was stirred up. The castles in spite of me suggested vulgar impressions of immense barons, all boots and beards, rioting and drinking, and thinking only how Baron A. could be swindled or Baron D. murdered; what *tocher* La Baronne E. had, and whether she could be purchased for

the hopeful, turnip-faced, blustering young Baron Swilling-beer. Then those vineyards are indissolubly interwoven in the fancy with tables-d'hôte. The imagination pictures myriads of drinkers in all lands longing to suck their juices. The whole land seems to be robbed from poetry and the Middle Ages, and consigned for ever to barrels and wine-bibbers. There was not an Englishman on board, and that relieved the prose a little.

"I met two girls who were emigrating to America. How happy they were, poor things, when I told them that I had been in the town to which they were going, and that it was so handsome, and that they would go across the ocean as easy as to Stuttgart, for thence they came, and my heart was stirred for them; and then (good creatures) they asked me if I had met their *Schwager*. I told them, *possibly*. They at once treated me as a brother, and showed me their letters. I really made them very happy by my pictures of the calm ocean and glorious America.

"I had a long talk with an old sailor on board, quite a character. I opened his heart with cigars, and he was very communicative. He spoke in broken sentences, each delivered in an under voice very confidentially to me, while he always turned up his eyes to heaven, kept his elbows by his side, and wriggled his wrists as if a thousand mysteries lay far beyond his brief communications. 'An old cloister that—hate the priests—ceremonies (*many wriggles*)—the best cloister is the heart (*great confidence*). Stop her! (*to the engineer*). Democrats! (*fearful wriggles*) —the Jesuits did the whole. In old times they forgave the sins of thieves and murderers,' and he ran off, looking over his shoulders, winking hard, and his two hands in perpetual motion. Soon I felt a tap on my back—'The Protestant ministers not much better—too learned—don't care for the people—they give words—words—but what do they?' (*wrists, eyes, all going, and immense confidence.*) 'The people are best. Ach, Herr, we must make the heart our church—minister—all—and love God and man.' He darted off to take soundings. I left him, but we are yet to smoke together. Oh, this great heart of humanity!

How grand it ever is when it is real! What a magnificent study is man, and how elevating at all times to realise one's brotherhood, to rise like a hill above the earth's surface, and to converse with other hills, and to feel that both are rooted in the common earth, and are beneath the same sun, and are refreshed with the same dew!

"While I thus write, partly to relieve my own heart and partly to take your thoughts for five minutes from your present sorrows, I am dragged back to the dear group at Cannstadt.

"Perhaps this may find you in the midst of more than ordinary sorrow, when amusing words will sicken you. But it may be quite otherwise. Oh! trust, trust. Dearer, infinitely dearer is he to his own Lord and brother than he can be to us."

Surely 'tis all a dream! Is this the Rhine?
Is this majestic pile of ruin old St. Goar?
That far-off rush of water Lurlei's roar?
Oh, what a joyous life of lives was mine,
When those dear castled hills of clustering vine
First flashed upon me in the days of yore!
Such glorious visions I can see no more!
For though within a holier light doth shine,
Yet this deep sorrow veils it as a cloud,
Casting from shore to shore a sombre shroud,
That scarce a trace of the old life is found.
Into one wish my thoughts and feelings blend,
To be with those dear mourners who surround
The dying-bed of my best earthly friend.

From his JOURNAL:—

DALKEITH, *April* 11.

"My memory can never require to be refreshed by a record of those memorable days of intense life, when days were years, and hours months. For ever shall I vividly remember the rushing journey, the burning fever of morbid anxiety as I hurried on and on from this to the Rhine

—along that river darkened by mist—from the Rhine to Stuttgart, and then by moonlight, which seemed to light me to my grave, to Tübingen, until after midnight I stood outside *his* door and had some rest, when I felt he was there. Shall I ever forget the meeting? the horror of darkness followed by prayer, by hopes, by heavenly gleams from unexpected sources, by fears and sore strugglings. And then his room, and our daily on-goings, the screen, the big chair, the table with its books, watch, thermometer, the stove, himself seated on the bed, the brown plaid, the shut eyes, the head inclined to one side, the peaceful smile, the resigned and meek look, the 'dearie' kiss, the whispered holy things, the drawing-room too, and the piano, the life in death, the sunshine 'that never was on sea or land.' Then came Tuesday the 11th, and at early dawn the last farewell, while at evening thou wast with thy Father!"

To ——:—

DALKEITH, *Sunday.*

"All hail! The Lord is risen. The world is redeemed, and that coffin shall be broken, and that darling body be glorified, and we shall be with him and all in Christ for ever. And, oh, the calm joy of assurance, deep as in the existence of God, that on this lovely spring Sabbath, when flowers are bursting forth, and birds are singing, and the sun is shining, in this world of sin and death, he, our beloved darling, is really in life and strength and intelligence and unutterable joy, remembering us all, and waiting for us! Will he not feel so at home? Is he not breathing his own delicious air? I see him now with a sunny look of joy, gazing on his Lord, praising Him, meeting every moment some new acquaintance—new, yet old. Oh! this is not death; it is life! 'life abundantly.'"

To the SAME:—

"*Tuesday*, 17*th March.*—What can man say or do? Leaving Cannstadt, leaving it in such silent company! My spirit is with you all day, often, often in the watches of the night. At four this morning I was praying for you."

To the SAME :—

"*Wednesday Afternoon.*—I have been thinking much of that luggage and those things of his. It is strange, inexpressibly strange to see dead things only, and not to see the living one. Yet was it not so when Christ rose? The linen clothes and the napkin, left in order behind, and He gone! But our dear one lives! and I can so well fancy him smiling at those poor remembrances of sin and sorrow, which are nevertheless to us signs of faith triumphant in death. I am sure when our day of death comes, if we have time to think, the room at Cannstadt will be strength to us."

From his JOURNAL :—

"*April* 11*th.*—We buried him on Wednesday last, the 9th. The day was calm and beautiful. The sky was blue, with a few fleecy clouds. The birds were singing: everything seemed so holy and peaceful. His coffin was accompanied by those who loved him. As I paced beside him to his last resting-place, I felt a holy joy as if marching beside a noble warrior receiving his final honours. Oh, how harmonious seemed his life and death! I felt as if he was still alive, as if he still whispered in my ear, and all he said—for he seemed only to repeat his favourite sayings—was in beautiful keeping with this last stage of his journey:—'It is His own sweet will;' 'Dearie, we must be as little children;' 'We must follow Christ,' and so he seemed to resign himself meekly to be borne to his grave, to smile upon us all in love as he was lowered down, and as the earth covered him from our sight, it was as if he said, 'Father! Thou hast appointed all men once to die. Thy sweet will be done! I yield to Thine appointment! My Saviour has gone before me; as a little child I follow!' And there we laid him and rolled the sod over him. Yet the birds continued to sing, and the sun to shine, and the hills to look down on us. But long after earth's melodies have ceased, and the mountains departed, and the sun va-

nished, that body shall live in glory, and that beautiful spirit be—

"'A Memnon singing in the great God light.'

"'O, sir, the good die first;
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket!'

"O God of infinite grace, help me—help us, weak, trembling, infirm, ignorant, to cleave fast to Thee in all Thy ways—to be led by Thy Spirit in whatever way He teaches us, and to glorify Thee in body and soul, by life or by death. Amen."

"*July.*—This is my last Sabbath in Dalkeith, and this Sabbath ends another great era in my life.

"The last six months have been to me concentrated life. I have lived intensely. I have lived ages—all ending with my bidding farewell this day to a devoted and loving people! When I glance over the last twenty years I think I have some idea of life in its most striking, wild, and out-of-the-way phases. I fancy I have seen it in its strangest hues, and into its depths more than most people; often too much so for my own happiness."

Letters to ——:—

"It is often as difficult for me to think of making happiness without 'conditions' as it is for you, perhaps much more so; but we know that if we really yield ourselves to God's teaching within and without—in our hearts and in our circumstances—and know that it is His will, and not ours merely, *i.e.* that it must be, or ought to be (for with Christians must and ought are one), then we shall have peace, for we shall have fellowship with the will of God. You cannot feel yourself more an infant than I do.

"... What is devotedness? It is not a giving up, but a full and complete receiving in the best possible way (*i.e.* in God's way) of the riches of His bounty. It is being first in sympathy with God, judging and choosing, rejoicing with Him; and then consequently resting satisfied with all He wills us to be, to do, to receive, give up, suffer or enjoy."

To the SAME :—

Sunday Night.

"Duties are the education for eternity, which is endless duty.

"Our pleasures are in exact proportion to our duties.

"All religion is summed up in one little word, Love. God asks this; we cannot give more, He cannot take less.

"I have been reading Luther's '*Haus-Postille*,' and have been much amused by his hits against false monkish humility.

"It is not humility to ignore whatever good God gives us or makes of us; but to receive all from Him, thank Him for all, and use all according to His permission or command.

"So let that keep us up, and guide us."

To the SAME :—

May 29.

". . . . Oh for the clear eye to discern those eras in life, those turning points, and to hear the voice of love and wisdom and holiness (by hints unmistakable by the pure mind), saying, 'this is the way, walk in it!' Oh for the humble heart to fall into God's plan, whatever it be, be it life or death!

". . . . It will soon be all over with me—at most twenty or thirty years. Let me bravely do my duty, and then, Hurrah!

"After leaving you I went to the Assembly, and then went in search of my poor invalid. Got the house with some trouble; and then where next? To his grave. And there, with many tears and many prayers, I did get much peace. The sunlight from that holy spot comes over me. I heard him speak to me—'Be as a little child! Follow—do not lead. Live in the Spirit!' 'Yes,' I said, 'yes, darling, thou wouldst say the same things now, and maybe thou art near me.' And I blessed God for his words—earnestly prayed that they might be realised; and they shall be. We shall follow his faith. If we liked to please him on earth—much more now. But we have a better

Brother—our own Lord—with us. To please Him in all things is heaven; to displease Him, Hell!"

To the SAME, after preaching his 'trial' sermon in the Barony:—

GLASGOW, *May* 18, 1851. *Sunday Evening.*

"Another milestone in this awful journey is over—another bend in the great stream has swept me nearer the unfathomable gulf.

"I had such a crowd—passages, stairs, up to the roof! That is but a means, not an end. Yes! I had one of those high days which sometimes are granted to me; when I feel the grandeur of my calling and forget man, except as an immortal and accountable being; when the heart is subdued, awed, blessed! I believe souls were stirred up to seek God. I was dreadfully wearied—done up—but I cared not. I felt, 'the night cometh—work!' Is it not strange—and yet it is not—that, as usual, the moment I entered the pulpit and saw that breathless crowd, Cannstadt arose before me, and remained there all the day! He was a vision haunting me, yet sobering me, elevating me; pointing always upward; so purifying, so solemnising and sanctifying; and I felt dear friends with me, bidding me be good and holy; and when the great song of praise arose, my heart rose with it, and I felt all that is good will live, and we shall have a great, an endless, and blessed day in Heaven. On earth I know not what may be. God's will be done!

* * * * *

"As to distraction in prayer, how *I* know this, and have to struggle against it! but it is not good, and dare not be allowed, but must be conquered.

"To do this, (1) Have a fixed time for prayer; (2) Pray earnestly at commencement against it; (3) Divide the prayer, so as to have confession for a few minutes, then thanksgiving, &c. This gives relief to the strain on the mind. I speak as a man who looks back with horror at my carelessness in secret prayer. Backsliding begins in the closet, and ends—where?"

To the SAME:—

DALKEITH, *Saturday Morning.*

"I think that Baxter's seventh chapter in the 'Saints' Rest' is something far, far beyond even himself. One should get it by heart; it is such a chapter as that—so earnest, so searching, so awfully solemn and true—which humbles, and stirs up, and makes one feel intensely 'I have not yet attained,' and resolve more firmly to do this 'one thing,'—press on, and on! Why, what do we expect? To be glorified with Christ! equal with St. John and St. Paul—this or devils! To press on is to realise more blessedness and glory, more joy and perfect peace! Oh, how weak I am—a very, very babe! But it required Omnipotence to make me a babe."

To the SAME:—

DALKEITH, *Sunday Evening.*

"What a day of hail and snow! I was so struck at one time to-day. The heavens were dark; the hail came booming down, and rushed along the ground like foam snatched by the storm-blast from a wintry ocean; but the moment it ceased, there was such a sweet blink of sunshine, and instantly the woods were full of melody from a whole choir of blackbirds! We, too, should sing when the storm is over!—but why do we not beat the birds, and sing while it lasts? 'Are we not better than the fowls?—yet God careth for them!'

"I have preached in England and Ireland, America and the Continent, in all sorts of places on sea and land, in huts and palaces, to paupers and to nobles—I sometimes feel a curiosity to know the results! and I shall know them! It is a noble, a glorious work! I praise God for giving me such a 'talent,' and only pray that while I preach to others I may not be a castaway! But, no! I know I shall not—praise to his omnipotent Grace!

"I have for years been a very busy man, but I never for an hour sought for work—it was always given to me. I know your active spirit is one of the features of your character, but be patient, and only by God's grace keep your mind in that most necessary state—which will discern the Lord's voice when He calls. I have great faith

in what I call signs—indescribable hints, palpable hints, that 'this is the way, walk ye in it.' One cannot, before they come, tell what they shall be; but when the 'fulness of the time' comes when the Lord has appointed us to do anything, something or other occurs that comes home instantaneously to us with the conviction, 'the Lord's time has come! I have to do this!'"

To the SAME:—

10½ P.M. *Sunday.*

"Shall I tell you all I have been doing to-day?

"I went to bed at one (A.M.), for my time had been broken up all day, and in the evening I did the honours to ——. By the way, in all our judgments and criticisms of people, we should ever see them in their true relationships to us. The world has one set of rules, the Church another. Distinguish between gifts and endowments, and the use which is made of them. See things in their spiritual rather than their earthly relationships. I do not say that one can entirely forget the latter, or that when combined with the former (I mean the gift with the grace) they do not make God's creature much more beautiful; but accustoming ourselves to these thoughts, our judgments and mode of thinking and speaking about people will every day be modified and brought by degrees into greater harmony with God's judgments. I have had sore struggles with this; but intercourse with the good, especially among the working classes, has gradually moulded my feelings into a quieter state. And how has all this been so rapidly suggested? I cannot help smiling, yea laughing, at poor —— having been the cause! But I often feel sore if I have seemed to speak unfeelingly or unkindly, or in a worldly way of any one or for any cause, who I feel is a believer.

"I am only at one in the morning yet! I rose at half-past seven, read, &c., till half-past eight. Went to my Sabbath school at nine. Preached twice. Went in the evening with Jane to read part of my sermon to dear Elizabeth Patterson, and had worship there, after paying a visit to an old woman, who I believe was really brought, as she says herself, to the knowledge of Christ by me

when she was sixty-three, and whom I admitted for the first time as a communicant!"

To the SAME:—

Tuesday Evening, June 26.

"By fellowship is meant one-mindedness, sympathy, agreement. It is not the submission of a servant to a command because it is a command. It is more, much more than this. It is the sympathy of the friend with the friend, seeing and appreciating his character and plans, and entering into them with real heart satisfaction. It is the 'amen,' the 'so let it be,' of the spirit. 'I have not called you servants, but friends.' To have this fellowship two things are needed: first, knowing our master's will, and secondly, having that mind and spirit in us which necessarily sympathises with it.

"It is delightful to stand in spirit *beside* Christ, and look outwards from that central point, and see things as He sees them. This is having His 'light' and 'life,' and therefore so living and seeing as He does; and while we do so, He has fellowship with us! There is something very grand I think in this high calling, to be made partakers of Christ's mind and joy! It is such godlike treatment of creatures! It shows the immense benevolence of Christ, to create us so as to lift us up to this sublime position, to make us joint heirs with Himself in all this intellectual and moral greatness and blessedness."

To the SAME:—

"Have just come in to breathe a little after visiting sick. How beautifully Christ's example meets us and suits us in everything. In visiting the sick poor one endures innumerable petty sufferings from the close den, bad air, and fifty things which are sometimes almost insufferable to our senses and tastes. But when one is disposed to fly, or get disgusted, the thought comes of His washing His disciples' feet, and living among wretched men. 'He who was rich'—from whom all taste and the perception of the beautiful has come! He who was heir of all things. Yet, with His human nature, what must He have 'put up with' in love!

"It is difficult to separate the real from the accidental. But when I see a poor ugly unlearned Christian, I sometimes think that if the heart and spirit remained as they were—yet if that face by some magic power was made beautiful, that tongue made to speak nicely, that form made elegant, the manners refined, the cottage changed to a palace, in short, if the real person was put in a better *case*, how altered would all seem. So in the reverse, if George IV. had a squint eye, hump back, ragged clothes, vulgar pronunciation, manner, &c., what a revolution! Yet will there not be a revolution in the good and the bad like this? Thus you see I try and idealise poor Lizzie S., and some of my poor Christian bodies, and if possible see kings and queens shining through their poor raiment.

"You never beheld a more peaceful, lovely evening. Oh! it is heavenly. The large pear-tree is bursting into blossom, the willows are richly yellow in the woods, and the birds are busy with their nests,

"'Singing of summer with full-throated ease.'

Everything is so calm, so peaceful; why is not man's throbbing heart equally calm? Why do we not always sing with the birds, and shine with the sun, and laugh with the streams, and play with the breeze? It is, I suppose, because much sorrow must belong to man ere he can receive much joy. Yet when the true life is in us, there is always a sweet undersong of joy in the heart; but it is sometimes unheard amidst the strong hurricane.

"The calls I am from time to time receiving from those to whom I have done good are most delightful. I begin to think that the seed has taken better root than I had thought. Praise God for it!"

To the SAME:—

Friday Night, 12½.

"Free salvation. Justification by faith alone. John did not see this for a time. When he saw it the burthen was removed for ever! Unbelief is dishonouring to God. You glorify Him by reposing on Him, and heartily trusting Him: trusting His teaching in the Word, con-

science and providence. Remember you have a living Saviour, and a loving one, always the same.

"Confess Christ, and commend the gospel by calm peace as well as by words. Aim at passing Christian judgments upon things, and beware of worldly judgments. Aim at seeing persons in their relation to Christ, and to nothing lower.

"I have had two days' visitation since you went away. You have no idea of the overwhelming interest of such days among our brothers and sisters. What a volume of intense romance each day contains! How good, how contented it makes you; how it corrects selfishness; how deeply it makes you feel your responsibility; what treasure you lay up! Let me see; can I convey to you, in a few lines, specimens of my cases?

"1. A husband sick, has hardly spoken for months to his wife and family—selfish, jealous; I got them reconciled; promises to have family worship.

"2. A woman in low spirits, all alone, cried bitterly; told me in agony she frequently planned suicide. Made her promise to go through a course of medicine, and always to come to me when ill.

"3. A bedridden pauper—horrid house.

"4. An infidel tailor—very intelligent. Had read Alton Locke, &c. An hour with him. I shook him heartily by the hand—is to come to church.

"5. An idiot pauper—a half-idiot sister—a daughter-in-law of latter, who is very wicked, says 'she will take her chance' for eternity, was impressed by all I said yesterday, but came here to-day tipsy, but knowing, however, what she was saying.

"6. A mother very anxious—had a long talk with her, she received good and comfort. And so on, and so on. Oh, for unselfish, Christian hearts to live and die for the world! How far, far are we from Him who left the heavens and became poor and lived among such—to lift us up! Alas, alas! how unlike the world is to Him! It has no tears—no labours, no care for lost man. We are selfish and shut-up. Christians hardly know their Master's work in the world!"

APPENDIX.

A.

In a series of autobiographical reminiscences which he dictated in old age to one of his daughters, Dr. Macleod's father gives, among others, the following amusing and characteristic pictures of his youth :—

"I received the rudiments of my education in the manse of Fiunary from tutors who were hired by my father from time to time; but we were often for months without any instruction, except the little we could receive from himself when his time, which was very much occupied with parish matters, could permit. He generally spent three or four days of the week on horseback, and always came home much fatigued ; but he usually contrived to give my elder brother and me a lesson. He seldom shaved above twice in the week, except something extraordinary came in the way, and it was during the process of shaving, which generally exceeded an hour, that we were drilled in our Latin lessons. He was an admirable Latin scholar, and had a great portion of the Latin classics—Horace, Virgil, and Ovid—committed to memory. He was very partial to Buchanan's Latin Psalms, a portion of which we generally read on Sabbath morning. My father was unfortunate in most of his tutors ; one of them, a monster in temper, came to us from Aberdeen. I shudder at the recollection of his cruelty. My brother Donald, one of the most amiable and interesting fellows that ever lived, was an excellent scholar and superior to his tutor, who, I suppose on that account, formed a fearful prejudice against him, and chastised him unmercifully, and often without cause, and that in remote places where there was no one to witness his conduct. His savage treatment of this dear lad brought on a spitting of blood, from which he never recovered. I was not a good scholar, and was much more given to play than to study, yet

I received my full share of flogging! This cruel man had a wonderful power over us, and took solemn promises from us that we should not tell our parents of his conduct. A singular circumstance, which deeply impressed me at the time and which I cannot forget, brought his conduct to light, and caused his dismissal from my father's family. He asked us to accompany him upon a Saturday to the house of Killundine, where one of his pupils then lived, and who is almost the only one of my early companions still alive. We went to Killundine, by the shore, on the line where the new public road now runs. I was dressed in a kilt, but had no hose or stockings on. We came to the cave below Laggan, known by the name of 'The Dripping Cave,' which could not be entered but through a wild jungle of briars, thorns, and nettles. It was said that this cave was the abode of some wild man of the wood, and that he had lately been seen at the entrance of it. I admitted to my tutor that I believed this story; on which he ordered me to pass through this thicket and enter the cave, in order, as he said, to disabuse my mind of such a belief in the superstitions of the country. I remonstrated as to my inability to do so in the dress which I then wore; but he cut a rod in the wood, with which he compelled me to proceed. I did so, while all my feet and legs were torn and bleeding from the effects of the thorns. On reaching the entrance of the cave, what was my horror on observing the figure of a tall, old, grey-headed man rising from his bed of straw with a scarlet night-cap on! But he, hearing my cries and sobs, addressed me in the kindest manner—naming me, for he recognised me at once. This dispelled my fear, and I resolved to abide with him in the cave rather than return to my companion. I told him all that had happened to me. He roared after the tutor, and vowed vengeance against him. He informed me that the tutor had taken to his heels in the direction of the Manse. The good old man carried me in his arms out of the brushwood, and insisted that I should go on to Killundine, accompanying me himself a great part of the way. This venerable man had been unfortunate in his money transactions as a cattle dealer, and was concealing himself for some time, till an arrangement should be made with his creditors. I reached the house of Killundine in a sorrowful plight, where the thorns were extracted from my limbs, and where I remained for the night. Thus were the cruelties of our tutor brought to light, his conduct to my brother became known, and he was dismissed. The only apology that can be found for him was, that he was labouring under mental disease; he died soon after in the lunatic asylum. My father continued to give me lessons when

his time admitted of it (especially during shaving times). He followed a practice, which I at the time abhorred, of making me translate the classics into *Gaelic*. He himself had an exquisite taste in the selection of vocables, and I thus became a good Gaelic scholar.

"In the summer of 1799 the late General Norman Macleod (grandfather to the present chief) came to the Manse of Morven, on his way to the Isle of Skye. My father had been for some time tutor to this brave and talented man, who was a distinguished soldier in the American War, and obtained great renown afterwards in India during the conflicts with Tippoo Sahib and other chiefs. He was frequently and severely wounded. Macleod insisted that my father should allow me go along with him to Dunvegan; and I was delighted at the prospect of visiting the place of which I had heard so many traditionary legends. There were no steamers at that time, and we took our passage in a small wherry from Oban.

"Macleod was accompanied by Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan, his man of business, and Mr. Campbell of Combie, his commissioner. We arrived at Loch Bracadale next day after leaving Morven, where we found horses and carts, with crowds of people waiting our arrival; we reached the old Castle of Dunvegan, where many of the gentlemen tacksmen of the Macleod estates were waiting to receive us. Macleod was welcomed to the castle of his fathers by Captain Donald MacCrimmon, the representative of the celebrated 'MacCrimmon pipers,' who had for ages been connected with the family. This Captain MacCrimmon had acquired his commission, and no small share of renown, with his chief, during the American War.

"I can never forget the impression which the whole scene made upon my youthful mind as MacCrimmon struck up 'Failtè Ruairi Mhòir,' the favourite tune of the clan. Dinner was laid in the great dining-room; the keys of the cellar were procured, and a pipe of claret was broached, and also a cask of Madeira wine of choice quality, brought from India by Macleod; the wine was carried up in flagons to the dining-room, and certainly they were very amply used in the course of the evening. A bed was provided for me in a small closet off Macleod's room, and I can never forget the affectionate kindness which my greatly beloved chief showed me while for three months I remained in his castle. The number of visitors who came there was great—Maclean of Coll, Grant of Corrymony, Mr. Grant, the father of Lord Glenelg, Principal Macleod, of Aberdeen, Colonel Donald Macleod, father to the present St. Kilda, were, with many others, among the guests. I

formed a special regard for Major Macleod of Ballymeanach, who had been a distinguished officer in the Dutch wars, and who kindly entertained me with many interesting anecdotes regarding the warfare in which he had been engaged.

"One circumstance took place at the castle on this occasion which I think worth recording, especially as I am the only person now living who can attest the truth of it. There had been a traditionary prophecy, couched in Gaelic verse, regarding the family of Macleod, which, on this occasion, received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons, and most deeply do I regret that I did not take a copy of it when I could have got it. The worthy Mr. Campbell of Knock, in Mull, had a very beautiful version of it, as also had my father, and so, I think, had likewise Dr. Campbell of Killninver. Such prophecies were current regarding almost all old families in the Highlands; the Argyll family were of the number; and there is a prophecy regarding the Breadalbane family as yet unfulfilled, which I hope may remain so. The present Marquis of Breadalbane is fully aware of it, as are many of the connections of the family. Of the Macleod family it was prophesied at least a hundred years prior to the circumstance which I am about to relate.

"In the prophecy to which I allude it was foretold, that when Norman, the third Norman ('Tormaid nan' tri Tormaid'), the son of the hard-boned English lady ('Mac na mnatha Caoile cruaidh Shassanaich'), would perish by an accidental death; that when the 'Maidens' of Macleod (certain well-known rocks on the coast of Macleod's country) became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in one of the turrets of the Castle, and, particularly, when the Fairy enchanted banner should be for the last time exhibited, then the glory of the Macleod family should depart—a great part of the estate should be sold to others, so that a small 'curragh,' or boat, would carry all gentlemen of the name of Macleod across Loch Dunvegan; but that in times far distant another John Breac should arise, who should redeem those estates, and raise the powers and honour of the house to a higher pitch than ever. Such in general terms was the prophecy. And now as to the curious coincidence of its fulfilment. There was, at that time, at Dunvegan, an English smith, with whom I became a favourite, and who told me, in solemn secrecy, that the iron chest which contained the 'fairy flag' was to be forced open next morning; that he had arranged with Mr. Hector Macdonald Buchanan to be there with his tools for that purpose.

"I was most anxious to be present, and I asked permission to

that effect of Mr. Buchanan, who granted me leave on condition that I should not inform any one of the name of Macleod that such was intended, and should keep it a profound secret from the chief. This I promised, and most faithfully acted on. Next morning we proceeded to the chamber in the East Turret, where was the iron chest that contained the famous flag, about which there is an interesting tradition.

"With great violence the smith tore open the lid of this iron chest; but in doing so a key was found, under part of the covering, which would have opened the chest, had it been found in time. There was an inner case, in which was found the flag, enclosed in a wooden box of strongly scented wood. The flag consisted of a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.

"On this occasion, the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod, reached the castle. 'Norman, the third Norman,' was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time the rocks called 'Macleod's Maidens' were sold, in the course of that very week, to Angus Campbell of Ensay, and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of a Lieutenant Maclean, residing in the West Turret of the Castle, had young ones, which I handled, and thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled, although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prophecy accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected."

He also gives an account in these reminiscences of some of his experiences while endeavouring to establish schools in destitute places in the Hebrides :—

In the spring of 1824 a contention, carried on with great party warmth, took place among the leading men in Edinburgh, about the election of Moderator to the ensuing General Assembly. When Principal Baird, Dr. Inglis, and others (the leaders of the Moderate party in the Church) applied to me for my support and influence, I replied that I could on no account support them as a party, for they had never given me any support in matters connected with the Highlands, which I had repeatedly brought under

their notice, and they had declined in an especial manner to assist the efforts which were then being made to obtain a quarto edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, although it had been repeatedly brought under their notice; and that, after explaining to them the grievance of having only a Bible of so small a text as a 12mo edition, which no one advanced in life could read, I received for answer from the leader of that party (on whom I thought I had made some impression as he walked in his drawing-room before breakfast): "That is the breakfast bell; just advise your Highland friends to get spectacles."

The subject came under discussion again that day, and it ended by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge most generously coming forward and offering to give us the long wished for Quarto Volume, to our great joy, and somewhat to the annoyance of our opponents.

Dr. Stewart of Luss was appointed Convener of the Committee chosen to carry out the resolution, and no better man for the purpose could be found in the Church. I and several others were associated with him in the work, and I did my best to aid him; but to him belongs the praise for the perfect manner with which it was executed.

It was during the sittings of this Assembly that I resisted all the applications made to me by Principal Baird to throw in whatever little influence I possessed in support of the Moderate interests, unless he and his party would aid us in promoting the education of the people in the Highlands and Islands, where a melancholy destitution of the means of education prevailed.

We got up a public supper, at which all the members, lay and clerical, from the Highlands, were present. We drew up an address to the Principal and his friends, in which they were requested to institute a scheme for the promotion of education in the Highlands and Isles.

As several overtures to that effect had been forwarded to the Assembly, and would be discussed in the course of the following week, when Dr. Inglis was to bring forward his motion in reference to the Indian Scheme, the worthy Principal instantly consented to be chairman in an Educational Scheme for the Highlands and Islands, but with this condition, that he should not be asked to speak in the General Assembly. As I was in possession of all the facts connected with educational destitution in the Highlands, he put into my hands the "Educational Statistics" by Lord Brougham, which were very voluminous and valuable.

I at once agreed to the request made me by the Principal and

several of my Highland friends, that I should bring this matter under the notice of the General Assembly. I locked myself up for several days, and with great care prepared the speech I was about to deliver before the General Assembly on this important subject. When the day fixed for the discussion arrived, the overtures relating to the Indian Scheme and to the Highland Scheme were read, when a controversy arose as to the priority to be given to either. Dr. Cook, of St. Andrew's (the disappointed candidate for the moderatorship, but a most deservedly popular leader in the General Assembly), insisted that the Highland Scheme should be discussed first, while on the other hand Dr. Inglis and his friends insisted that preference should be given to the Indian Scheme.

After a lengthened discussion, it was agreed that I should be first heard. I was accordingly called upon to speak, when I stated that out of personal respect for Dr. Inglis, who was my senior and a father of the Church, I should give precedence at once to him, provided that the Assembly came to no resolution about the Hindoos till it had heard what we had to say about the Highlanders.

After the worthy Doctor had concluded his able speech, I brought forward our case at great length, which was heard with the most marked attention, and our statements enthusiastically cheered. Never did any one enter upon the duties he had undertaken with more enthusiastic ardour and devotion than did our venerable chairman, nor did his efforts for one moment cease till the hour of his death. I had great cause for thankfulness that I had been enabled to bring this most important subject under the notice of the Church.

It was agreed that the convener of the Committee for Highland Education, the secretary, and I should visit the Highlands and Isles early in the course of the following summer. An application was made to the Treasury for the services of a revenue-cutter, to convey us. This was very readily granted. Captain Henry Beatson, of the *Swift*, was directed to hold himself in readiness to convey us, and to take in stores for our use; with this latter part of his orders, Captain Beatson most amply complied, as he took on board at Greenock provisions that would have served for a voyage to Australia.

We first visited the Island of Islay, where we experienced princely hospitality from Walter Campbell, to whom the island at that time belonged. From Islay we proceeded to Jura; from thence to Oban, Lorne, Appin, and Lismore; there we waited upon the Roman Catholic Bishop McDonald, who received us with great cordiality, and gave us letters to all his priests in the north,

recommending us to their special attention. We explained to him at great length the nature of our Education Scheme, assuring him that the inspection of our schools should always be open to the Roman Catholic priests, and that no books should be given to the children who were members of his Church except such as he should approve of. Wherever we stopped on our delightful voyage, fowls, vegetables, milk, cream, and butter and cheese were sent on board, and, where they were not so sent, Captain Beatson was not shy in asking them.

We visited Coll and Tyree, and from thence to the Western Isles, visiting all the parishes as we went along, and, after consulting with the proprietors and clergy, and ascertaining all the statistics connected with the various places, we did not meet with one heritor who did not grant ground for a school-house and garden in the locality fixed upon. In Skye I went from Portree to the parish of Dunvegan to attend the Communion, which was administered in a field close to the burial-ground of Kilmuir, where some of my ancestors and many of my relatives are interred. The scene on this day was most impressive and solemn. The place chosen was singularly fitted for such an occasion, being a natural amphitheatre around which the people sat. It was calculated there were upwards of three thousand people present; and a more attentive and apparently devout congregation I have seldom witnessed assembled together. There was a large tent, formed of spars and oars covered with sails, erected for the minister and his assistant, while some of the better class erected other tents for their own use. The church-bell rang for a quarter of an hour, during which time not one word was spoken by any one in this great congregation.

The day was most beautiful, a lovely summer day; the place of meeting was admirably chosen, there being a kind of ascent on the field, which made a raised gallery. Several small, romantic glens led to it, by which the people came to the place of worship. The sun shone brightly, the winds were asleep, and nothing broke the solemn silence save the voice of the preacher echoing amidst the rocks, or the subdued sighs of the people. The preacher, on such an occasion, has great power over his audience. The Gaelic language is peculiarly favourable for solemn effect. The people seem enfolded by the pastoral and craggy scenery around them—the heavens over their heads seem emblematic of the residence of the God Whom they worship and of the final home they are taught to hope for. They delight to hear the voice of prayer ascending from the place where they stand to that throne above from which

nothing but the blue sky seems to divide them; and when all the voices of such a vast congregation are united in religious adoration, the whole creation round seems to be praising God. I have indeed witnessed the effect of Gaelic preaching and of the singing of the Psalms in that language, such as would now appear almost incredible.

Standing among the thousands on that day assembled round the old churchyard of Kilmuir—a place hallowed by many tender associations—I never did feel more overpowered.

In singing the last verse of the seventy-second Psalm in our own beautiful Gaelic version, the vast crowd stood up, and repeated the last stanza and re-sung it with rapt enthusiasm. On this occasion the first sermon was preached by the minister of a neighbouring parish.

There were but two Table Services, at which a vast number of communicants sat. The tables, and places for sitting, were constructed of green sods, decently covered. I had the privilege of addressing one of these tables, and of preaching at the conclusion a thanksgiving sermon from the words, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." When the whole service was over, many old people, who had known my father and grandfather, came to offer me their affectionate blessing.

The appearance of Loch Dunvegan that evening, covered with small boats conveying the hearers to their homes, and the crowds of people winding their way among the dark mountains, was singularly striking.

I feel assured that such a scene as the Communion Service that day at Dunvegan has never since been witnessed in Skye, and I greatly fear never will be again. A gloomy fanaticism followed the breaking up of the Established Church, and perhaps in no part of the country did this bitterness exist more strongly than in the Western Islands. In Skye especially it led to dividing families and separating man from man, and altogether engendered strife which I fear it will take years to calm down.

I returned to Portree to join the venerable Principal and my other friends.

B.

A Crack aboot the Kirk for Kintra Folk.

First Crack.

Saunders. Are ye gaun to lee' the Kirk, John ?

John. Deed, Saunders, I am no vera keen about it; are ye gaun to lee't yoursel' ?

S. No yet, I'm thinkin'; what for should I? I ha'e been an elder in't for twenty years come the winter sawcrament, and it's no a waur Kirk but a hantle better ane syn' I cam' till't, and until it gets waur, I'll bide and end my days in't, and *if* it *gets* waur, I can aye lee't whan I like.

J. Ye'll no ha'e heard the deputations I'se warrant ?

S. Wha me? Did I no! if we are no wise it's no for want o' tellin'. It puts my auld head in confusion a' this steer!

J. They're surely desperat' keen o' the fechtan thae ministers wi' a' their crack about britherly love and peace!

S. Ye may say sae John, but ye ken, as the auld sayin' haes't, "the best men are but men at the best."

J. Na', that's a truth! But pity me, could they no maun to reform the kirk withoot sic a bizz? sic a fechtin' in sessions, presbyteries, synods, and assemblies. Na, that'll no do, thae maun ha'e a Convention like the Chartists.

S. A Convocation, John.

J. Weel, weel, it's no the richt Parliament, that's a'. And that's no eneuch, for they maun haud meetin's every ither day in their ain parishes, and ower and aboon, they maun tak' their neebours' parishes in hand. Na, they're no dune yet, for they maun ha'e committees o' a' the impudent, speaking, fashious, conceited chiels, that are aye first and foremost in every steer; and tae keep them hett, they're aye bleezing at them wi' circulars, newspapers, and addresses, and gif ony o' them change their mind, be he minister or man, or daur to think for himsel', he is cry'd doon for a' that's bad and wicked! Na, it's desperate wark, Saunders!

S. Deed, John, the speerit that's abroad 's gien me unco concern for the weelfare o' the Kirk o' Scotland, but mair especially for the Church o' Christ in the land. It's richt that men should ha'e their ain opinions, and if they think them gude, to haud them

up and spread them in a richt and Christian way; but this way the ministers ha'e enoo o' gaun to work, I canna persuade mysel' is in accordance wi' the speerit o' the apostles, wha gied themselves wholly tae prayer and the preaching o' the word, and were aye thankfu' whan they had liberty to do baith, and wha said that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle towards all men," and that "tho' we should gi'e our bodies to be burned, we were nothing, unless we had that love that thinketh no evil, that beareth all things, that hopeth all things."

J. They put me in mind o' bees bummin' and fleeing aboot and doin' little wark, and makin' nae kame in their ain skaip just afore castin', or like thae writer bodies at an election gaun gallopin' aboot the kintra, keepin' the steam up wi' speeches, and newspapers, till the poll be bye.

S. I canna weel understaun't, for there are gude gude men amang them. They are surely sair mislaid? for nae doot they think they're richt. I think that pledging way is a sad snare tae the conscience; it baith keeps a man frae seein' that he's wrang, or when he sees himsel' wrang, frae puttin' himself richt.

J. It wad be Faither Matthews, may be, that pit that plan in their head?

S. Oo, the men are perfect sincere, and gaun aboot, doubtless, to pit folk in mind o' what they think their duty, and o' their richts and preeveleges.

J. Sincere! It's nae comfort tae me tae tell me whan a man's gaun to cut my throat that he's sincere; and as tae stirrin' up the folk to min' their ain rights, they needna think that necessar', for if the folk are wranged, they'll fin't oot wi'oot the ministers tellin' them. If a man has a sair leg or a sick body ye needna keep prokin' at him and roarin' in his lug a' day that he's no weel; or if he's in jail, or turned oot o' his hoose tae the streets, ye needna be threepin' doon his throat that he canna be comfortable; he kens that better than you; but if ye get haud o' a nervish fleed waik body, a doctor can persuade him that he's decan, and mak' him ruin himsel' wi' pooders and bottles; and if he's hett tempered and proud, a Chartist can, maybe, persuade him that he's a slave, and bound wi' airns. Noo, a' this mischief comes frae gabby speakers wha mak' the evil, and then lea' decent folk tae reform it.

S. Ye're ower hett on't yersel, John, *I* can see gude on baith sides, and difficulties on a', and muckle tae reform, tho' no eneuch tae destroy; but here comes the Dominie and Will Jamieson, the tailor, alang the road, and ye'es get it noo, lad, for ye're in the hands o' the Philistines.

J. I am but a plain weaver, Saunders, and no fit tae argue wi' the Dominie, tho' I carena about stickin' up tae Will, for him and me has mony a fecht at meal hours aboot this Non-Intrusion; but ye're an elder o' the kirk, and should staun' up for't. Let us sit doon on the brigg here, it's a grand place for a crack.

Dominie. Good day, Alexander—good day, John.

S. & J. Gude day tae ye baith.

Will. Ye'll be at yer auld work, nae doot, haudin' up the Kirk?

J. An' ye'll be at yer auld wark, pullin't doon?

S. Indeed, John and me war' jist crackin' aboot our auld Kirk, and he thinks ye're gaun tae ding it doon a' thegither.

J. Na, I ken naething about it, Maister. Am unco concerned for its walfare, and me and Saunders are muckle o' ae mind that there's something far wrang whae'er haes the blame.

D. You may say so, John; they are surely far wrong when Ministers of the Gospel can be forced upon reclaiming congregations against the will of the people; when the civil power can interfere with the Church in the discharge of her spiritual duties; when the State, not Christ, assumes to be head of the Church. When all power of exercising Church discipline is taken from her, surely, then, Ichabod, "the glory is departed," may be written upon her walls!

Will. An' the ministers maun gang noo tae the Court o' Session tae get a text for their sermons, an' tae see wha's tae be let into the communion table, for nae minister nor elder can cheep noo unless wi' their bidding, and—

J. That's a wheen blethers, Will! an' it's aye your way to run aff wi' the harrows.

S. Stap noo lads, dinna begin the fechtin' like twa dogs ower a bane. But I wad like, Mr. Brown, tae hear your opinion anent this question. Ye ha'e mentioned mony a bad thing (as ye say) that's come tae the Kirk, and it's no easy tae pick a' the threeds out o' sic a ravelled hank, but gif the tae half was true o' what ye say I wadna stay in the Kirk anither sabbath, unless we could get things mended! But either o' us are far mista'en. But first o' a', what think ye o' the Non-Intrusion question?

D. I think that no man should be minister in any parish contrary to the will of the people. I thought this question was settled in the mind of every good man.

S. Do ye mean that nae man should be a minister o' a parish if the folk jist say they'll no ha'e him, wi'oot gi'en rhyme or reason, wi'oot sayin' why or wherefore, wi'oot sayin' black's yer e'e or ought against him!

D. Just so, if the Christian people say no—no it must be. For who dare say yes?

S. That was aye the opinion o' the Dissenters, but I ne'er kent that it was the law o' the Kirk, so that it couldna be a Kirk at a' wi'oot it.

D. It *is* the law; read from First and Second Books of Discipline.

S. I ha'e read them, an' I couldna see that law in them; at least, if it was in them I ne'er kent the state had agreed till't.

W. Tak' oot yer Books o' Discipline, Maister, and read the bits tae Saunders, he an' the like o' him are keepit in darkness.

J. He canna be in darkness wi' sic a new light as you, Wull; tho' I am feared ye'll pruve but a penny dip after a'!

D. Here are the Books of Discipline. Let us look at them; there is the first book, chap. iv.,—"It appertaineth to the people and every several congregation to elect their minister."

S. There was nae Pawtronage then at a', it seems.

D. No, there was not in the Protestant church, and the people had a right to elect their minister; but, if within forty days they did not exercise this right, the superintendent and his counsel—

J. He was a kind o' Bishop, I tak' it.

D. Never mind—but he presented, after examination, a minister to the vacant congregation. Now, observe these words,—"altogether this is to be avoided, that any man be violently intruded or thrust in upon any congregation;" there, ye see, is the Non-Intrusion in the *First* Book of Discipline.

S. Let me see't, sir. But what say ye, Mr. Brown, to the rest o' the passage? It's no fair the way you Non-Intrusionists aye stop at that part o' the sentence, for it gangs on to say,—"But violent intrusion we call not when the counsel of the Church, in the fear of God, and for the salvation of the people, offereth unto them a sufficient man to instruct them, whom they shall not be forced to admit before just examination." An' quite richt that, but see, they daurna reject this man wi'oot "just and sufficient reason," for it says, "that they shall be *compelled*, by the censure of the counsel and church, to receive the person appointed and approved by the judgment of the godly and learned."

J. That's no your kind o' Non-Intrusion, Will; there can be nae *reasons* in your liberty-line?

S. But they tell me this First Buke o' Discipline was ne'er agreed tae by the State: that it was just made by the Kirk when she was in the voluntary way, an' whan she might mak' what laws

she liked wi'oot losing her Establishment, for she wasna established at a'.

W. Tak' him, Mr. Brown, then, tae the Second Book o' Discipline, if this ane 'ill no please him.

D. Yes, there can be little doubt what the mind of the Church was in reference to Non-Intrusion when that book was composed. In chap. xii. it is declared "the liberty of the election of persons called to the ecclesiastical functions, and observed without interruption so long as the Kirk was not corrupted by antichrist, we desire to be restored and retained within this realm. So that *none be intruded upon any congregation* either by the Prince or any inferior persons without lawful election, and the assent of the people over whom the person is placed, as the practice of the apostolical and primitive Kirk, and good order, craves. And, because this order which God's word craves *cannot stand* with patronage and presentation to benefices used in the Pope's kirk, &c., &c., and for so much as that manner of proceeding *has no ground in the word of God*, but *is contrary* to the same, and to the said liberty of election, they ought not now to have place in this light of reformations." So, you see, that patronage is "against the word of God," "flows from the Pope's church," and "cannot stand with the liberty of election and of *consent* which the people should have."

Will. That'll dae ye surely, Saunders?

S. I see the *teetle* o' that chapter is "Certain special Heads o' Reformation which we *crave*." But I ha'e been telt, and ne'er heard it contradicted, that the State ne'er gied them this they craved.

D. The Second Book of Discipline was agreed to by the State.

S. But no *this* bit o't, for surely wi' a' they say against pawtronage they tuik it?

J. I'se warrant they wadna tak' a Kirk wi' sic an unholy thing,—did they, Maister?

D. Why—why, I believe they did.

J. Did they fac! an' yet they say that what ye ca' Non-Intrusion couldna staun' wi't!

Will. But do ye no see that if they hadna ta'en the Kirk wi' patronage then, they couldna ha'e got a Kirk established at a'?

J. I see that as weel as you. I see they couldna keep Non-Intrusion in ae hand and an Establishment in the ither; that these couldna staun' thegither; but were they no gleg tae haud a grip o' a' gude establishment wi' manses, glebes, and stipends, wi'oot Non-Intrusion, than to ha'e a voluntary Kirk wi'oot patronage,—that's what they should dae yet.

D. They *cannot* do it; for even though Non-Intrusion (as it is

in the Books of Discipline) might not have been agreed to by the State,—tho' I say it was—it is yet in the Word of God, and that is enough for me,—for the Church rests her claims, not on her Books of Discipline only, but also on the immovable foundation of the Word of God.

S. I am vera dootfu' aboot this way o' fatherin' ilka thing that comes into ane's head on the Word; I ne'er could see ae way o' Kirk government in the Word o' God.

D. What! you an elder who have in the most solemn manner declared that you believe the Presbyterian form of Church government to be agreeable to the word of God! you to speak thus?

S. Aye! agreeable tae the *speerit* o' the Word, but maybe no found in the *letter* o' the Word.

D. But can you think that the great Head would leave no directions to His Church as to its government?

S. Directions! there's nae doubt he has left directions; he has telt us that the field o' our wark is the world, that the seed is to be sawn, and he has appointed ministers and office-bearers for the sawing o' the seed, and all is to be dune that *much* fruit may be brought forth to the glory o' God; but I quastion if He has gien verra preceese directions aboot the way the workmen in the vineyard are to be appointed, or about a' the various kinds o' instruments, the pleughs, the harrows, that are to be used for cultivating the field, or for workin't sae that it may bring forth a gude crap.

Will. That's queer doctrine! Did he no tell Moses that *a'* things were to be made accordin' to the pattern gien him on the mount?

J. Wha's speakin' about Moses? Ise warrant *he* was obleeged to mak' a' things accordin' to the pattern because he got ane! aye, a pattern o' the verra candlesticks, and o' their nobs! And doe ye no think that God could hae gien as preceese a pattern o' the Christian Kirk if it had been his wull, that there should be ae form for the whole world? or as Saunders would say, If every field and every soil was just to be ploughed, harrowed, and sawn doon in the same way?

Will. I would think, John, the truth wad be truth in every part; that if a thing was true in Scotland, it wad be true in every ither part o' the world.

J. I would think sae tae Will, but we are no speakin' about the truth, but *aboot the way o' getten't*, and it doesna hinder a man to get the truth as weel as you, tho' he doesna clap on your specks *tae see't!*

D. But, Alexander, I think it is hardly possible for any unprejudiced man to read the New Testament, and not to see clear intimations of the will of the great Head of the church, in reference to the right inherent in its members to elect their pastors; or at all events, to exercise such an influence in their selection, as to prevent any one being placed over them without his first being tried by the people.

S. I canna say, Mr. Brown, that I ever saw that verra clearly set doon in the word o' God; whar do ye find't?

D. In the history we have of the election of an Apostle, and of a Deacon, and in the commands which are given to the Christian people, to beware of false prophets, to try the spirits; examples which if followed, and commands which if obeyed, are utterly inconsistent with any view of Church Government but the one recognised by the popular party in the church of Scotland.

J. That's a' verra full text that ye hae, maister.

Will. Break it doon for them, and gie them't in parts then; begin wi' the elections o' the Apostles and Deacons.

D. That's easily done, and I candidly think ought to convince. We have an account of the election of an apostle in the first chapter of the Acts. It is there said, "And they appointed two, Joseph called Barsabas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two thou hast chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship, from which Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place. And they gave forth their lots: and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles." Is not that popular election?

S. I candidly tell you that I'm verra doubtful about it; for ye'l notice, in the first place, when it's said "*they* appointed two," and "*they* prayed," and "*they* gave forth their lots," it doesna say *wha* did this, the people or the apostles. Then see again it wasna them that selected but Christ, "shew whether of these two *Thou* hast chosen," for he had chosen all the others; and lastly, the mind of Christ was found out by lot! My opinion is, that this was a *supernatural* way o' choosin' out an office-bearer,—ane that's no in the Christian church at a' noo, viz., *an apostle.*

Will. It proves to my mind that folk should hae a say in the election o' a minister.

J. It proves jist as weel vote by ballot!

D. I am merely stating you my opinion, and you have a perfect right to state yours. I think of course that the election of Matthias

is intended to guide the Christian Church in all ages. This opinion is confirmed by what took place in the electing of a deacon.

J. We hae nae deacons at a' noo; the only ane I ever kent was auld Jock Morton, the deacon o' the tailors.

S. Whist, John, wi' your nonsense; mony o' our Kirks hae deacons, and we would hae them here if the office o' the deacon wasna performed by the elders, and I think the two offices should be distinct in every Christian congregation.

Will. And elected by the people.

D. That I think is intimated very clearly and beyond all doubt, in the history given us in the sixth chapter of the Acts. There can be no doubt that they were elected by the people, for we read that the twelve *called the multitude* and said, "wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you men whom we will appoint over this business, but we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word," and it is added that the saying pleased the people, and that they elected the deacons accordingly; what can be plainer?

S. But a deacon's no a minister, he doesna teach—but looks after the poor; and it was but richt and fair that the folk that subscribed the money should elect frae amongst them, them that were to pay it awa; and when the people pay their ministers it will be time eneuch to quastion whether they should elect them.

J. It's my mind, frae readin' that history, that had it no been for the grumbling o' the Grecians against the Hebrews, for their widows no gettin' their ain share o' the puir's money, there wad hae been nae deacons at a'! There's twa things, hooever, gien us plain there, namely, that the kirk had deacons *then*, and that the minister gied themselves wholly to prayer and preaching o' the word *then*, but I canna see thae twa things in the kirk *noo*, and surely thae things are plainer than Non-Intrusion.

D. If the people then were enabled to judge of men having such high qualifications as these "Men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," I think they can hardly ever be called upon to judge of higher. Would that they had a body from whom they could make such noble selections!

S. Ye may say sae, maister! and would that we had sic' a body o' communicants as electors, and that we had sic a presbytery as the apostles to chack their election! that's what I say, *that things that might work weel eneuch then will no dae noo.*

Will. I'll ne'er agree tae that! There's naething surely should be in the Christian Church noo that wasna in the Christian Church then; if there is, it canna be accordin' to the word o' God.

J. Naething in the Christian Church noo but what was in't then! Whare will ye get parishes, and parish Kirks, and stipends, and glebes, and heritors' meetings in the early Christian Kirk? I wunder, Will, hoo ye ever cam intae the Kirk o' Scotland wi' that wheen nonsense? If ye hadna some scent o' sense in ye, I wadna wunder tae hear ye propose that a' the communicants noo should kiss ane anither, as they did then.

Will. The matter's ower serious for that jokin'; ye're frightened for the argument aboot tryin' the speerits; that's aye hair in yer neck.

S. I wish ye would baith tak' an example frae Mr. Brown, wha states his argument calmly and decently, and then lets folk judge it. What's your mind on that passage aboot tryin' the speerits?

D. The passage is this, "Beloved, believe not every spirit but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone into the world." These are the words of the beloved disciple, who probably had in his eye the equally clear commandment of his master, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravenous wolves."

S. And what do these passages, do you think, prove?

D. They prove that "the spirits," "the prophets," or "ministers" are to be tried by the *disciples;* that this is not a privilege conferred upon them by the church, which they may or may not exercise, which the church can give or take away; but that it is a solemn duty which the Christian people must perform, as they shall answer to their great Head; now our Kirk believing that the Christian people had, during the sway of moderatism, been deprived of this right, and desiring to legislate according to the word of God, did in 1834 pass the much abused veto-law.

J. A lang text again, Mr. Brown! but I dootna Saunders would gie a gude comment on't.

S. It seems tae me verra doobtfu' what is meant by the command "try the spirits." Some commentators think that it was an extraordinary gift o' the Speerit which the early Christian Church had—this power o' discernin' the speerits o' ither men—tae ken whether they should be admitted as church members, or tae ken whether the prophets were tellin' the truth or tellin' lies when they were foretelling things to come. But even grantin' that the meanin' o' the passage is such as ye mak' it oot, what's tae hinder the disciple frae trying speerits noo as then, and frae being beware o' false prophets? Every disciple in the parish Church should try the speerit o' the parish minister, and if he

doesna think that he is guided by the Spirit of God, that he's no preaching the gospel, he should try the speerit o' anither minister.

Will. But what if ye hae nae ither minister tae gang till; I maun tak' the parish minister though ye dinna like him, or else want.

S. A sair, sair business, black business, if a presbytery o' ministers meeting in the name o' Christ, pit in a man that doesna preach the glad tidings o' the gospel fully and freely! Sic things may be, but we are a' sinfu' men, an' there's nae system perfect; and even if there war popular election, we read o' a time when they wull not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall they heap tae themselves teachers, having itching ears, and they shall turn away these ears from the truth, and shall be turned into fables; and I'm auld eneuch tae ken that there's as muckle pawtronage, o' as tyrannical a kind as e'er was in the kirk, among mony dissenters—that they're no a bit better pleased, nor sae weel pleased mony o' them, wi' their ministers, than we are wi' ours, and they hae nae cause tae be sae.

Will. But ist no an unnatural thing pawtronage?

S. It may be unnatural tae see a German lad and an English lassie owre the great British empire, but like pawtronage, it works maybe better than if the King was tae be elected.

J. But do ye think, maister, that a Kirk canna be a Kirk o' Christ unless the folk hae the power ye speak o'?

D. No Church can be a Church of Christ unless it obeys Christ's commands.

J. Dootless; but then ye see a' the dispute is aboot what the commands o' Christ are, an' if they be what ye mak' them oot tae be, if the people maun a' try the speerits o' their pastors, what becam' o' the Kirk o' Scotland up tae 1834? Wha tryed the speerits o' thae ministers that are crying oot sae muckle aboot the richt o' the people tae do sae noo? Wha tryed the speerit o' that lang-legged chiel, what d'ye cae him, wi' the spats and umbrella, that cam' here wi' the deputation? I am telt there wasna twenty signed his call.

Will. The pastoral relation canna be formed withoot full consent, for he that cometh in, ye ken, by a wrang door, is a thief and a robber.

J. Sae be it; but if he comes in by the wrang door, and stays in, he is a thief and a robber, till he gangs out and comes in by the richt way; but will ony o' ye tell me what way the Kirk o' Scotland was before the passing o' this veto?

D. For 112 years she was under moderate rule, and the rights of the Christian people were trampled upon.

Will. The Christian people couldna cheep, they had nae power at a', and the kirk wasna gaun according to the mind o' God, but clean against.

J. We hae surely been in a desperate state.

Will. We couldna weel be waur.

J. I'se warrant the Kirk o' Scotland couldna be a Kirk o' Christ then.

Will. Deed she was far frae't.

J. I canna thole this nonsense! If she wasna a Kirk o' Christ, hoo did a' they ministers that are bleezing against her come into her at a'? hoo did ye become a communicant in her? hoo did God bless her, and mak' her a blessing? And if she *was* a Kirk o' Christ without your vetoes, would she no continue a Kirk o' Christ tho a' your vetoes were done awa' wi', and a' this stramash put an end to, and she to gang back to what she was before 1834?

S. Tae gang back, but in truth tae gang forward! for *I'se desperate keen for gude reform*, and wad like the folk had mair power; but I wad like to get it in a legal way; I would like *to improve the machine*, put in new screws, and mend what was awanting, and gie't plenty o' oil; but I'm *no for breaking down the machine a' thegither* that has done sae muckle gude, because it's no fashioned to the pattern o' this man or that. It was that veto law played a' the mischief!

J. Wi'oot even being agreeable to the word of God! according as Mr. Brown lays't doun.

Will. It *was* agreeable to the word o' God.

J. Was't? ye tell us that a' the disciples should try the speerits —that a' the disciples should hae a say in the election o' a minister; noo ane wad think that the Kirk would gie us popular election after that. Na, says the Kirk, nane o' the female disciples —and the female disciples were among the greatest ornaments of the early Kirk—nane o' them are to hae a say—nane o' the young men are to hae a say—nane o' the servant-lads are to hae a say—nane but the male heads are tae cheep—as if a' the sense o' the congregation was in their heads; and little sense after a' maun be in them! for it's no expected o' them that they can hae sense eneugh tae gie reasons; but just tae say, No! That's a droll way o' trying the speerits, and being ready to gie a reason for the faith that's in them tae every man. Noo the veto was nather agreeable to the word o' God as it's laid down by you, nor was it agreeable to the law o' the land as laid down by all the judges. And, if she

has got into this scrape it wasna for want o' tellin' and warnin'. Mony a time it was said in the Assembly that a' this mischief wad come. Even the gude Dr. M'Crie, I'm telt by Mr. Struthers, said before the House o' Commons afore it was passed, that the Kirk had nae powers tae pass this law, and that it wad bring us into confusion.

S. I am clear about its unlawfulness, and that when the Kirk passed that law she took the first word o' flyting, and that her determination to keep that law, tho' it has been declared illegal, has been the grand cause o' her late troubles.

Will. There ye gang with your Erastianism, putting the law o' the land higher than the law of God—putting the ceevil courts aboon the church of Christ—making the king the head o' the Kirk.

J. Hae *ye* got into this line, Will, o' calling your neighbour nicknames; and cramming doon folks' throats opinions they abominate, and putting sentiments in their tongues they never uttered? It's no fair.

D. Neither is it fair for you to assert that the church disobeys the law and is a rebel?

S. Does she no disobey the law?

D. No! for she denies that it *is* the law.

S. But haena the ceevil courts declared that the Kirk broke the law, and broke her bargain wi' the state, when she passed the veto; that she interfered wi' the ceevil richts o' pautrons, and that as lang as she keeps the veto she's breaking the law?

D. Yes, the civil courts have declared so, but the Church Courts have declared otherwise. Now the Church Courts are as much courts of the country as the civil courts are, and have an *equal* right with them to interpret law as affecting the church; you surely do not think that the civil courts should have the power of laying down the law to the Church; as to what her duty is in spiritual matters; that would be subjecting the church to the state with a vengeance!

S. Na! naebody that I ken thinks sae, and Mr. Simpson tells me that the ceevil courts intend nae sic thing, but only lay doon the bargain the Kirk made wi' the state tae keep her till't. Let me speir at you, Sir, are there ony laws o' the State aboot the puttin' in o' ministers at a'? or has the State left the established Kirk to mak ony law she likes—tae hae patronage or nae patronage —election by the male heads—an election by the communicants, just as she pleases—tae try what man she likes for a parish or no tae try; or are there ony Acts o' Parliament or ony laws o' the land aboot thae things?

D. There have certainly been many Acts of Parliament about these matters.

Will. That's whaur the Voluntaries say we are wrang, tae hae thae things in Acts o' Parliament at a' !

J. An ye would like tae hae acts, and no tae be bund by them ! But what I say is this, there's nae harm to be bund tae a thing we hae agreed tae, nor to be bund doon tae dae what's richt, and tae walk in ae road when it's for the gude o' the hail community, it's better this than tae hae a voluntary liberty o' loupin ower hedges and dykes.

S. You twa are desperate keen for a colleyshangy, ye're aye interrupting me and Mr. Brown. Ye were saying, Sir, there were different acts aboot the puttin' in o' ministers; noo wha passed thae acts ? and for what Kirk ?

D. They were passed of course by the British Parliament, for the protection of the Church of Scotland.

S. The British Parliament ! is that a ceevil body ?

D. Undoubtedly it is ! you cannot suppose it an ecclesiastical body ?

S. Weel, surely the acts o' a ceevil body are ceevil acts, and whatna court but a ceevil court should explain them ?

D. But you will observe that these acts refer to spiritual and religious matters.

J. Sae do the acts aboot the Sabbath-day; for wasna Tam Speirs, that ne'er-do-weel, afore the Shirra, Friday was aught-days, and tried by him for breaking thae acts.

D. You observe, Sanders, what I before said was, that while the civil courts should interpret these acts, the Church Courts should interpret them as well.

Will. And that's but fair play. If twa folk war disputin' aboot a march dyke, it's surely richt that the ae man should hae as muckle say aboot it as the tither; and sae whan the Kirk and State differ aboot *their* march, it's but fair the Kirk should hae a say aboot it as weel as the State.

J. Aye, Will—and baith should gang tae a third pairty—the ceevil courts, that explain a' bargains, and refer the matter tae them. But ye wad like the Kirk tae draw her ain march wi' the state, and naebody tae challenge't, wi'oot his being caad an enemy tae the headship !

S. Weel ! I hae nae objections as an elder, that the ceevil courts should hae the *sole* power o' sayan—no what a *Kirk o' Christ* should teach or do, *that* nae power on yirth can say—but o' declaring what preeveleges the state has promised tae gie the

Kirk o' Scotland *as an establishment*, and what she has pledged hersel tae dae *while established.* I ken mysel that I haena the education nor the knowledge tae ken law—far less tae gie a vote against the judges and the lord chancellor aboot the law o' the land. Nor do I think I'm gaun against the headship in this; for I ne'er kent that tae explain Acts o' Parliament was ane o' the preeveleges conferred on me as a Christian man. And let me ax —if the twa courts hae the richt tae explain the verra same act— what's to be dune if they gie twa meanings tie't? they maun baith be law? hoo can a man serve twa maisters?

J. Na, that's a truth. If the Ceevil Courts say the act means sae and sae, that *the craw is black;* and if the Kirk Courts say it means sae and sae, that *the craw's white;* and if I maun obey the law, and if my gude name, and my comfort, and the comfort o' a my family; na, maybe the peace and welfare o' the community and kirk depends on my sayan whether the craw's white or black, what i' the world can I do, when I want tae dae what's richt?

D. Let the Church Courts follow out their interpretation with spiritual effects, and let the civil courts follow out their interpretation with civil effects, and this prevents all clashing.

S. It's a guy confused business! and I wunder hoo folk are sae mad at ane anither when they differ on't, and hoo some o' the lassocks and lads are sae gleg sure aboot it; and abune a' hoo they would ding doon a Kirk aboot sic difficult questions. But yet I canna see hoo your way can keep the twa Courts sundry; for what if each o' them bid a man do the same thing? And I'm tell't that this is just what they did. The Ceevil Courts in explaining the law, said tae the presbyteries o' Strathbogie and Auchterarder, "Gude or bad, *the law is* that ye are tae try the presentee and no the folks, and if ye think him fit for the place *the bargain is,* ye are to put him in; *the craw's black!*" Then the Kirk courts said: "The law is that the *folks* are tae try him, and if *they* are no pleased, ye are tae hae naething tae do with him; *that's the law; the craw's white!*" "Black it is!" says the Presbytery o' Strathbogie. "Gif ye say sae," says the Kirk Courts, "doon wi' your lishences, and awa oot o' your parishes." "We say sae," says the presbytery o' Strathbogie, "for we think the Ceevil Courts hae alane the richt tae tell us what's the meaning o' an Act o' Parliament." "Richt," says the Ceevil Courts! "and we'l protect ye in your parishes, and no let ye be put to beggary for obeying the law." "*The craw's white!*" says the Presbytery o' Auchterarder, "and we'l no try the presentee." "Wrang," says the Ceevil Courts, "we'l fine ye for no doing your duty, and for keeping

a man unlawfully frae the parish." "Richt," says the Church Courts, "and ne'er gie in that the craw's black, for if ye dae ye'll be enemy tae your Kirk." Say what ye like it's a bothersome business!

D. But I have a practical question to put to you, Saunders. Supposing the civil courts were to command you to do anything contrary to the law of God, would you as an elder or a member of the Church obey it?

Will. Ay, that's the question.

S. Hoo *can* it be a question with a Christian man? Surely even a babe in Christ kens that it is his duty, his first and foremost duty, to obey God rather than men, tho' these men should be members of Parliament, or members of Assembly, statesmen or churchmen.

J. Weel done, Saunders!

D. And what would you do then, if you were put in this position, the Civil Courts telling you that, as an office-bearer in the Establishment, you were bound to do something, which you think contrary to your duty to Christ?

S. I would leave the Kirk, I wadna try and break the bargain; but I would say tae the state, The bargain's a bad ane, and I'll leave your service and be a Voluntary, and then I can mak a law the day, and change it the morrow.

D. Leave the Church! when you are acting agreeably to the mind of God, and obeying his most holy word! Is that not giving up all spiritual independence, the right to act in spiritual matters, uncontrolled by any power in earth.

S. I believe the Kirk has perfect liberty and spiritual independence to do the wark she promised to do, to teach the doctrines she agreed tae teach *as an Established Kirk*, but that she has nae power tae gang beyond that without becoming a Voluntary Kirk.

D. You surely don't mean to assert that a Church of Christ on becoming Established, can give up a particle of that liberty which essentially belongs to her as a Church of Christ!

S. Certainly not! but it's maybe no easy to say what liberty *essentially* belongs to a Kirk o' Christ; but I ken this, that there's mony a thing she might do as a *Voluntary* Kirk, that's completely oot o' her power to do as long as she is an *Established* Kirk.

Will. I think ye'll no mak that oot, Saunders.

S. It's no ill tae mak that out. Hae we spiritual independence to change ae doctrine in the Confession of Faith? hae we spiritual independence tae put awa patronage? tae gie the election tae the people? tae put down ony o' the Kirk Coorts? or tae pit up ony

mair? Hae the ministers power tae draw their stipends, and tae preach whaur they please?

Will. We surely hae.

S. We surely hae na *as an Establishment:* nae doubt the Kirk o' Scotland might mak a' thae changes the morrow, but she would be nae langer *the Kirk Establishment.* She maun gie up her connection wi' the State, or be bound wi' the acts that made her an established Kirk; gie up her bargain or keep it.

Will. But if the Church cam' to the opinion, that ony act was against the Word of God, would she no be bound to disobey that, or would she hae nae leeberty tae change it?

S. No! she would hae liberty *to become a Voluntary Kirk,* but she could hae nae liberty *as lang as she remained in connection with the State to change the bargain without the State agreeing.* Do ye think, that if the State had agreed to the veto law, that the Kirk could hae changed that law the week after and gien the power to the folk to elect the ministers? if the Kirk can do this, I kenna what's the gude o' bothering itsel to get acts o' Parliament at a'.

J. There's a hantle o' talk aboot the Kirk said this and the Kirk said that; but after all, I'm thinking it just means, that some ministers in Edinbro' said this and that, and they seem tae think their mind must be aye the mind o' Christ; as far as I can see what they're wanting is, that the State should gie them their manses and glebes and power, and to pass an act tae *let the Kirk do whatever she pleases.*

D. I must confess, Alexander, that I think you are wrong in regard to spiritual independence; the Church of Scotland should be every bit as free as a Voluntary Church.

S. I canna see hoo it's possible as lang as there's ony acts o' Parliament aboot her. I'll tell you in ae word my mind on't. I hired a servant on Friday last, and I made a bargain with him, that in winter he was to thrash sae mony hours in the day; he agreed to this, and I hae the bargain in my pouch; noo maybe some day when he's thrashing, some o' thae tramping chiels will come smoking their pipes aboot the barn-yard and say, "Ye're a poor slave, thrashin awa there instead o' walking aboot the kintra and enjoying your freedom like us;" noo I kenna what the lad might say; as he is no wanting in gumption, maybe it might be this, "Lads! I was ance independent like you, but I had nae clothes and nae meat, and was aboot tae wander frae place tae place tae mak a fend, but o' *my ain free consent,* I made a bargain wi' the farmer to do a particular work ilka day, and *I am independent nae langer* except to keep my bargain; for I bound mysel by

it, and if this be slavery, I would advise you tramping chiels tae be slaves as fast as ye can!" This would be speaking like a man of sense, but maybe his acquaintance might put clavers into his head, and he might come to me and say, "I'll no thrash in the barn ony mair." "What for?" quo I. "Because," says he, "I'm no independent! I canna do what I like!" "I ken that," says I, "but it was yoursel agreed to the bargain." "It's a bad ane," says he. "Bad or gude," says I, "a bargain's a bargain, and ye maun keep it or lee my service." What would you think o' him if he would say, "I'll no lee your service, I'll eat your bread, but I'll no do your wark!" And this just explains the sang aboot the spiritual independence o' the Kirk; the fient the hait do the Ceevil Coorts do, but explain the bargain and mak the Kirk *do its wark, or gang oot the house;* and naething else does the Kirk do than say, "*I'll neither do the tane or tither.*"

D. But granting, Saunders, for the present, that the Civil Courts have the power of *interpreting* the bargain, is it not clear that the bargain, as they have interpreted, is such as no Church of Christ can accept of? They tell you that every presentee presented by a patron must be taken on trials, and no objections can be made against him except against his literature, his life, or his doctrines; that if these objections are not agreed to by the presbytery, they are bound to induct him, although the people should be against him; they have declared that a minister deposed for drunkenness must still keep his manse and his glebe, and be a minister of the Church of Scotland.

Will. Na; ye canna keep a man noo out o' the communion table without asking leave o' the ceevil courts.

S. I ken every presentee maun be taen on trials, and that has aye been the case since I mind. I ken that the law is now, as Lord Brougham says, that ye can only object on the grounds ye speak o'; but I also ken that Sir James Graham has said, that the Presbytery can try if a man's *suitable*, and cast him on *that*, and ye ken weel enough that Mr. Sinclair or Sir George got a bill agreed to by the government, gien power to the people to mak *a' kinds o' objections* that could come into their head, and gien power to the Presbytery tae reject the man *if the objections were gude;* or even if they werna gude, yet if they *thocht they would staun in the way o' his being useful in the parish;* and the kirk rejected it! And a grand bargain it was! and they tell me *we could get it yet* if the Kirk would tak it.

D. The Kirk will never take it.

J. They are surely ill tae please; what's wrang aboot it?

D. Because though the Church has liberty *to reject* at all times when they do not think a presentee suitable, yet when they do think him suitable, it gives the Church the power *to admit*, though the people should be against him.

S. And mair power than this we never had as a Kirk, mair than this we'll never get, mair than this we should na get; for mony a man may suit a place though the folk at first dinna like him; and it will be an awful responsibility for them wha would put down the kirk wi' sic muckle liberty.

D. I think acceptableness absolutely necessary for the forming of the pastoral relation.

S. I think acceptableness a great blessing, ane that presbyteries and pawtrons should luik weel to, for it maks things work grand and smooth when a' are pleased. But I'm no sae sure that it's *essential*, though beneficial. For gif it be sae tae the *making* o' this relation at first, it's surely essential tae its keepan up!

D. No. The marriage relation is not formed without acceptableness, but this is not necessary for keeping it up.

S. I differ frae ye. The marriage relation *is* formed when folk are married whether they're pleased wi' ane anither or no. But I again say, that if a minister when he's no kent, when he has only been in the parish ance or twice, preached twa or three sermons, if he canna wi'oot sin be placed ower a parish whaur he is no acceptable (though may be they will love him dearly in a wi', whan they ken him), surely he canna wi'oot far greater sin be keeped ower the parish, when after hearing him for years and kennan him weel, they come tae despise or maybe tae hate him! Ye maun just tak the American way o't, a man by the sax months.

Will. But what say ye aboot lettin drunken ministers into the kirk and no having the power to keep out bad communicants?

S. I say that the ceevil coorts never said that the church couldna put out drunken ministers, but it said that courts *wi' the Chapel ministers* had nae *legal* power to try or depose a minister.

J. Nae mair than Will there has power to try a man for murder.

S. And as to keeping out bad communicants, I solemnly tell ye that I would not stay in the Kirk if she had not that power, but I am weel informed that that power has ne'er been interfered wi'.

Will. And hoo do ye get quit of all thae stramashes aboot Strathbogie and Auchterarder?

S. That's beginning anither lang story, but ae thing is clear to my mind, that all the mischief in these parishes, and it's no little,

has just come frae the Kirk driving its veto law through thick and thin. But *I'm no gaun tae defend a' the Ceevil Coorts did, or a' the Kirk Coorts did; in some things, am thinking, they're baith wrang.* But I ken a' was quiet till that veto was tried—that every dispute has been aboot it. And I canna think but thae presbyteries in the North micht hae made things pleesenter tae if they had liked. Surely some o' thae fauschious chiels warna "suitable;" maybe some o' thae fauschious folk warna verrie easy pleased.

J. I'll tell you my way o't, but I may be wrang. The Kirk said to the State, Gie us manses, glebes, and pay, and we'l teach the folk religion. What religion will ye teach? says the State. The Confession of Faith, says the Kirk. Done, says the State. But how will ye place ministers? We would like the people to elect them, says the Kirk. It canna be, says the State; gang awa wi' ye. Bide a wee, says the Kirk; will ye mak an offer? I wull, says the State; it's this, Ye may lishence the men and see them fit for duty, and let the patron choose wha's to be minister, for he has gien a gran glebe, manse, and stipend for the gude o' the parish. And can the people no object? says the Kirk. Ou ay, says the State, they may; and if their objections are gude let the presentee be rejected by the presbytery; and if they are no gude let him be put in; and if the people are no pleased, let them bigg a Kirk and Manse for themselves. Done, says the Kirk. We'l tak a note o' the bargain, says the State. And for mony a year and day—130 years since the last bargain—they worked brawly thegither; but in 1834 the Kirk rued and thocht the bargain no a gude ane, especially as she had aye been braggin' to the Voluntaries that she was as free as them, and sae she passed the Veto law—a kind o' sly way o' jinking the State. Weel, a minister gets his presentation and comes to the Presbytery and axes them to try him and see if he was fit for the parish. Na, na, says the Presbytery, lad, thae days are a' by: gang awa to the folk and see what they think o' ye. It's no fair, says the lad, but I'll try. So he gangs and preaches to them, and they a' glower at him, for the're desperate keen for anither man; and what care they for the patron? No a dockan. So they cock their heads at him, and tell him tae be aff tae his mither if he likes. No sae fast, says the lad. So he comes to the Presbytery and says, that they maun see if he is fit for the place. What says the folk to ye, quo the Presbytery? They say naught, says the lad, but jist ta gang hame; the'l no tell me for what. Weel, says the Presbytery, hame ye maun gang, and tak your presentation in your pouch. It's a pity, says the lad, that the patron payed sae muckle

for't, for it seems little worth; but I think ye hae cheated me out o' my place. So he gangs hame and tells the pawtron hoo they steekit the door on him, and wadna speir a question at him. The patron says, quo he, baith o' us are clean cheated; you oot o' your place, and me oot o' my richt o' presentin' you till't, and they are gaun against law; for the law says that them, and no the folk, are tae try ye, and see if ye are fit for the place,—gang doon ta the Presbytery wi' my compliments, and tell them that. So he gangs doon, and they flee on him and tell him the law is wi' *them*. We'l see that, says the pawtron; so he and the lad gang ta the court o' session, and the Kirk gangs tae, and spier at the judges what's the law? The judges sae that the law is sae and sae, that the pawtron and lad are richt. Auld Gowks! says the Kirk, they are wrang. Then, says the pawtron, we'll try the Lords. So the Lords say that the Kirk's wrang, and that the chiel's richt. We are no heedin', says the Kirk; so they tell the lad ta gang aboot his business, and gif the Lords like they may gie him the stipends; but if *he* gies mair gab, they'l tak his lishence frae him. But they say, says the lad, they canna gie me the stipends till ye open the door and ordain me. We'll ne'er do that, says the Kirk. I ken, says the pawtron, that nae power on yirth can mak ye do that, but certies ye maun gie a compensation for the injury ye hae done me and the lad, and surely ye'll say *that's ceevil effects!*

D. After all I have said, and after all you have heard from the various deputations, I see it would be useless to carry on this discussion longer,—my mind is made up. I grieve to think it, but I fear it will be my imperative duty to leave the church establishment, to go out with those noble men, who are making so many sacrifices for conscience sake, and to give a Free Presbyterian Church for Scotland.

J. As tae what they'l *gie* tae Scotland, that's no ken't yet; but I see they're trying tae take a gude Establishment frae her,—and whatna sacrifices are they makin'?

Will. Sacrifices! Castin' their manses, glebes, stipends, and a' tae the winds.

J. I am tell't they are gey an' gleg aboot the siller, and desperat keen tae get it; they say they are tae hae a central fund in Edinbro, and tae gie a' the ministers that gang oot wi' them £100 a year, besides the tae half o' their ain winnings. It'll be a gran lift to some o' they Cod Sakker chiels.

D. Quoad Sacra!

S. A hunder pound a year! they'll ne'er maun tae keep an Establishment for Scotland.

D. I am not afraid of it; the rich will give, the poor will give; for the old spirit is up; the Blue Banner is abroad, and the whole world will see what Scotland can do.

J. I would rather see't than hear tell o't.

Will. See auld Mr. Smith in this verra parish, what he has gien.

J. Aye; for the body's desparat keen in the business; but think ye will his son Jock gie when he's dead an gane? Na! I mind ance Dr. Chaumers comin' here, and a gay thick way he has in his talk, tho' folk that understan' him say he's gran;—it was at the church extension time, and he and them that were wi' him proved hoo the Establishment, wi' a' that it had, and wi' the thoosands that it was liftin' every year (and I'm thinkin' they got £300,000), and wi' the help the Dissenters was gieing them, they couldna maun tae supply gospel ordinances tae the kintra; and think ye will they maun't noo withoot an establishment, wi' a' their bawbee collections? If they do, I can only say there hae been a hantle o' braw speeches cast away; and if they dinna, it's no them but puir workin' men like me, that will be the sufferers; for what care I tae hae the election o' a minister, when I'm ower puir to hae ane at a'?

D. Stay in then, and bring back the reign of moderatism and of darkness, and see our great schemes, the glory of the Church, destroyed, and behold our national Zion become a desolation, a hissing, and a proverb. When she has deserted her great Head, it is time for me to leave her.

Will. An' for me tae!

S. And gif a' ye say was true, or had ae particle o' truth in't, it would be time for us a' tae gang; but as the apostle says, "to him that thinketh it is unclean, to him it is unclean; but let such man be fully persuaded in his own mind: let us not judge one another, for we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." Let me speak freely tae ye, Mr. Brown, before we part,—ye hae said mony things that grieves my heart. As tae the reign o' moderatism, nae doubt Scotland was ance what she's no noo. I mind mysel a time when there was nae sic faithfu' preachin' in the parish kirks as noo; but God in His mercy,—for tae Him, and no tae this set o' men or that, be the praise—breathed by His Spirit on this valley of dry bones; and I noo ken mony men whom ye ca' moderates, because they're no convocationists, that are God-fearing, zealous men, kent and loved in their ain parishes, tho' they're may be no in the mouth o' the public; and I ken mony that are foremost eneuch in this steer, that in my opinion, hae verra little o' the

meekness and gentleness o' Christ. Ye speak o' our schemes, and ye may weel ca' them the glory o' the Kirk; but do these no prove jist what I say? Wha got up the scheme for the Hindoos? Dr. Inglis, the head o' the Moderates. Wha got up the education scheme for the Hielands? Principal Baird, a Moderate. Wha was ower the Colonial Church scheme in Glasgow? Principal M'Farlan, a Moderate. Dr. Chaumers, a gude man, and a man I lo'e, tho' I think he's wrang, was ower the ither ane.

J. He's the only ane o' them a' that rued, for he's for puttin' down the kirk noo a' thegither.

S. Whist John. As tae the Kirk deserting its great Head, God forbid that that should be true! I deny it, and am ashamed that men that should ken better should put such disturbing thoughts into the minds o' weak Christians. I hae heard the sang afore noo,—the M'Millans hae keepit it up for 100 years,—and it was aye their sough at the redding o' the marches atween them and the Establishment on the Monday o' their sacrament; the Auld Lights took up the same sang when they left the Kirk; it's no new tae my lugs, so it'll no mak me leave the Kirk. I'll bide in her! Her verra dust to me is dear! I was born agin within her walls; sae were some o' my bonny bairns that are sleeping outside o' them. I hae been strengthened and comforted during my pilgrimage wi' her ordinances, and I'll no break up her Communion table as lang as I hae power—and it has ne'er been taken fae me yet—tae keep awa the ungodly and the profane; and as lang as Christ is preach'd within her walls, I'll stay tae help tae reform her, tae help tae purify her, and tae pray as lang as breath is in my body, for her peace and prosperity.

J. I'll stay tae, for I canna get a better Kirk nor our ain; the Dissenters are gude folk, but I'm no a Voluntary.

Will. Gang tae the M'Millans if there's nae free Kirk in the parish; they are the best representatives o' our covenanting ancestors.

J. The M'Millans! It's no will I gang into their Kirk, but will they let me in? Wi' reverence be it spoken, it's easier tae get into the Kingdom o' Grace than tae get intae their Kirk; wi' a haud o' the covenant o' grace by faith, I can enter that Kingdom; but this is nae pass at their door. I maun hae the Solemn League and Covenant, and twa or three mair, or be keepit oot as a heathen and a publican! It's black popery, putting the traditions o' our faithers on a footin' wi' the Word o' God. As tae your wooden Kirks, nane o' them for me! they'l be desparat cauld in winter, and hett in simmer,—I'll stick by the auld stane and lime, and

I'm mistaen if it'll no stan' a hantle deal langer than a' your timber biggins!

S. Let us no pairt wi' "bitterness, wrath, clamour, and evil speaking." Let us rather "*Strive* to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace." Though we differ as tae the *means*, we a' agree I hope as tae *ends*—we a' seek, if Christian men, the gude o' the Church o' Christ in Scotland, and desire the glory of its great Head. *As tae the best way o' bringing this aboot* I may be wrang, and sae may ye—for neither o' us are infallible, but we may a' be upright—we may a' sincerely desire tae please God; and if He has promised tae bless such, and tae gie them licht, and tae "accept their willing mind," let *us* not be accusing and judging ane anither, casting the blame on a bad conscience rather than on a waik understanding or want o' opportunity o' kennan the truth. *We should tak' care that in strivin' tae keep others frae casten' aff Christ as their Head, we dinna cast Him aff oursels by disobeying His commands.* It's a great comfort tae think that the Lord reigns, and that wi' us, or in spite o' us, He wull advance his ain cause. Let the earth be glad! It was a gude sayan o' auld Mr. Guthrie, "*in things essential, unity; in things doobtfu', liberty; and in a' things, charity.*" Let us thus walk, and O! speed the time when we shall meet thegither in the general assembly above; when "Judah shall no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim Judah." Friends and neighbours, shake hands!

D. With all my heart,—I respond to your sentiments, and I know you to be good and honest. I pray that we may all "be sincere, and without offence at his coming."

Will. There's my haun tae ye. We hae been auld neebours and fellow-communicants, and it's right we shouldna forget "who we are, and whom we serve." But yet I wad like a pure Kirk.

J. Mony a splore you and me hae had; but we can shake hands yet. Lang may it be sae! As tae a pure Kirk, ye'll mind, maybe, what the great and gude Mr. Newton remarked till a leddy that ance said what ye say noo. "We'll ne'er, my friend," said he, "get a pure Kirk, till we enter the ane above; and ae thing is certain, that if there *was* ane on yirth, it wad be pure nae langer, if you and me entered it!"—Gude day wi' ye a'! (They shake hands and part, and sae ended the "Crack aboot the Kirk.")

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

Works by the late Norman Macleod, D.D.

I.

PEEPS AT THE FAR EAST.

A FAMILIAR ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO INDIA.

With numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, cloth gilt extra, 21s.

"It would be difficult to point out in our popular literature a book which in anything like the same compass conveys so full or so instructive a knowledge of British India. Dr. Macleod has the gift of insight into character, and in his intercourse both with natives and European residents never fails to establish a kind of freemasonry, and to draw out the material of thought and subsequent reflection. With the same charm of companionship which won his way to the hearts of every class, he seems to carry us with him, in a delightful round of travel and observation. The history of the past is interwoven with what now meets the traveller's eye in a way that never fatigues, while it richly instructs the reader. His work has thus an inner depth and a philosophical value beyond that of a mere record of travel."—*Saturday Review.*

II.

EASTWARD;

TRAVELS IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, AND SYRIA.

With Illustrations. Third Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"The most enjoyable book on the Holy Land we have ever read."—*Nonconformist.*

"This handsome volume, though not a novel, is a novelty among books of travel. The genial, manly spirit of the author gives a human colouring to every scene, and keeps awake in us as we accompany him an increasing sympathy."—*Daily News.*

III.

REMINISCENCES OF A HIGHLAND PARISH.

Third Thousand. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"One of the most refreshing and delightful books which can anywhere be found. The impression which it makes is the nearest thing possible to the delight of wandering in fine autumn weather on the braesides of the mountains that look forth on the Islands and the Atlantic. And the reader will find in the book what the mere wanderer cannot see in nature—a rich storehouse of noble humanities."—*Scotsman.*

"It is difficult to give an idea of the variety of the book. The account of Rory, the minister's man, so clever as a steersman; the chapter on the Fools; the legends of the Highland Churchyard, especially the myth of the Spanish Princess; the Snow-storm tales; and the fairy fiction called 'the Spirit of Eld'—all breathe the air of the Highlands, and give warmth and life to the picture."—*Saturday Review.*

IV.

THE STARLING.

With Illustrations. Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Dr. Macleod's style is admirable. He possesses, too, many of the best qualities which make a novelist. His keen insight and power of analysis enable him to draw, not mere stock characters, but real living men and women. But above his artistic power, we value the spirit of the tale. Such a story as this, with the fine manly character of the Serjeant, ought, in these days of vile sensationalism, to be doubly welcomed."—*Westminster Review.*

V.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

With Illustrations. Third Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.

"They are sure to be most welcome to all who can appreciate a broad, genial humanity, mingled with much pathos and a keen insight into the deeper workings of the human soul."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VI.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON.

With Illustrations. Twelfth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"We place 'The Old Lieutenant and his Son' in the very first rank of religious fiction."—*Daily News.*

"Beyond any book that we know, this story of Norman Macleod's will tend to produce manly kindness and manly piety."—*The Patriot.*

Works by the late Norman Macleod, D.D.

VII.

THE GOLD THREAD.

With Illustrations. Fourteenth Thousand. Square 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"This is one of the prettiest, as it is one of the best children's books in the language Wherever there are children, if our advice is taken, there will be a 'Gold Thread.'"—*Caledonian Mercury.*

VIII.

WEE DAVIE.

Fiftieth Thousand. Sewed, 6d.

IX.

THE EARNEST STUDENT:

BEING MEMORIALS OF JOHN MACKINTOSH.

Twentieth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"Full of the most instructive materials, and admirably compiled, we are sure that a career of unusual popularity awaits it; nor can any pupil peruse it without being quickened by its example of candour, assiduity, and happy self-consecration."—*Dr. James Hamilton in "Excelsior."*

X.

PARISH PAPERS.

Tenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"There is nothing narrow in sentiment, tame in thought, or prosy in style in these papers. Each paper is small in compass, but big with noble thoughts. It is just such a book as we should expect from an author whose Christianity is that of the Gospels rather than creeds, whose teaching is that of a Christ-loving man rather than that of a professional preacher, and whose nature is royal and not menial in its faculties and instincts."—*Homilist.*

XI.

SIMPLE TRUTH

SPOKEN TO WORKING PEOPLE.

Fifth Thousand. Small 8vo, 2s. 6d.

XII.

THE TEMPTATION OF OUR LORD.

Crown 8vo, 5s.

XIII.

WAR AND JUDGMENT.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN, AND PUBLISHED BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY.

Sewed, 1s.

XIV.

HOW CAN WE BEST RELIEVE OUR DESERVING POOR?

Sewed, 6d.

DALDY, ISBISTER & CO., 56, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

56, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON.

DALDY, ISBISTER & CO.'S

NEW BOOKS.

BISHOP THIRLWALL'S LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL REMAINS.

EDITED BY THE REV. CANON PEROWNE.

2 Vols. demy 8vo.

CITIES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

Author of "Walks in Rome," &c.

With 130 Illustrations. 3 Vols. crown 8vo.

*** Intended as a Companion to all those parts of Italy which lie between the Alps and the districts described in the author's "Days near Rome."

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY H. TAINE, D.C.L. OXON, &c.,

Author of "History of English Literature," "Notes on England," &c.

AN ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME OF

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

With 57 Photographs, illustrating by Portraits and Views the previous Volumes. Crown 8vo.

CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER:

A STORY OF ROME IN THE DAYS OF ST. JEROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

GEOLOGY,

FOR STUDENTS AND GENERAL READERS.

BY A. H. GREEN, M.A.,

Professor of Geology and Mining in the Yorkshire College of Science.

PART I.—The Elements of Physical Geology, with upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author.

Crown 8vo.

SERMONS OUT OF CHURCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Third Edition. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"There is in these days some need for this kind of teaching."—*Saturday Review.*
"A shrewd, wise, practical book, by one who has a right to speak, and a claim to be listened to."—*Nonconformist.*

SCRIPTURE REVELATIONS OF THE LIFE AFTER DEATH,

And the Christian Doctrines of Descent into Hell, the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting; with Remarks upon Cremation and Christian Burial.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTELTON.

Crown 8vo, 3s.

"Full of valuable thought, and of pointed as well as reverent illustration."—*Spectator.*
"Will be welcome as a fresh contribution to a subject that can never be old or worn out."—*Record.*
"Written in a most thoughtful and devout spirit, at once stimulating and refreshing."—*Nonconformist.*

MUSIC AND MORALS.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

With Portrait of the Author. Sixth Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"We cannot commend too highly Mr. Haweis's general exposition of the theory of music as the most profound and subtle artistic instrument for expressing emotion. . . . Criticism of this sort has been confined to Germany."—*Saturday Review.*

SOCIAL PRESSURE.

By SIR ARTHUR HELPS,

Author of "Friends in Council."

Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Post 8vo, 6s.

"There are no books more useful than Sir Arthur Helps's, and, for the moment, none so useful as 'Social Pressure.'"—*Thomas Hughes in Macmillan's Magazine.*

"The present series is by far the best."—*Spectator.*

THE GREAT ARMY:

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER IN A THAMES-SIDE DISTRICT.

By the RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

"A book of extraordinary interest. It cannot be described, it must be read; and if it does nothing else—and it ought to do much—it will at least give the upper half of the world some notion as to how the lower half lives."—*Spectator.*

"They bear the stamp of truth, and are related with a sympathy which is touching in its simplicity and fervour."—*Daily News.*

MAN AND BEAST, HERE AND HEREAFTER.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.,

Author of "Homes without Hands," &c.

Third Edition. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.

"The book is delightful."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"Extremely readable and interesting. . . . If the talk runs on dogs, cats, canaries, horses, elephants, or even pigs or ducks, he who has 'Man and Beast' at his fingers' end may be sure of a story good enough to cap the best that is likely to be told."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., AND MEMOIR

By his Sons, the Rev. D. K. GUTHRIE and C. J. GUTHRIE, M.A.

Sixth Edition. 2 Vols. post 8vo, 10s. 6d. each.

"One of the most interesting books recently published."—*Spectator.*

"Of great interest, even as a mere piece of reading, and of no small value as a contribution to Scotch history. We see again the man that we saw before, and again are proud to have had him, and grieve to have lost him."—*Scotsman.*

"Both interest and amusement will be found in this picture of a stirring time, in which an eager, busy nature played its part."—*Saturday Review.*

DAYS NEAR ROME.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

Author of "Walks in Rome," &c.

With more than 100 Illustrations by the Author. Second Edition. 2 Vols. crown 8vo, 24s.

"Henceforward it must take its place as a standard work, indispensable to every intellectual student."—*Times.*

LIBER HUMANITATIS:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON VARIOUS ASPECTS OF SPIRITUAL AND SOCIAL LIFE.

By DORA GREENWELL.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

"They sparkle with fine thoughts and spiritual suggestions."—*Nonconformist.*
"Well worthy of study . . . thought out with the mind of a sensible woman and a poet."—*Guardian.*

THE HUGUENOTS IN FRANCE,

AFTER THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES;

WITH A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY OF THE VAUDOIS.

By SAMUEL SMILES,

Author of "Self-Help," &c.

Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Nobody can read it without interest, without loving and admiring those whose struggles and hardships the author paints so well, or without feeling a wish to resemble them."—*Athenæum.*

HEALTH AND EDUCATION.

By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Remarkable for the variety and interest of its contents. . . . It is impossible within our space to do adequate justice to this attractive volume."—*Spectator.*

CATHOLIC THOUGHTS
ON THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

CATHOLIC THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE AND THEOLOGY.

By the late FREDERIC MYERS, M.A.,
Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Keswick.

Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. each.

"The world is under great obligation to the late Bishop of Argyll for rescuing the 'Catholic Thoughts' from relative obscurity, and giving them publicity with the sanction of his name. . . . They will become a valued and permanent possession."—*Spectator.*

CLIMATE AND TIME IN THEIR GEOLOGICAL RELATIONS.

A THEORY OF SECULAR CHANGES OF THE EARTH'S CLIMATE.

By JAMES CROLL,
Of Her Majesty's Geological Survey.

With Illustrations, demy 8vo, 24s.

"One of the most philosophical contributions to the science of Geology within the last half century. Every page is distinguished by close and earnest thought, and the conclusions arrived at are the result of striking powers of deductive analysis."—*Athenæum.*

"Since Sir Charles Lyell sent forth his 'Principles of Geology,' we have not had a work that is likely to be so influential on the future of the science as this."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"His examination of Maury's and Dr. Carpenter's theories of Oceanic Circulation is exceedingly acute and searching, and their overthrow is apparently complete."—*Scotsman.*

ENGLISH PORTRAITS.

By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE,
Of the French Academy.

Collected and Translated from the "Causeries de Lundi." With a Biographical and Critical Introduction.

Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A very pleasant and interesting book. The translation is careful and intelligent."—*Saturday Review.*

"In his selection of the 'Portraits' the translator has shown great judgment, as he has exhibited remarkable skill and elegance in his translation. It is to be trusted that they will be read widely and pondered attentively as a monument of what a critic may attempt and what functions criticism may discharge."—*World.*

JEWISH HISTORY AND POLITICS IN THE TIMES OF SARGON AND SENNACHERIB.

An Inquiry into the Historical Meaning and Purpose of the Prophecies of Isaiah.

By SIR EDWARD STRACHEY, Bart.

Second Edition, Revised, with Large Additions. Demy 8vo, 18s.

"We have read no book for many years, on a Scripture subject, so full of historical learning, moral insight, conscientious judgment, and manly good sense."—*Spectator.*

THE GAOL CRADLE— WHO ROCKS IT?

A Plea for the Abolition of Juvenile Imprisonment.

By a Member of the School Board for London.

Third and Cheap Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Small 8vo, 2s.

"It would be difficult to feel too strong an emotion in regard to the evils here described."—*Saturday Review.*
"Plain, sharp questioning, well worth study."—*Watchman.*
"The illustrations of the terrible wrongs done under the existing system are very telling."—*British Quarterly Review.*

MUSICAL COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

By SARAH TYTLER.

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"The best simple handbook on the subject that has yet appeared in England."—*Academy.*
"Certainly interesting and amusing."—*Saturday Review.*

NOBLE WORKERS:

A BOOK OF EXAMPLES FOR YOUNG MEN.

By H. A. PAGE.

With Portraits. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.

"Mr. Page has happily avoided the didactic style, and his sketches are equally interesting and thoughtful. There is much genuine philosophy in this unpretending volume."—*Saturday Review.*
"He has chosen his biographies with judgment and with success. . . . The sketches of Sir James Simpson and Sir Henry Lawrence are excellent."—*World.*
"Many an ardent youth will thank Mr. Page for this volume, which was as happy in its conception as it is admirable in execution. Parents would confer a lasting benefit on their sons by placing it in their hands."—*Watchman.*

REVELATION CONSIDERED AS LIGHT.

A SERIES OF DISCOURSES.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. ALEXANDER EWING, D.C.L.,

Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.

Second Edition. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"The beautiful and thoughtful volume of sermons which Bishop Ewing lived to see through the press, but not to see in the hands of the public."—*Spectator.*

AGAINST THE STREAM:

THE STORY OF AN HEROIC AGE IN ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

"The story admirably told of the great struggle against slavery—characters delicately imagined and powerfully drawn."—*Guardian.*

"The writer speaks out of the depths and fulness of her own heart. She writes with a grace that charms, a sympathy with all that is good, and an insight to character and motives which give an interest to her book far beyond that attaching to the story it contains."—*Record.*

BEGINNING LIFE:

A BOOK FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

Fourteenth Thousand. Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS T. LYNCH.

EDITED BY WILLIAM WHITE.

With Portrait. Post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"A very charming memoir of a most gifted man."—*Standard.*

"It is interesting and very instructive to turn over these pages, wherein is embalmed by loving hands the memory of a man, not at all obscure within his own circle, but who passed a life of fifty-three years in London, and was scarcely known to the general public."—*Saturday Review.*

THROUGH NORMANDY.

BY MRS. MACQUOID,

Author of "Patty," &c.

With 90 Illustrations. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 12s.

"Written in a cheerful spirit, it leaves a bright and pleasant impression upon the mind and while those who already know Normandy will recognise the truth of her descriptions, and sympathize with her enthusiasm, those who are yet in ignorance of its attractions may be stirred by Mrs. Macquoid's advocacy to the amendment of their education."—*Saturday Review.*

"The illustrations are excellent."—*Athenæum.*

THE HUMAN INTELLECT,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION UPON PSYCHOLOGY AND THE SOUL.

By NOAH PORTER, D.D., LL.D.,

President of Yale College.

Demy 8vo, 16s.

"In this book the best philosophical thinking of our day may be said to culminate. Not only is it by far the ablest psychological work that America has yet produced, it is unique among ourselves in its completeness and ability. It is a work of which any school or country might be proud, and its form as a manual makes it invaluable to students."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"Dr. Porter's work presents us with a more complete and impartial survey of this whole region of inquiry than has ever before been offered to the student. A man might appeal to such a work as a worthy product of a life."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL AND MILITARY SERVICES OF INDIA.

By SIR JOHN WILLIAM KAYE.

New Edition. 3 Vols. crown 8vo, 6s. each.

"We say at once that more admirably written and interesting narratives are scarcely to be found in any literature. Nobler subjects of biography could not have been chosen, and higher praise it is impossible to bestow on a writer than to say, as we do of this author, that he is fully equal to such a theme. . . . Mr. Kaye's 'Lives of Indian Officers' will take a high place among the standard books of England."—*Athenæum.*

FAMILY PRAYERS.

By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.,

Master of the Temple.

Eleventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LEWSIANA;

OR, LIFE IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

By W. ANDERSON SMITH.

With Illustrations. Post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"Those who cannot visit these Outer Hebrides and discover still unknown beauties with their own eyes, ought, as the next best thing, to view it through the eyes of the author of 'Lewsiana.'"—*Scotsman.*

"He is as enthusiastic about the 'Lews' as the author of 'The Princess of Thule' himself. He writes in a light, agreeable, and graphic style, and has the gift of the pencil as well as the pen."—*World.*

FAUST.

By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

Translated in the Original Metres by BAYARD TAYLOR.

2 Vols. post 8vo, 28s.

"It can be safely maintained that the rich and varied music of 'Faust' has never before been as faithfully represented to English ears."—*Saturday Review.*

"Here for the first time can we really see 'Faust' reproduced in an English dress as near as it is possible for any one to do so. . . . For the future, Mr. Taylor's version will, doubtless, be the accepted translation of 'Faust' for English readers."—*Westminster Review.*

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

AC NOV 0 1 2001

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FA
A 000 031 313